THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Illustrated Weekly
Founded A. D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this magazine, place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas.
NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

SEPT. 7, 1918

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

Beginning: The White Horse and the Red-Haired Girl—By Kenyon Gambier

MICHELIN

Twelve Tire Tests

No. 9

This series of twelve tire tests is designed to take the uncertainty out of tire-buying by helping the motorist to determine beforehand what mileage he may expect from the various tires he is considering. The next advertisement in this series will appear in an early issue of "The Saturday Evening Post".

Tube-Fit

The photograph reproduced herein teaches an important lesson.

The tube shown was made by cementing together sections of two tubes of the same branded size—one a Michelin, the other a standard tube made in the ordinary way. This composite tube, slightly inflated, was then laid in a casing, cut in half longitudinally.

Note that the Michelin section fits the casing perfectly (because Michelin Tubes are made ring-shaped like the casing) whereas the other tube naturally wrinkles.

While a tube of this latter kind is deflated, its inner and outer circumferences are of practically equal length. The inside of the *casing*, however, is much shorter around the beads than around the tread. Consequently, when the straight tube is put into its casing, either the inner circumference of the tube is too long or its outer circumference is too short. Such tubes are easily pinched in fitting; wear thin in spots; or break, where creased or folded, under the pressure of inflation and use.

In selecting tubes, therefore, it is important for you to know whether the tube is naturally straight or naturally ring-shaped. You can determine this by holding the tube up while deflated; straight tubes hang straight, while Michelin Tubes, which are ring-shaped, hang in a decided curve.

MICHELIN TIRE CO., MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY

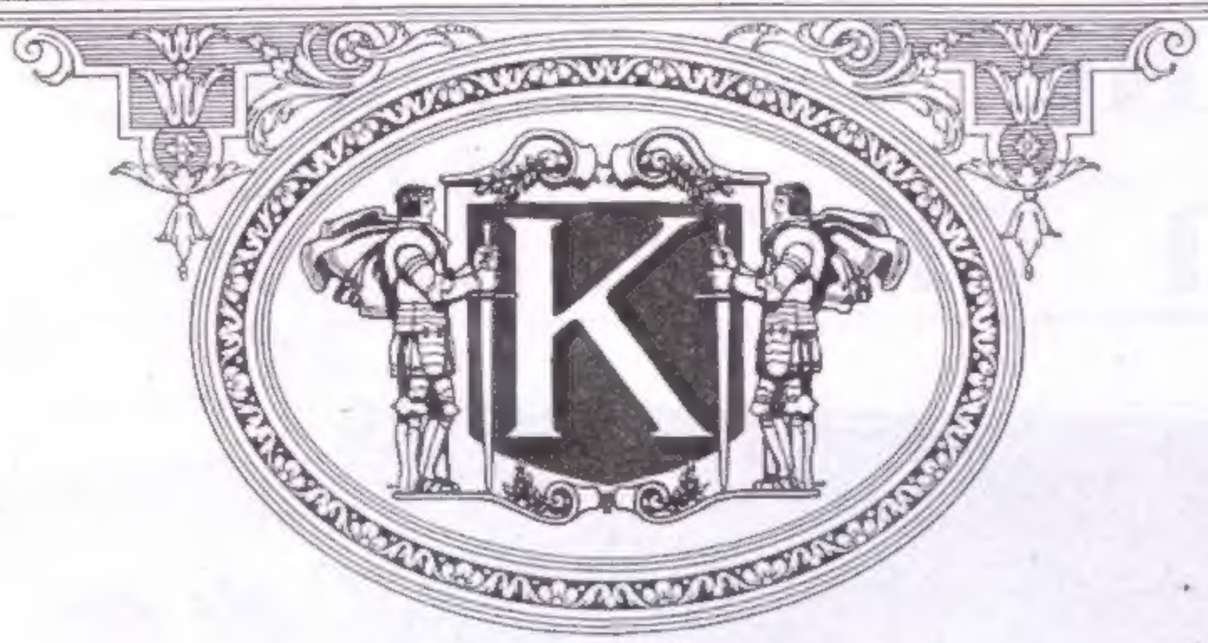
Michelin Tire Co. of Canada, Ltd. — *782 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal*

Dealers in every part of the world

Remember this :—

Michelin Tubes - Ring-Shaped
***All Others* - Straight**

Michelin Tube at Right.
Ordinary Tube at Left.



A House *that has seen* Three Wars *has* Definite Ideas *of* Duty *and* Service

In peace-times men are sometimes wont to say that "Business is business." With America at war, business-men must realize today as never before that *business is service.*

Service to the Government first, then service to the trade. Not in the spirit of profit-making, but in holding fast to sound principles and quality-standards.

These times are a great training period for the new conditions, for the higher ideals of service and responsibility, that are coming after the War.

This is a trial-time and a time of great opportunity. The view a business-house takes of that opportunity is the real test of its character and its future.

On the one hand, it is an opportunity for lowering of quality; it is an opportunity for running after attractive temporary business; of neglecting old customers for new ones; of seeking the highest bidder; of using the situation for greater profit, or short-sighted, selfish ends.

On the other hand, it is an opportunity for broadly and fairly doing one's impartial best; standing by one's customers; treating all alike and refusing to add to the difficulties of the merchant or the public by capitalizing in any degree on a situation that is trying enough at its best.

The House of Kuppenheimer has seen three American wars. It has its roots deep in the soil and the traditions of this country. It has stood consistently for the highest standards of quality. It has grown steadily and surely on the merit of its product and the sincerity of its service.

From the very beginning of the present situation it has been concerned solely with "carrying on" in the clear sense of duty and service.

This business is in its third generation: young in spirit but old in experience. It was not built in a day, and it expects to live a long time after the War.

Above all, this House believes in good merchandise: fine clothing in *fact*—not merely by report or reputation.

With retail clothing merchants throughout the country, as with the public, there are always some who know. It is such we are trying to serve. This carries the obligation to produce the finest that is available. It precludes the possibility, now or ever, of relying on reputation to lower the standard of our work.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

Makers of Civilian and Military Clothes

Specialty of Fractional Sizes and the "Forward" Model, originated by this House

Chicago

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

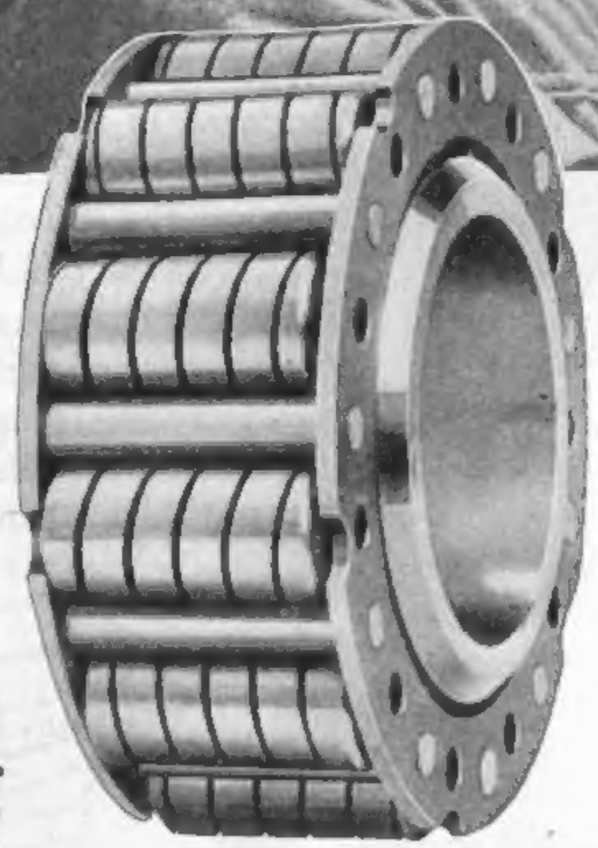
"—I've never even seen them!"

"I'VE driven her hard for over 25,000 miles, often carrying a tremendous over-load—and never once have I been stopped by bearing trouble—adjustment, lubrication, or anything else.

"The fact is—I've never even *seen* the Hyatt Bearings in these wheels!"

Non-adjustable, friction reducing, self-lubricating, built to out-endure the truck itself—Hyatt Bearings absorb within their hollow, helical rollers, the shocks and bumps of run down roads. They not only insure the truck owner ten full hours' haulage every ten hour day—but reduce his upkeep costs as well.

Because of their economy and care-free dependability they are used in nine out of ten passenger cars as well as most farm tractors and commercial vehicles.



HYATT ROLLER BEARINGS

Hyatt Roller Bearing Co., Motor Bearings Division, Detroit, Mich. Tractor Bearings Division, Chicago, Ill. Industrial Bearings Division, New York, N. Y.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
F. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright 1918, by the Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

F. S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
H. D. Walker, E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 191 — 5c. THE COPY 10c. In Canada — PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 7, 1918 — $1.50 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 10

The White Horse and the Red-Haired Girl

By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

Letters Had Gone Astray, of Course. Had the Germans Got Those Letters and Searched Him Out?

THERE are no shepherds in the United States now. The word, with its kindly and tender associations, its suggestion of small flocks, of individual attention, of snug folds, of care at lambing time, has dropped unnoted from public use. Who could apply such a word to the man who drove ten thousand sheep along the dusty buttes of the Sierras? Who could found a parable on these men or associate spiritual leadership with them? And so we added a syllable and called them shepherders. But the word lives in England. The trouble there begins when the shepherd is a shepherdess; for if anybody called her that people would laugh and think of Arcadia and Elizabethan poems; and if her crook was mentioned thought would fly to May Day and colored ribbons.

So I shall simply say that Miss Margaret Travers, of Tortholme Manor, Churwell, Berkshire, was driving thirty-one ewes along the road; that she was helped by a black sheepdog with a tan ruff; and that she carried a cane five feet long, the head of which was greatly curved. She wore a belted coat, which below the waist became a skirt, ending at the knees. As she walked, and the short skirt waved, the buttoned ends of her breeches were to be glimpsed. She was a pioneer, a portent and a prophecy; for this was December, 1914, and no one dreamed of a shortage of food, or thought that the girls of 1917 would exchange tennis rackets for hoes, golf clubs for spades and typewriters for plows.

She was young and slim and vital; but it was not because of these attributes that she found it impossible to linger in the rear of her deliberate flock. Unless violently active, thought and memory came; and these were bad company on a lonely road in the beginning of the early winter twilight; and especially on a road every foot of which was associated with the twin brother who had been reported missing at the fall of Antwerp.

She made a sign to her dog to remain as rear guard, and she went swinging past the sheep. A little misty cloud hovered always over their warm backs in the frosty air as they drowsed along on the grassy turf by the roadside. Her footsteps rang as metal on metal, for there were little nails in the soles of her shoes, and the sharp toes of passing flocks had so cut the earth from the macadam that the surface was a mass of tiny flints. Suddenly there came a rustling as of a well-kept saddle, pleasant to horse lovers to hear.

She was half a mile ahead when she opened the gate into Bigmonday field, and there she could not help but wait. It pleased her to see approaching down the field an old man leading a clothed horse, which danced on pipestem legs. She smiled; and then she gave a little start and glanced upward at the branches of the spreading beech. Its dry, persistent leaves still clung and faintly tapped on one another with a sound as of myriads of tiny pattering feet. To this tree Geoffrey and she had stolen more than once from the nursery in an awed moonlight search for fairies.

"Good evening, Tom!" she called. "Who's that?"

"Sachem third, Miss Peggy; and chilled to the bone I should say, what with two hours on a siding for cannons to pass."

He was indignant. Blue-blooded horses had always had imperious right of way in that district of training stables. Sachem pricked the small ears that projected from the breaks in his monogrammed blankets and looked at her through round holes like goggles in his headcloth. His grandsire had been named by a humorous breeder in sly allusion to a certain Tammany leader who once trained near by.

"Is he entered?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Peggy."

"But they may have to stop racing, Tom."

"They'd stop the war afore they stopped the Derby," the old man said with conviction. "I'm fair fed up with the war."

He came a step nearer and peered at the girl from sunken, sad eyes. They had had that humbled look since adolescence; for in the very hour in which he had been judged eligible for promotion from stable boy to jockey he had unaccountably and fatally put on fat; and so a princely income and fame had been denied him. The irony was, that bitter disappointment made and kept him lean; but then it was too late.

"Any news, Miss Peggy?" he asked in a low voice.

"No news, Tom," she answered quietly. "I don't give up hope."

But the old man turned his creased and wrinkled face away, for her eyes denied the voice. She did not tell him that powerful friends had searched Holland, to which many of the Naval Brigade had escaped; that the Red Cross had inquired in German prisons; that even in Antwerp itself a special inquiry had been made by American officials. The old man glanced up at the ridge of the downs.

"I mind the day I was riding the grass way"—he meant the wide Icknield Road, which was a great and traveled highway when Cæsar came—"and there was Master Geoff and you digging down the king's barrow with wooden spades." He meant the great tumulus of a Danish chief. "And the day you was both lying winded at the foot of the 'Oss; sliding down the 'Oss, neck and body and leg, you says when you come to." He meant the great White Horse, cut in the chalk of the hillside, which some say was there long before Alfred the Great won the battle of Ashdown.

"Yes, Tom; and it was you who got a trap and drove us back the day we ran away and hid in Wayland Smith's Cave."

"'Twas so, Miss Peggy. And how's the farming?"

"I can't get good men, Tom. Plenty of eligibles, of course; but I won't have a man who could join up."

"It'll all be over in the spring, Miss Peggy," he said, as he led the colt through the gate.

"Oh, yes; of course! Look out for my sheep! Don't startle Sachem on to the flints. . . . Good night!"

She turned away from the ridge and its memories; but she could not escape others. She could just not see Oxford across the valley and over the hills; but she thought of the day when she had visited the undergraduate brother and they had got themselves locked for hours in Magdalen Chapel. The black spot on the hidden Thames was Abingdon, and she recalled the crushing of the little half-outrigger and Geoffrey against the Culham lockside by a brutal launch, and how she had held him up in the seething water until they had got a boat hook under his collar.

She set her teeth and turned her eyes from the north; but they saw the tree-crowned hill the Romans called Sinodun, and the Saxons, Wittenham Clumps. At its foot was Day's Lock; and from that Geoffrey had fished her out and stood her on end till the water had run out of her throat and the air had run into her lungs. The valley at her feet, the runs with the Craven and the Vale of White Horse hounds, Geoff leading on his bright bay, and she on her chestnut—there was no escape from memories whichever way she looked.

She turned to hunt up the belated sheep; but stopped short, for she saw a little girl coming across fields from the village and she was almost sure it was little Maggie from the post office. Telegrams about social and trivial matters had ceased by tacit consent. People tore them open now with trembling fingers, fearing a War Office or Admiralty message telling of death or wounds or German prisons. In the two months since Peggy had flown from the London flat and had forced or cajoled the bailiff and the cowman and the shepherd and young Williams to volunteer, she had received several telegrams about hay, potatoes, a tractor and artificial manures; but she had never opened one without a thrill—not of fear, but of hope. And so she jumped over the stile, calling out: "A telegram! For me?"

"Yes, Miss Travers; and two letters."

The telegram only asked whether the Home Farm was selling store cattle. Miss Travers opened one envelope, postmarked Rozendaal, and was just able to decipher in the dim light four names and addresses, and a request in French that these mothers should be notified that their little daughters were well, and sent love. The signature was a cross—nothing more.

Miss Travers Was Just Able to Decipher Four Names and Addresses. The Signature Was a Cross—Nothing More

Strange war letters had already come to the girl and she assumed that membership of one committee or another had brought this communication. She could see that the second envelope bore the same spidery French handwriting, and she put it in her pocket unopened.

She folded her sheep, cut half-frozen mangolds for them in the root cutter, and then went to the shut-up manor house, where the shrouded furniture threw bobbing, ghostly shadows from her lantern and her footsteps roused cavernous echoes. The dog whined and nosed about. "He's not here, Shep," she cried, and blinked back tears as she opened the telephone book. Only one of the persons named in the list of addresses was to be found—Mrs. Tomlinson Bates, of Kew, London.

When Peggy at length was connected she asked, in her clear, low-pitched voice, whether Mrs. Bates had a daughter abroad. Excited answer came that little Ellen was at a convent near Werchter, between Brussels and Louvain. "She is well and sends her love," Miss Travers said. Now another voice came, agitated, almost hysterical. Who was she? Where was she speaking from? How had she heard? Was she a neutral? Could she fetch Ellen out of Belgium? A shell had gone through the child's dormitory. Ellen was starving. She had no winter clothes.

A crash; Miss Travers was cut off; she thought Mrs. Bates had fainted. She fumbled with numbed hands at the other letter, bending over by the dim lantern; and this is what she read: "He now talks much of you. He sends his love to his dear Peggy and says you must carry on. We cannot give the treatment or the food we should wish, and the air of the cellar is not good for him; but his wounds are healing and his spirit never flags. He will not be strong enough for the rough underground road for a long time. Remember always, please, that no one must know; no one! The Germans watch the English journals and there are always spies everywhere. Trust in God and pray." Then the sign of the cross. Nothing more.

"Shep! Shep! He is alive! He is alive!"

The sharp cry set the dog to barking and bounding in the great hall and something fell with a great smash. The girl was startled back to self-control.

"Shep, come here!"

From the echoes of her voice seemed to come a question: Was she going to fetch Ellen out of Belgium? She uttered a long-drawn cry like that of a child who sees a shower of golden stars at fireworks. Why shouldn't she bring Ellen out of Belgium? Why shouldn't she be a neutral? Americans were neutrals. Why shouldn't she be an American? Why shouldn't she bring Geoffrey out too? Was it impossible? Lady Daintry would know. Lady Daintry knew all about passports and regulations and red tape.

The girl flew again to the telephone. A guarded talk, for they would be listening at the Abingdon exchange; wonderful news, but clouded. Was it impossible to be a neutral and go where neutrals went? No; she could not come across the valley, for she had sent her household in her auto to a picture show at Abingdon and she was alone at the farm. Splendid! Lady Daintry should come to her instead.

She never lifted her lantern when her feet crunched on fragments of porcelain in the hall, and she ran across fields as fast as slippery paths and a swaying light would permit. She flung great logs on the huge fire at the end of the kitchen. Nobody dreamed at the Home Farm of using a sitting room when privacy could be had in this red-tiled, oak-raftered, oak-dressered kitchen.

Peggy sat, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, staring into the great red blaze. Letters had gone astray, of course, from the good Reverend Mère, of this convent, who was so bravely hiding Geoffrey in a cellar. Had the Germans got those letters and searched him out? Wounded? How badly? How? Where? She jumped to her feet, ran and changed. The slim boy came back a girl, with a rippling river of burnished ruddy hair flowing down about her. She did it up by the warm fire, going over sometimes to a mirror that some vandal cook had at some time nailed in the oak paneling.

Lady Daintry came, a round ball of fur, ludicrous of body, delightful of fat face. She was abnormal with the kind of fat which made people think that if she bounded slightly she would hit the ceiling. She had a clear fine skin, was fifty, without a gray hair, clever, adventurous by proxy, and very kind-hearted. She habitually expressed good sense and affection in words of extraordinary levity. She was the widow of an ex-Minister to Holland; she had a house on the loveliest backwater of the Thames, at Sutton Courtney, where kingfishers shot past like blue bullets in summer and sometimes wild ducks bred in spring; and her only son Jack, about Peggy's age, was in the Officers' Training Corps.

She shed her furs and then read the letter.

"Poor old Geoff! Fancy Geoff shut up in a cellar with a lot of nuns!" She blinked her embedded eyelids; then looked at Peggy. No one ever thought Lady Daintry ridiculous after receiving a look like that. It warmed the heart. It encouraged. "Startle me with your mad scheme!" she said, as she proceeded to fill a Richmond chair too full.

Peggy talked until the household returned. She talked in Lady Daintry's auto, for Peggy returned with her ladyship for the night. She was silent about the mad scheme at dinner. She implored and argued afterward in her ladyship's sitting room. She cajoled and pleaded in her ladyship's bedroom.

"Go to bed," said Lady Daintry as the clocks sounded one. "You can never be a Yankee; you are too well-bred." She did not mean that; but England was bitter then against "dollar worshipers, who would not fight."

Peggy, assured that her plan was at least not absurdly impossible, slept soundly by will power; for she must be in topping form for all she would have to do if Lady Daintry yielded consent and help. In the morning Lady Daintry said:

"Make notes, Peggy."

Then Peggy knew she had won. Notes, with Lady Daintry, followed decisions. "Write only the important

things," went on her ladyship, "and criticize everything." Lying on a sofa, a high, shapeless bundle, she shut her eyes and began to think aloud: "Passport for two. Only husband and wife can go on one passport. You can explain away the missing husband on the outward journey. Mrs. Margie Fargo."

"Dare I?" Peggy asked, looking up, startled. "I met her here at dinner, remember."

"Let's hope she'll never know," Lady Daintry said. "She got reams of letters from home and left them about everywhere. I saw the cook reading one once, and the boatman brought two from the punt one day. I found half a dozen after she had left. They're on the table there. I read the lot in bed this morning. Very intimate; but they're not your secrets. They'll convince any official that you're American. That's why you're Mrs. Montgomery Fargo, of —— Now what is that place?"

Peggy consulted the letters.

"Kan-ka-kee, Ill.," she read out. "What's Ill.?"

"You must hunt that up," said Lady Daintry. "It does not stand for Michigan or Connecticut, I suppose; but there are other states. Write to the mothers of the convent children, signing yourself Margie Fargo. Say you will see the London mothers to-morrow. They will fall on your neck and cry when you say you are going to get their girls, and will give you letters to the Mother Superior to deliver up their daughters. Go to the Gloucester mother the next day; Mrs. Pollard, isn't it? She, too, will think you an angel from America. She'll be sure to know the American Consul at Gloucester. He's the passport man. He won't have had much experience. You'll be locally introduced and have splendid letters to show him and a jolly good reason for going. Hand me that Almanach de Gotha."

Peggy handed over the German-printed volume with an expression of disgust.

"If your beautiful nose," her ladyship said, "is going to be turned up like that in Belgium it will lead you straight to a German prison. Peggy"—Lady Daintry's voice trembled—"you are much too pretty to go there. You are risking more than you know."

"Nonsense! We've had all that out," Peggy cried with a fierce impatience. "What would you stop at if you could perhaps save Jack from a German prison?"

Lady Daintry chuckled.

"There are some dangers I should be fairly safe from," she said. She consulted the volume. "Yes; there is a consul at Gloucester. Funny thing—crowned heads and American Consuls in the Almanach de Gotha! But so they are. Mrs. Pollard will take you to him, mad for her poor little kiddy, never doubting you, swearing by you. Say to the consul that you are bringing your husband the next day to sign a joint application for a passport. Say that he's—how tall is Geoff? Well, say that he's five feet eleven; eyes, gray; nose, prominent; face, long; chin, square; complexion—well, medium. Yes; he'll take that word. That's Geoff, you see. Make an appointment for the next afternoon and wire me the hour. I'll motor down with a man."

"I don't care who he is," she said; "but I know no double for Geoff." Peggy laughed.

"I'm going to lend you Jack," her ladyship answered. "Jack? He's shorter. He's shades darker. His eyes ——"

"The consul is looking into yours, not his, if you manage right. Remember, everything has been written down the day before and the consul has no tape measure for height. We're all so vain that we wouldn't stand real descriptions on passports. If height and eyes are right a passport will fit any man. The photograph? We peel that off as soon as we get back here. It will work, my dear; it will work!"

"But Jeannette?"

"She would lend you more than her fiancé to save Geoff."

"Yes, yes; Jeannette would," Peggy agreed. "But remember, Jack might be prosecuted."

"And what risk are you taking? 'And will Jack boggle over that little trifle, do you think?"

"You're a darling!" Peggy cried impulsively. "And shall I kiss Jack and call him Montgomery when he turns up at Gloucester?"

"No. You've only just parted. Call him Monty if you like. Now write your letter and look up your trains. Peggy, here!"

The girl went and stood over her ladyship, impressed by something in the voice. Lady Daintry drew a locket from her vast bosom and opened it.

"When I got so fat," she said, "I had to have it filed off." She put the wedding ring on Peggy's wedding finger. "Bring it back, and Geoff with it," she said. Peggy bent and kissed her.

Four days later Peggy arrived at Victoria Station with one suitcase and a hand bag. The approach to the continental train she found railed and boarded in, and an improvised counter suggested a customhouse. She stood before the first of the many inquisitors she would have to meet on her journey. The inspector, a combined railway and police official, opened her bag with a smiling apology.

"It's wartime, miss," he said; "and we have to examine ——"

He stopped short, stared at the contents; then at Peggy. He rammed his hand down and turned back the man's clothes with which the bag was crammed. Peggy serenely glanced about, as though indifferently awaiting the end of this tiresome formality.

"But, excuse me, miss—madame."

"Well?"

"Is this yours?" he asked, pointing.

"Of course; mine and my husband's."

She had rehearsed this scene half a dozen times. She stretched out a hand and with a careful matron's touch refolded a lapel of the coat Geoffrey was to wear out of Belgium.

"Oh, yes; I see! We'll leave it till he comes," the inspector said. "He has the passport, I suppose."

"If you wait for him," Peggy answered with a little smile, "you'll wait some weeks. He went over yesterday."

She drew a long envelope from her hand bag and produced from it her passport. The official studied it; then scrutinized the imperturbable Peggy.

"Last night?" he repeated, puzzled. "But this is for him too. How could he go without this?"

"He's a journalist," was her prompt explanation. "We expected to come to-night. He got word it must be last night. I couldn't possibly get ready. He left this for me and had just time to get a special Home Office permit."

"Quite so!"

The inspector was perfectly satisfied. It might have happened just as she said. Peggy had too many acquaintances among civil servants not to have got every detail right. These young gentlemen had had little idea that in carefully explaining the workings of a system they were showing Peggy how to evade it. The official looked at a discolored place on the passport.

"You shouldn't have taken his photograph off," he said.

"What were we to do?" Peggy asked. "He had no time to have others taken for the permit. He simply had to have this one. As it was, he rushed off in such a hurry that he left this suitcase."

"Journalists," the inspector said, "are always in a hurry. Then, where's your luggage?"

"He took mine—half packed. I don't dare to think what he said when he opened it." Peggy laughed.

The official closed the suitcase, with a wide grin.

"I'll take it to the train for you," he said; and he led the way.

She paused and looked about her at the little knots of people who, like herself, had passed the searchers. This delay

(Continued on Page 93)

Peggy Told Her Lie in Halting German and it Was the More Effective From Her Cold Aloofness

WAR AS IT FREQUENTLY ISN'T

By Irvin S. Cobb

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

THREE of us, correspondents, had gone up with a division of ours that was taking over one of the Picardy sectors. The French moved out by degrees as we by degrees moved in. On the night when we actually came into the front lines two of us slept—or tried to—in a house of a village perhaps a mile and a half behind the forward trenches. The third man went on perhaps a half mile nearer the trouble zone with a battalion of an infantry regiment that on the morrow would relieve some sorely battered poilus in the trenches. It is with an experience of this third man I now mean to deal.

He found lodgment in a château on the outskirts of a village the name of which does not matter—and probably never will matter again, seeing that it fairly was blasted out of the earth by its foundations the next time the Germans attempted to resume their advance toward the Channel. As for the château, which likewise must be quite gone by now, it was more of a château than some of the buildings that go by this high-sounding title in the edges of Normandy.

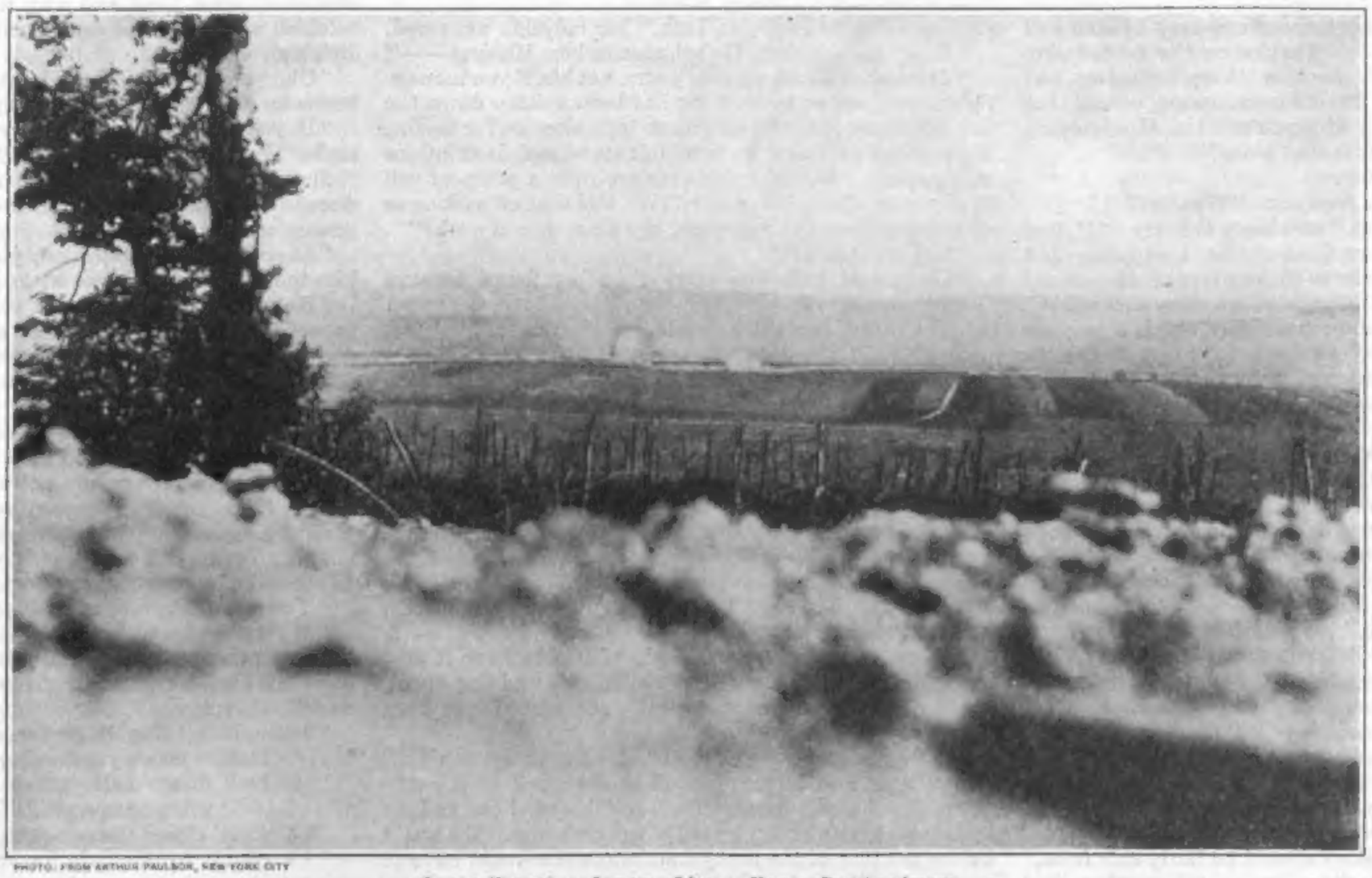


PHOTO FROM ARTHUR PAULSON, NEW YORK CITY

As the Trenches Appear After a Heavy Bombardment

A château may mean a veritable castle of a place, with towers upon it and a moat and gardens and terraces and trout ponds round about it. Then again on the other hand it may mean merely a sizable private residence, standing somewhat aloof in its own plot from the close-huddled clustering of lesser folks' cottages that make up the town proper. The term is almost as elastic in its classifications as the word estate is in America. In this instance, though, the château was a structure of some pretensions and much consequence. Rather, it had been when its owner fled before the great spring advance, leaving behind him all that he owned except a few portable belongings. The neighbors had run away, too, and for months now the only tenants of the vicinity had been troops.

French officers and a few American officers were occupying the château. Every room and every hallway was crowded already, but space for the correspondent to spread down his bedding roll was provided in an inner chamber on the second floor. At two o'clock in the morning, by consent of the divisional commander, he was going out into the debatable land between the trenches with a wire-mending party. There is always a chance that a wire party will bump into a squad of enemies on the prowl or surprise a raiding outfit from Fritzie's trenches, and then there are doings to ensue.

When Shells Act as a Lullaby

TWO o'clock was four hours off and the special guest hoped to get a little sleep in the 'tween times. It was a vain hope, because, to judge by their behavior, the Germans had found out a relief division was on its way in. Since nightfall they had been shelling the back areas of the sector, and particularly the lines of communication, with might and main—and six-inch guns. For the most part the shells were passing entirely over and far beyond the château, but they made quite as much noise as though they had been dropping in the courtyard outside—more noise, as a matter of seeming, because the screech of a big shell in its flight overhead racks the eardrums as the crash of the explosion rarely does unless the explosion occurs within a few rods of one.

So for four hours or thereabouts our correspondent lay on his pallet, wide-eyed, and with every nerve in his body standing on end and wriggling. When the French liaison officer who had volunteered to escort him on the adventure rapped upon his door he was quite ready to start. He had taken off nothing except his trench helmet and his gas mask before turning in, anyhow.

"Walk very quietly, if you please," bade the Frenchman, leading the way out, with a pocket flashlight in his hand.

Obeying the request the correspondent tiptoed along behind his guide. To get outdoors they passed through two other rooms and down a flight of stairs and along a hallway opening into the wrecked garden. In the beds that were in the rooms and upon blankets on the floors of the rooms and also in the hallway French officers were stretched, exhaling the heavy breaths of men who have worked hard and who need the rest they are taking. Only one man stirred, and that was downstairs as the pair who were departing picked their way between the double rows of sleepers. A loose plank creaked sharply under the weight of the American, and a man stirred in his coverlids and opened his eyes for a moment; and then, turning over, was again off almost instantly.

At that, understanding came to the correspondent—he knew now why the thoughtful liaison officer had cautioned him to step lightly. To these men lying here about him the infernal clamor of the shells had become a customary part of their lives, whether waking or sleeping. To their natures, accustomed as they were to it, this hideous din was a lullaby song. But any small unusual sound, such as the noise of a booted foot falling upon a squeaky board, might rouse them, and two men clumping carelessly past them would have brought every one of them out of his slumbers, sitting up.

Paradoxes such as this are forever cropping up in one's wartime experiences. Indeed, war may be said to be made up of countless paradoxes, overlapping and piled one upon another. To me the most striking of the outstanding manifestations of war on its paradoxical side is the fact that in this war nothing, or almost nothing, actually turns out in accordance with what one's idea of it had been beforehand. Looking backward on what I myself have viewed of its physical and metaphysical aspects I can think of scarcely an element or a phase which accorded with my preconceived brain image of the thing. I do not mean by this that as a spectacle it has been disappointing, but that almost invariably it has been different from what I was expecting it would be. I found this to be true in 1914, back at the very beginning.

Take for example the fashion after which men bear themselves as they go into battle; and, for a more striking illustration than that, their customary deportment after they actually are in the battle. I figure that beforehand my own notion of what these two demonstrations would be like was based probably in part upon conceptions derived from old-time pictures of Civil War engagements, highly colored, highly imaginative representations such as used to hang upon the parlor walls of every orthodox rural home in our country; and in part upon fiction stories with war for a background which I had read; and finally perhaps in some lesser part upon the moving-picture man's ideas as worked out with more or less artistic license in the pre-war films. I rather think the average stay-at-home's notions in these regards must be pretty much what mine were, because he probably derived them from the same sources. The utter dissimilarity of the actual thing as I have repeatedly viewed it in three countries of Europe astonished me at first, and in lessening degree continued to astonish me until the real picture of it had supplanted the conjured one in my mind.

If the reader's ideas are still fundamentally organized as mine formerly were he thinks men on the edge of the fight, with the prospect before them of very shortly being at grips with the enemy, maintain a sober and a serious front, wearing upon them the look of men who are upborne and inspired by a purpose to acquit themselves steadfastly and well. By the same process of reasoning I take it that the reader, conceding he or she has never been brought face to face with war, pictures men on the march in periods of comparative immunity from immediate peril as singing their way along, with jokes and catchwords flitting back and forth and a general holidaying air pervading the scene presented by the swinging column. Now my observation has been that the exact opposite is commonly the case.

Facing Death Behind Masks of Gayety

MEN on the casual march, say, from one billeting place to another, are apt to push ahead stolidly and for the most part in silence. It is hard work, marching under heavy equipment is, and after a few hours of it the strongest individual in the ranks feels the pangs of weariness in his scissoring legs and along his burdened back. So he bends forward from the hips and he hunches his shoulders and wastes mighty little of his breath in idle persiflage. Only toward the end of the journey, when rest and food are in impending prospect, do his spirits revive to a point where he feels like singing and guying his mates. The thud-thud-thud of the feet upon the highroad, the grunted commands of the officers, and the occasional clatter of metal striking against metal as a man shifts his piece are likely to be the only accompaniments of the hike for miles on end; and there isn't much music really in such sounds as these.

But suppose the same men are moving into action and know whither they are bound. The preliminary nervousness that possesses every normally constituted man at the prospect of facing the deadliest forms of danger now moves these men to hide their true emotions under a masking of gayety. This gayety, which largely is assumed at the outset, presently becomes their real mood. Nine men out of teh who pass are indulging in quips and catches. Nine in ten are ready to laugh at trivialities that ordinarily would go unnoticed. One standing by to watch them must diagnose the average expression on the average face as betokening exultation rather than exaltation. The tenth man is quiet and of a thoughtful port. He is forcing himself to appraise the situation before him in its right proportions, and so the infection that fills his comrades passes him by. Yet it is safe to bet on it that the sober one-tenth, in the high hour of the grapple, will contend with just as much gallantry as the nine-tenths can hope to show.

Particularly is the mental slant that I have here sought to describe true in its application to raw troops who have yet to taste of close-up fighting. Seasoned veterans who have weathered the experience before now and who know what it means, and know, too, that they may count upon themselves and their fellows to acquit themselves valorously, are upborne by a certain all-pervading cheerfulness—perhaps as a rule confidence would be a better word than cheerfulness—but they are not quite so noisy, not quite so enthusiastic as the greener hands. At this moment they are not doing very much in the cheering line, though they will yell just as loudly as any when the order is to fix bayonets and charge.

Paradoxically the reaction upon men who have come whole out of the inferno of battling at close quarters affects these two compared classes of soldier-men differently—at least that has been my observation. The unseasoned men, to whom the hell from which they have just emerged has been for them a new kind of hell, are as likely as not almost downcast in their outward demeanor, irritable and peevish in their language. For one thing, they are dog-tired; for another, I would say, a true appreciation of the ordeal through which they have passed is now coming home to them; for still another, the shock of having seen their mates wiped out all about them surely affects the general consciousness of the survivors; and finally, as I appraise their sensations, the calm following the tumult and the struggle leaves them well-nigh numbed. Certainly it frequently leaves them inarticulate almost to dumbness. Give them twenty-four hours for rest and mental adjustment, and the coltishness of youth returns to them in ample measure, especially if there is a victory to their credit.

Happy Heroes

ON THE contrasting hand, if you want to witness an exhibition of good cheer at the end of a day of fighting seek for it among the veterans. On a certain day in May when the second of the great German drives was in progress I chanced to be at a spot in the battle lines where a brigade of French infantry—a brigade with a magnificent record made earlier in the war—was thrown into action to reënforce a hard-pressed and decimated British command. Almost without exception the little dusty, rusty poilus went to the fighting in a sort of matter-of-fact methodical silence more impressive to me than loud outbursts could possibly have been. Quietly, swiftly, without lost motion or vain exclamations, but moving all like men intent upon the performance of a difficult and an unpleasant but a highly necessary task, they took up their guns, adjusted their packs of ammunition, set their helmets over their foreheads, and walked with no undue haste but only with an assured and briskened serenity into the awfulness that was beyond the clouds of smoke and dust, just yonder.

That same evening, by a streak of luck, I returned to approximately the same spot at the moment when those who were left of the Frenchmen prepared to bivouac on the edges of the same terrain where all the afternoon they had fought. With the help of some skeleton formations of British companies they had withstood the German onslaught; more than that, they had broken two advancing waves of the gray coats and finally had swept the ripped and riddled legions of the enemy back for a good mile, so that now they held the field as victors. Elsewhere along that fifty-mile front there might be a different story to tell, but here in this small corner of the great canvas of the mighty battle a localized success that was worth while had been achieved by these heroes. Under them now their legs quivered from stark weariness. Some were black like negroes; the stale sweat and the dried dirt and the powder grit had caked them over. Some were red like Indians, where the crusted blood from small unconsidered wounds dyed the skin on their faces and their hands.

PHOTO, FROM ARTHUR PAULSON, NEW YORK CITY

"Duke" Flying Back and Forth With Caps From Wounded Soldiers

PHOTO, BY H. C. ELLIS, PARIS

The Garden of Furlough House—a Free Home for American Soldiers on Furlough

PHOTO, FROM ARTHUR PAULSON, NEW YORK CITY

A Badly Damaged Ambulance at the Edge of a "Road"

Now with the fog of fighting turning gray upon their unwashed bodies they sprawled on the stained and trodden meadow grass alongside the road, looking, with their figures foreshortened by lying, most absurdly like exceedingly dirty small boys who had been playing at soldiering. Yet spent and worn as they were they gibed us as we passed, and with uplifted canteens they toasted us—presumably in the thin Pinard; and they sang songs without number and they uttered spicy Gallic jokes at the expense of the mess cooks for their tardiness in making ready the supper stews. The job of the day was done with and ended; it was a fit time for being merry, and these little men were most exceedingly merry.

After the Fight

SUCH was the excess of their jollifying that had one not known better one might have suspected that they had been drinking something stronger than the thin wine ration upon which no Frenchman ever gets drunk. I recall one stunted chap who reeled and staggered as he made his way toward our halted car to ask us for news from the eastward. He had stuck into the sooted muzzle of his rifle a sheaf of wild flowers; and reeling and rocking on his heels he sought to embrace us when we offered him cigarettes. He was tipsy all right; but not with liquor—with emotion; the sort of emotion that temporarily befuddles a fighting man who has fought well and who is glad to have finished fighting for the time being, at least. As we left him he was propped upon his short unsteady legs at the roadside singing the song that your poilu always by preference sings when his mood inclines to the blithesome; he sang the Madelon.

Right here, I think, is a good enough time for me to say that in these times the place to hear the Marseillaise hymn played or sung is not France but America. In America one hears it everywhere—the hand organs play it, the theater orchestras play it, the military bands play it, pretty ladies sing it at patriotic concerts. In France in four months I have heard it just twice—once in the outskirts of the great battle on March twenty-sixth, just outside of Soissons, when a handful of French soldiers hurrying up to the fight were moved by some passing fancy, which we who heard them could not fathom, to chant a verse or two of the song; and again on Memorial Day,

(Continued on Page 47)

THE ROAD TO HEALTH

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT WAS raining, and the homegoing cars would be packed to suffocation. For a man tired with the long day of office routine a taxicab was really an economy; he would avoid the chance of a headache, and so be fresher for to-morrow's work. Herbert felt his forehead experimentally, found it hot, and relievedly signaled a passing cab. He had to signal several before one would even slow up, and then the chauffeur leaned skeptically over the side to ask "Want a taxi?" evidently prepared for a mistake.

Herbert always found them like that, and was cheerfully unresentful; for all he knew, that was their habitual method of meeting signals. His address—which naturally was akin to his appearance—caused a further hesitation and a sharp glance into his good, ingenuous face. Herbert made a smiling remark about the weather—he liked to have everyone feel friendly—and stepping in settled back with exquisite relief. It was worth a dollar and thirty cents—and fifteen cents for a tip—to be set down at one's door so refreshed.

"Yes, I'm Touchy, All Right. It's a Family Trait. Marion is So Touchy That She Has Almost Stopped Eating, Trying to Catch Up With the Bills"

The grocery on the ground floor displayed strawberries, and remembering that he had not had fruit at lunch he stopped for a box. Forty-five cents was high, but a man couldn't be expected to go hunting bargains in a thunder shower. He entered his apartment breezily, feeling his courage high.

Marion had a dessert in the refrigerator, the dinner ready to serve, the babies tucked up in bed, and a fresh gown on, and she sat by the window like a model wife, finishing a pair of pink rompers. Before the door was really open her glance had darted to the package in his hands, then dropped again to her work. She would not look up or admit that she had seen anything, so he had to give her the box with his greeting.

"I missed my fruit at lunch, and my cranky old digestion won't be happy without it," he said, his voice urging her to be merry about it, as he was.

Marion rose without comment and took the offering to the kitchen, and he followed, to be sure that relations were harmonious.

"Your dessert will keep till to-morrow, won't it?" he asked coaxingly. "Ah, you've let the ice get low. That isn't good economy, dear. Well, I can manage two desserts without any trouble at all. I'm really hungry to-night."

He was coming to his real subject, and he became even more contagiously gay, settling against the kitchen table with a debonair crossing of his legs.

"I left the office half dead, and now I feel like a new man—simply because I came home comfortably in a taxi."

His eyes were fixed on her face, eager to detect the faintest stir of objection; a mere frown would have set loose the flood of his triumphant logic; but she gave no sign. For half a second the busy fingers hulling the strawberries had faltered perhaps, then they went flying on with their neat quick movements. It was Marion's fingers, flitting so prettily over the keys of her typewriter, that had first won him, watching them from his high desk on the other side of the office railing. She had always been a quiet girl, and he liked her silence when her eyes would answer affectionately to his; but since the second baby came her smooth dark head had taken a droop forward and her eyes had often to be coaxed up. And Herbert did love an atmosphere of sunny approval! He was always unresentfully ready to work for it.

"A man's health is his biggest asset," he said earnestly. "Without my salary—Moses, think where we'd be!"

"Well"—Marion spoke with the reluctance of one who knows just what she is bringing on herself—"well—that is why I am always hoping that we will get really caught up, and perhaps even save a little."

He had her, then; the avalanche came tumbling down. One must see things in a large way; a man had to maintain his spirit and his health unbroken if he was to keep up his end of the load under modern conditions; if spending two dollars meant saving ten dollars in strength, then—Moses!—he had no right to hold back. Couldn't she see that?

Marion did not know how to argue. She only knew at the end of the irrefutable logic, as she had known at the beginning, that they were behind with the bills and had nothing in the savings bank; there was no use repeating it and having to hear the logic all over again. She had heard it steadily for four years. And after all Herbie was dear and good, and it was his money. She could not achieve the "You are perfectly, unanswerably right, dear!" for which his kind heart so longed, but she changed the subject by putting dinner on the table, and presently admitted that friendly relations existed by telling him something funny about the babies. Herbert roared over it. He was so glad of the friendliness that he could not laugh enough; and so her chilled heart was rewarmed.

She even hummed over the dishes afterward. Herbert, doing his deep-breathing exercises by the open window of the sitting room, heard the little sound of content, and in the satisfaction of his mood cast about for further pleasantness. Having consulted his inner being as one might listen to a watch, he announced his conclusions.

"I just missed a headache, but I did miss it," he said. "All I need now is a little diversion—get the office out of my system. Suppose we get Jemima up to stay with the babies, and you come out with me. The rain has stopped."

"But that would cost fifty cents," she said, then tried to get back the words, shrinking bodily at the prospect of another avalanche. As it was not instantly forthcoming she hurried on: "Oh, and Susie said she was coming in this evening. She wanted to see me about something."

The day was saved. He asked how Susie was, and consulted the time and the theater list while she told him of her sister's neuritis.

"Too bad," he said with extra-hearty sympathy. "Typewriting all day—poor girl—I don't wonder. I wish she could have a rest. Well, if she wants to see you I'd better clear out for a while. I may drop in at a show. Haven't been inside a theater for weeks," he added with a laugh as he went out. Herbert never tried to hide anything. He even paused, the front door open, to ask her if she heard anyone speak of No Questions Asked. One of the men in the office had been raving about it, but Moses, the things those fellows liked!

"Susie saw it, and said it was funny." Marion's voice was carefully neutral.

"Well, I may take a look-in at it," he mentioned lightly. "Good night!"

Marion sat musing with drooping head until the sound of the creaking old elevator made her spring up to open the door for her sister. Susie, a long, lank, handsome girl, with a coil of dark hair always on the point of slipping from its two hairpins, came in with an exaggerated slouch.

"'Lo, Marion," she said, and then, dropping into a chair, "How's Herbie and his thirty feet of intestines?"

Herbert had given Susie a few points on the human organism one night when she had mocked his breathing exercises, and she had retained them as humor.

Marion's face, open to greet her sister, closed and turned away.

"All right," she said.

"I saw him coming home." Susie tilted and lounged and hooked one long leg over the arm of her chair. "He splashed me on my vulgar way with the wheels of his chariot. He was sitting up there happy as a cat, just rubbing against his comfort. Honest to goodness, I heard him purring."

Marion's compact, controlled little body sat stiffly aloof. "He was very tired," she said. "How is your neuritis?"

Susie felt her arm and winced. "Rotten."

"If you would take the trouble to keep well, as Herbert does, perhaps you wouldn't have it," said Herbert's wife.

Susie travestied Herbert's exercises for the arms and chest, then grasped her wrist with a moan of pain.

"Well, I've got to give up for a month, if not two or three," she announced.

"Oh, Susie!" That was disaster, and Marion was all sympathy and distress. "What can you do? Will they keep your place? Have you any money?"

Susie attended to the last question first. "If I didn't save, on a good salary like mine, I'd be a fool," she said with meaning.

"I always saved," said Marion quickly. "My last year, when I was getting sixteen, I saved over a hundred dollars."

"It's a good habit." Susie spoke dryly. "You bet they're going to keep my place! They wanted me just to sit around the office at full pay and steer a substitute; but I've got a better plan than that." She straightened up for the serious business of her visit. "I told them that my

sister was one of the best little stenogs in town before she committed matrimony, and that I would coach her and get her to change jobs with me for six or eight weeks."

"Susie!" Marion was shocked bolt upright, but Susie, lounging down again, flapped a languid hand.

"Hold on, now! I'm not proposing to take over Herbie. Here is the way I have it doped out: You rise as usual, get breakfast and start the babies; I arrive immediately after my coffee—Herbie's too cheerful at breakfast, I couldn't stand him—wash up, blow the dust off the phonograph and take the kids to the park. We'll spend most of the day there—good for all of us. They're strong for Aunt Susie, and I sort of like them myself. Then I'll get dinner and give you points on your job. Once a week we'll have Jemima up to clean. Eighteen of my twenty-two dollars and a half will be your salary; the remaining four dollars and a half and board, my wages. What do you say?"

Marion said nothing at all while her doubting mind was catching up to her leaping heart; then at a murmured repetition of "eighteen dollars per" her hidden trouble came perilously near to the surface in the deep-throated "Oh!" of her desire. "Oh, if only Herbie will let me!" she cried.

Susie's nod said that she thought as much. "Let you nothing," she returned. "He'll get good—though plain—food." She twinkled at some hidden thought. "His babies will be well cared for—fairly well; his wife will have a change of occupation, and money will be pouring into the family. Object! You let me settle Herbie."

Marion looked at the clock. "He has gone to the theater, but if the play isn't good he won't stay through it," she said hopefully.

Susie half closed dreamy eyes. "I know where he is sitting," she said. "Center aisle, orchestra, five rows from the front. 'It doesn't pay to go unless you have a good seat.'"

"Well, it doesn't," said Marion sharply.

Susie smiled. "You're a good little sport, Marion," was all she said; but her sister's eyelids had to hide a spurt of tears.

Herbert was late getting home, as he had seen the play out and stopped afterward for a cup of jellied bouillon and a biscuit, but Susie waited. All his carefully built-up sense of well-being fell before the news, but he was essentially kind, and Susie's need, combined with the intense desire watching him from behind Marion's silence, wrung from him an unhappy consent. They could try it. After Susie had gone he grew very gloomy on the score of Marion's health.

"Office work is killing," he told her. "With all I do to keep well I only just manage it. You have no conception of the strain"

"But I did it for five years, and I was perfectly well," she reminded him.

"But you were younger then. And look at Susie—almost crippled with neuritis," he said triumphantly. There was no use trying to beat Herbert at argument. "Holy Moses—what is eighteen dollars a week compared to health!"

"They Wanted Me Just to Sit Around the Office at Full Pay and Steer a Substitute; But I've Got a Better Plan Than That"

"A Man's Health Is His Biggest Asset," He Said Earnestly. "Without My Salary—Moses, Think Where We'd Be!"

Marion's health certainly showed no signs of breaking down under the new strain. From the first day she bloomed, rounded, got her head up, laughed as she had not laughed in years. Susie's nightly tale of her adventures with the babies made them all laugh so much at dinner that Herbert's thirty feet of intestines forgot to call for bought diversion, and a week had passed before he realized the extreme plainness of the meal. It was wholesome and fairly well cooked, but it lacked the elements of surprise and satisfaction that he had always found so necessary. He spoke to Marion about it when they were alone.

"Susie means well and is doing her level best," he insisted with his unfailing kindliness, "but I suppose the poor girl doesn't know much about good home food. Couldn't you give her a few hints? That was a good stew to-night, as stews go, and I can eat plain boiled potatoes once in a while, but when a man comes home dog-tired his appetite has to be tempted. If you know anything about the working of the gastric juice ——"

"Oh, it seemed to me the nicest dinner I ever ate!" Marion interrupted with an intensity that was a little absurd, applied to lamb stew. She would not speak to Susie. "I've put it all into her hands," she insisted, her eyes avoiding his. "Isn't she funny about the babies?"

Herbert waited a few days more, hoping that there would be a change; then as an object lesson he came home one night bearing strawberries and cake and Gruyère cheese—he could eat Gruyère—and stuffed dates and salted almonds.

"I thought our meals were getting a little dull," he said pleasantly, dropping his load on the kitchen table. "I would have brought a porterhouse steak if I could have got home earlier. We might have one to-morrow, don't you think?"

Susie showed unaccountable temper. "Look here," she said, all her drawl gone, "while I'm running this job I'm running it! You can eat those things up because they're bought, but if you ever bring in another thing I'll quit. Understand that!"

Herbert was patient, reasonable. "My dear girl, what is the sense of being so touchy?" he expostulated. "You are doing very well. Moses, I'm not criticizing you! But if you can't take a mild suggestion —— "

"Yes, I'm touchy, all right," Susie cut in. "It's a family trait. Marion is so touchy that it makes her sick to be dunned by the butcher and to owe for two months at the dairy. She is so touchy that she has almost stopped eating herself, trying to catch up with the bills. Bills! If you would stop coddling yourself ——"

He had her there; no one could down Herbert on logic when it came to the question of health versus a little extra expenditure. But Susie would not hear him out. She even raised her voice, a thing Marion never did.

"Worry has been making Marion a good deal sicker than you ever feel. Oh, she never says so—but look what that eighteen per is doing for her! She has put on five pounds. Saturday night she came home like a kid—she had paid the dairy seventeen dollars on account; and I'll bet she had lunched for a week off the other dollar. She misses the babies every minute, but she doesn't care about anything on earth but getting caught up on those bills. You can say it's none of my business, but she is my sister, and I'm hanged if I'll see her broken down by your everlasting petting of poor dear Herbert!"

It was all out at last, and Susie relaxed mightily. Herbert was deeply wounded, but still patient and reasonable.

"Look at the shabby clothes I wear," he argued. "There isn't a man in the office who doesn't dress better. Why, suppose I drank! Wouldn't your sister have a long sight harder time then?"

That argument always finished Marion, leaving her penitent, grateful for his sobriety; but Susie was made of harder stuff.

"Suppose Marion drank!" she returned. "That would give you a pretty bad time, wouldn't it? But being a fine character she refuses to become a drunkard. You haven't got anything on her there."

It was useless to argue against wild talk like that. Marion's return ended the interview, and Herbert ate his dinner in a depressed silence that was distinctly bad for the digestive processes. He went to a musical comedy

(Concluded on Page 53)

HOW IT HAPPENED

By George Pattullo

DECORATIONS BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

THE following letters were written by Private LeRoy Stanifer of the American Expeditionary Force from somewhere in France to his mother in Missouri; a chum in Detroit, Michigan; and his best girl, whose home is in the upper portion of New York State.

The exploit he describes obtained some local publicity through the columns of his home paper, despite Private Stanifer's earnest and repeated adjurations to his mother not to show the letter all round town. You know how those things occur: An unsuspecting soldier writes a terse, straightforward narrative of what he has been doing over there, and somehow the Clarion learns of the letter, grabs it from a reluctant family, and smears it across the front page, with a two-column picture of the hero all dressed up in his new uniform and looking as though he had just been badly gassed.

Then the whole town rings with his fame. "Who'd have thought it? Who'd ever have suspected that Abner Smith had it in him? Why, I knew that little runt when he was hardly more'n that high—just a freckled brat, you might say—and here he goes and licks about a hundred Bushes single-handed. Yes, sir; just waded right into 'em with nothin' but his rifle and bayonet, and cleaned up the whole crowd!"

That sort of thing is happening every day throughout the length and breadth of our land, and the writers of these letters are deeply mortified when they learn the use that has been made of them, for they merely did their duty and wanted nothing said about it. For instance, I suspect that Private Stanifer experienced bitter chagrin when he received a marked copy of the Beacon and discovered what prominence had been thrust upon him; yet I feel a solemn urge to risk further hurt to his modesty by giving his achievements wider circulation, for not only are they worthy of it, but heroism acts as a spur to others.

The task is simplified by the fact that I am able to furnish Private Stanifer's story in his own words. He is twenty-two years of age and was a soda jerker in a drug store before he enlisted. Though his education did not go beyond the tenth grade in high school, he became conversant with some of the heavyweight champions of English literature at a very early age, and in later years eagerly devoured every tale of adventure on which he could lay his hands. Possibly this may account to some extent for his style, but a measure of credit is also due to a correspondence course he took in the art of the short story.

FIELD HOSPITAL NO. —
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, July 6, 1918.

DEAR MAMA: I guess this address will surprise you, but you must not get scared because the doctor says I will probably pull through alright after all unless I have a relapse.

The danger point is about past and the doctor says he hopes to save my leg, too. He says that all I have got to do is lay still and not exert myself unnecessarily and in time my strength will return to me. The doctor is a very fine man and the patients love him because of his goodness and thoughtfulness. I know you are anxious to hear how it happens I am in a hospital and how I got my wound. Well, I will tell you, mama dear.

Do not show this letter all around town for fear folks will think I am bragging and besides the army is down on that stuff on account of there being so many enemy spies who might pick up valuable information that way. But tell papa he can show it to a few of his friends at the Elks' club on Saturday night, and if Charlie Hamlin of the Beacon should happen to go by the house you might let him get a peek at it for old times' sake, but be sure and warn him not to publish anything as coming from me, for nothing was ever printed about this thing in any of the official reports and the army makes it hot for a soldier who writes home about what he is doing in the war.

Well, mama, I went out into No Man's Land all alone and brought in a wounded boy who was laying in a shell-hole, and a Boche sniper shot me through the leg. Yes, he put a clean hole through my leg a little ways above the knee, but it is healing so good that the doctor says it will probably not even leave a scar, but if it had been three inches lower, or half an inch to the right, I would be a cripple for life. So you see I am lucky. I only did my duty. A lot of other boys have done just as much as I did. Of course, it was risky—taking my life in my hands, you might say—but I could not leave him to die out there. He had a mother somewhere who loved him just as much as mine loves me, and what would you think of a man who would leave me laying out in a shell-hole, wounded and spent from loss of blood? So you see I only did my duty, and what most any soldier would do.

This boy I rescued had been out on night patrol and got hit by a hand grenade. The patrol ran into a party of the enemy and there was a furious fight, from which our boys emerged the victors. They chased the Boches several miles, but were finally obliged to retire towards their own lines, and it was on the journey back that he became separated from the others. They did not miss him until too late and although three of the patrol returned to search, they could find no trace of the missing youth.

Well, it seemed like he had fallen into a shell-hole in the dark somewheres close up to our own trenches and was so weak he could not crawl out. Besides, the hole was half filled with water and slime and the sides were slippery, so every time he tried to make it, he slid back into the mud. Finally, worn out by his struggles and loss of blood, he lost consciousness and remembered no more.

The captain put him down for dead, but early the next morning one of our men who was in a listening post reported he could hear somebody moaning about a hundred yards in front of the trench.

"Maybe it's him," said the captain, "or maybe it's a Heinie playing 'possum. Who will volunteer to go see?"

Nobody said a word for a minute. It was a perilous task, because the hole was in plain view of the enemy and anybody who tried to sneak out there courted almost certain death. But I could not abandon a comrade to die like a rat, you might say, so I stepped forward and said, "I will go, captain."

"You are a fearless fellow, Stanifer," said the captain, shaking hands with me. "If I had ten thousand like you I'd take Berlin. Goodby and God bless you. Any message to send to your folks?"

Well, mama, I asked him to write to you if I didn't come back and tell you I had done my duty, and then all the boys gathered around and shook hands and said how there would be a Croix de Guerre in it sure, and then I sprung over the top and dashed to where my comrade laid.

You will ask why I did not crawl out and reach him by stealth. Well, mama, I did think of it, but then I remembered that Americans know no fear and so I decided right there to set an example to the others.

To make a long story short, I reached him o. k. and he was all but spent. He was laying in the shell-hole, very pale and far gone, but he smiled up at me when I stooped over him and raised his head. Oh, mama, you ought to have seen that smile—so pitiful, you might say, and full of dumb gratitude.

"I knew it would be you," he whispered. "You are a fearless fellow, Stanifer." Yes, mama, that is what he said, and it made me proud.

By this time the enemy had discerned my intention and resolved to frustrate it. They opened up a terrible fire and soon our position became perilous in

the extreme. Shells were scattering the dirt all around us, I could hear the vicious crack of machine-gun bullets over our heads, and looking upward, I descried a Boche aerioplane skimming in our direction. We dared not stay there and yet we dared not move. What to do next, was the question.

It was a situation to appal the stoutest heart. My comrade was helpless. He could not walk, and I must carry him. Yes, carry him through that raging h—— of fire. Forgive me for using a swear word, mama dear, but that is what it was.

All my past life rose up before me like a dream. I thought of you and papa and Goldie and all the other loved ones at home. Would I ever see them again? Would those happy days of boyhood ever return?

It was fierce, and I had to shake myself free of such thoughts, for they unmanned me and I had need of all my faculties and courage. Everything now depended on my coolness and resource, not only my own unworthy life, you might say, but that of my helpless comrade.

And then all of a sudden I felt like you were watching over and protecting me. So, uplifted beyond myself and rendered superhuman for the nonce, I picked up the soldier and strode forth from the hole.

For a minute nothing happened. Possibly the Boches were taken aback by the very audacity of the manœuvre, for no bullets came our direction. Taking advantage of this, I sped towards our trenches. Now running, now pausing for breath—panting, stumbling, but ever gaining—I struggled forward, bearing my comrade. The men in the trenches could see me and they began to cheer wildly. Their applause spurred me to fresh strength.

Now dragging my comrade because of his weight, I had almost reached the parapet when one of the enemy machine-gunners opened up a withering fire. The bullets sprayed the dirt under my feet, but I did not waver. By a last desperate effort, I dragged him to the top and pushed him down into the willing hands stretched up to receive him. And then, just as I thought all was safely accomplished, I felt a peculiar stinging, burning sensation in my leg and plunged headlong to earth. My eyes closed and I remembered no more. A Boche sniper had plugged me, mama.

When I opened my eyes again, the captain was bending over me and I was laying on a stretcher.

"You are a noble fellow, Stanifer," he said. "Any mother ought to be proud to have a son like you. In any other army you would get a flock of medals for today's work, but in this man's army, they won't even give a guy enough G. I. cans." And that is the truth too, mama.

So that is why I may never get the Croix de Guerre or any medal at all. The captain said he would report what I had done, but not to spread the story of my feat until the colonel acted on the recommendation. So you had best not show this letter all around town for fear the army might get sore. But papa can show it to old Mr. Ludington at the Elks' club and as I said before, if Charlie Hamlin of the Beacon comes by, give him a peek at it for old times' sake. Say, mama, haven't you got one of those pictures of me left that Lon Rayburn took just after I enlisted?

Well, they brought me to this hospital where I have been laying on my back ever since. They will not let me move around yet, although I feel plenty strong enough to. But the doctor says he is afraid of complications. The doctor is a very fine man, and all the patients love him.

How are things, mama? I hope everything is going along O. K. at home and that papa's lumbago is better. I hope he likes his new job on the railroad that Mr. Lewis got for him and that he will not have to borrow any more money to pay the doctor's bills.

Be sure and let me know if you are getting my allotment of pay regularly and if it should be decreed that I must give my life on the altar of Liberty, remember the government has got to pay you ten thousand dollars ($10,000) insurance, mama dear.

You must not worry about me, for I always remember what you told me before I came away—about drinking liquor and gambling and things. You need never fear that your boy will do anything to make him hang his head. Most of the soldiers swear a lot and some of them drink rum and shoot dice, but when they ask me to join them, I just shake my head with a smile and say—"No, men, I want to be able to look my parents in the face when I return."

Well, mama, I must close for this once. Write to me often. I have not received a letter from you in more than two months, but maybe they are lost on the road somewhere and will all arrive in a bunch.

Love to papa and Goldie and Aunt Kate and Uncle Mac, and with same to yourself, your son ROY.

P. S. Do not write to the captain about my wound, because I heard him say he was about fed up on parents' letters and what did they think he was, anyhow.

[This letter was censored and passed by the doctor who attended Private Stanifer—a lieutenant in the medical corps.]

FIELD HOSPITAL No. ——
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, July 7, 1918.

DEAR ED: Well, Old Timer, how goes it and how many francs you got, as we say in this man's army.

I bet this address will knock you cold, but there's nothing to get scared about, for the doctor says that unless I have a relapse I will pull through after all. The danger point is past and the doctor says he will probably be able to save my arm, too.

[Historian's note: This is obviously an error on Private Stanifer's part, since he mentions a wound in the leg in the letter to his mother.]

All I've got to do is lay quiet and in time I will be o. k. But I will not be able to perform any hard work for weeks, you might say, on account of the loss of blood and shock to my system. After you hear what I have been through, you will say I was lucky to escape with my life, Ed. It was some fight. I'll say it was. They were like to have croaked me, but I cleaned up with the whole bunch and killed three and brought in nine prisoners.

But I know you are anxious to hear how it happened and how I got my wound. Well, I will tell you.

I had it round and round with about twenty Boches out in front of their own trenches. One of them got me through the arm with a bayonet and then tried to run, the coward, but I bounced a bomb off that gentleman's head and all the others broke and fled—all but the nine that I brought in and the three I killed.

Just where this came off I am not allowed to write, because the censor would not let it through for fear it might give information to the enemy. You see, if it wasn't for the censor the Germans might find out we had an army in France. Ha ha! But they will let me say this much—it was in one of the most important sectors on the western front, where brave men die like flies every day, you might say, and the shells rain on the ground like giant hailstones.

You can thank your lucky stars you are safe at home in Detroit, Mich., where the only chance you take is being run over by a flivver. You could never stand it here, Ed. The strain is terrific and I have seen many a man break under it, and sometimes I even feel myself weakening, but only for a moment, because danger is all in the day's work and a real soldier rapidly grows indifferent to every peril. If you are going to be killed, you are going to be killed, so what is the use of worrying about it? The boys say you'll get it anyhow if your name is on a shell, so keep happy—that is my motto, and I have got so now that I pay no more attention to shells or bullets, you might say, than you would to a mosquito. That is the way an ideal soldier ought to act. It was a sort of a night raid I went on. Probably you will not see anything in the papers about it, because the reporters get their dope from headquarters and headquarters don't know a common soldier is alive. The only pieces they give out are about officers with a pull or some grand-stand play a non-com makes. Besides they are jealous of our regiment and don't want us to get any advertising. So keep what I am telling you under your hat, for if it got in the papers I would be in bad and maybe get 30 K. P.'s.

The captain asked for volunteers for the raid and I was the first man to step forward.

"Just what I expected of you, Stanifer," he said, "always to the fore. You set a fine example to the company."

Well, we put lamp-black on our faces and blackened our bayonets so the Boches could not see them gleam in the dark and then stole forth.

It was a dark and stormy night and the rain came down in torrents. There was no moon—just the kind of night we needed for the hazardous work in hand. We went forward in single file, me in the lead and the captain close at my heels.

"You know the ground, Stanifer," he said. "Lead on."

There were eleven men in the bunch and every man was a picked man, known throughout the regiment for his recklessness and contempt for danger.

The whole sky was lit up with zig-zagging flashes and sudden spurts of fire and flame, and the roar of the artillery was as a thousand thunders. But we didn't pay that any attention because the artillery is always raising Cain anyhow and besides, none of the shells were falling in No Man's Land, but behind our front lines.

It was a dark and stormy night and the rain came down in torrents. The ground was pitted with shell holes, making it treacherous for the feet, but the gallant little band went steadily forward, led by me and the captain.

"Not so fast, Stanifer," he whispered, so I slowed down some.

I could hear the deep, loud breathing of my comrades behind me and once a soldier stumbled, his rifle making a terrifying clatter. But save for these incidental noises we moved like shadows, as stealthily as Red Skins on the warpath.

All of a sudden the captain halted us. He drew me to one side.

(Continued on Page 58)

GOLIAH

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK B. HOFFMAN

Goliah Cocked His Forehand Gun, Held It Ready, and Watched the Hollow Field Across the River

GOLIAH, the son of Eb, lived with his father at Hardwood Rolling-Tier, up the river in the woods. Hardwood Rolling-Tier, where second-growth white birches overhung the water, was only a bank of log work that sloped moldering into the stream and upheld their house, a gray cabin, relic of departed lumbermen. Behind the house lay forest, miles of forest, green underfoot in season with ferns, trillium, checkerberry and pipsissewa; before it ran the river, three rods wide, clear brown; and across the river a foundation of sharp gray rocks crowned with sharper firs made a dark border for Canada.

Old Eb Fearby—a lean giant, hawk-nosed, with a red-gray beard that straggled to a point upon his breast—seldom talked, and never was known to ask a question. Days and nights passed in their solitude without a word exchanged by father and son.

"Goin' to git more eels," he said one morning when he had risen from their platform bed of fir boughs in the loft and thrown his blanket out of the window to air on the nearest bush. Down the stairs, a ladder of planks worn thin as paper, riddled and worm-eaten by lumbermen's calks, he went to the dark room below. Here in the gloom were a table, a few chairs, a fireplace, a barrel of pork, a barrel of flour, a sack of "Injun meal," a tea chest wrapped in lead, and other odds and ends.

Goliah, son of Eb, followed him. Short, dusky, brown-eyed, with hair sunburnt to a rusty yellow, Goliah had the step of a wildcat and the gravity of a Puritan; underneath that gravity a glancing as of flame hidden in a dark vessel—the glow of youth repressed.

He made fire and cooked breakfast, while old Fearby carried baskets and other gear outdoors into the mist and brought back a pail of water.

"Cold fall, goin' to be. Porkapines hunger-proud."

"Yes," said Goliah, brewing tea.

"Nobody can't learn you nothing," grunted his father. "Know-All."

"I seen 'em," said Goliah. "And a porkapine at the deer warden's paddle nigh up, fortni't ago, they tell me. Wisht they'd et it all."

Old Fearby grunted again.

"Talk too much," he replied. "They tell ye! You don't know the deer warden f'm a side of so' luther. You never seen him."

"No," said Goliah.

"Talk too much."

Breakfast they ate to a mingled music of the fire and the river, by a mingled light from the hearth and from the dawn through their open door. When they had washed the tin dishes and teapot father and son shouldered each a paddle and went out, a pair of gray homespun phantoms in a gray mist. Below the rotten logs of the Rolling-Tier lay a white graceful form, their birch canoe. They stepped into this, cast off, knelt, and began paddling away without a word, without a sound except the dripping of their blades.

In two strokes leaving behind all tangible things they entered a world of wet smoke that blew against their faces and rolled astern. The canoe, glistening as though coated with glass, appeared to lack all motion, to remain still while the smoke drew past, followed on either hand by a patch of dark-brown water. The men seemed lost; a stranger would have been so; but old Eb Fearby in the stern made now and then the curving stroke of a steersman who knew his way blindfold, though soon even the water vanished, and a mass of snowy bubbles, halfway up to the gunwale, enfolded them with a hushing whisper. Stripe of lather covered the paddles as they rose and dipped.

This, the night foam passing downriver, at last divided into cracks and lanes. The night mist grew thin, lifted, and revealed a dark stream dotted with cakes of froth like a broken ice field. On the verge where, at the left, water and mist reluctantly drew apart something pale scarlet and paler blue shone like colored fire dissolving. Old Fearby swung the canoe thither. It took form as cardinal flowers that overhung and azure shells of fresh-water clams that littered a muddy bank bored with muskrat holes. The canoe glided among them into the mouth of Still Brook.

When the sun burned red above the eastern woods Eb and Goliah were busy far up the brook, spearing eels. Whenever they raised their heads from this labor they could see, as over a wall, the greenish-brown level of a heath, acres of lambkill and cranberry, hemmed in afar by filmy tops of hackmatack. They lost no time, however, in admiring the wilderness. Father and son worked alike—silent, active, thrifty of motion—as they waded, or watched, or darted their spears. Before the morning grew hot they had filled their four baskets with writhing eels, and made ready to go home.

"'Bout enough," said Eb, "one spell."

These were the first words uttered since breakfast, but neither man felt any past lack of conversation, or any future need. They always acted together promptly and cunningly, by instinct.

They were climbing into their canoe when a voice hailed them from the bank.

"Be'n eelin', hain't ye?"

A sorry little man in worn gray shirt and faded overalls stood looking down at them from the crest of lambkill. He had pale watery eyes, white hair and whiskers unkempt, the lean stoop of lifelong work without good nourishment.

"Ketched a slat of 'em, I guess, mebbe."

They knew him. Enoch Bowden, a back-lot man, was famous for ill luck and poverty even in that unplentiful land. Half an hour ago they had spied him a mile away, lonely and dejected, crossing the heath toward them. Now that he stood here they said never a word good or bad, but looked up and waited.

"You hain't failed none, Eb," said Bowden doubtfully. "Not a mite."

"You," replied Fearby Senior, "hev."

The little farmer gave a nod of doleful agreement. Against the sky, a brilliant blue autumn hemisphere for background, he drooped like the last wisp of humanity, wilting.

"Got a right to. Yessir," he sighed. "Didn't ye hear what they done to me? No? S'pose ye wouldn't. Seen your two heads a-bobblin' above the hake and come along to hev a visit. Y'ain't heard, then? Sho! Let me tell ye. Might's well."

As he stood plucking his beard and blinking, his pale eyes not only watered but overflowed. He wept. It was a painful and comic thing to see. Young Goliah stared up at this little old man crying.

All at once the old man flung his arms against the sky in a wild but feeble passion.

"I hope to God," he cried, "Sol Yorke don't live to die in his bed!"

Goliah sat in the canoe, amazed and troubled by this outbreak. He turned to glance at his father, who, as usual, said nothing. Enoch Bowden remained invoking heaven for a moment, then let his spindle arms fall, as if they had supported a weight.

"I'll tell ye."

He sat down, hanging his legs over the edge of the heath. He did not begin directly, but shed more tears, which he wiped on the cuff of his old gray shirt.

"You know me. I never fired off a muskit nor so much's a pea gun in my life." Enoch sniffed, but as he went on spoke out more boldly. "You know that. Did I ever set up for a hunter? No. Well, last fall when my woman was sick Pum Redman o' Wing-Dam he lugged us over some deer meat he went and shot him, right up 'bove Jug Hill here, in clean open season. He give it to us for nothin'. A free-handed neighbor, Pum, if ever was one. We's only too glad to git it. My woman laying bedfast, I cut me off some good steaks and cooked 'em tasty for her, and the remaindin', when she was better, we made smokt vennyson of and put down sullar to keep; for a rainy day, as the old sayin' goes. All our days come rainy now, so fur's that; between us we hain't the stren'th of a mole—that is, not no more nowadays we hain't. Me and her jest winters on the smell of a greased rag, about, addin' in what berries we gether, a few aigs, batatas, and them alewives I connived to ketch me and salt, last spring run, below Middle Landin', Head o' the Tide, somewheres that way."

Enoch Bowden gave a sniff again, wagged his legs over the brookside mud, and sat looking down into the canoe and the baskets full of dying eels.

"Eyah. 'Twas all we hed in the house," he continued, "fer pervision ahead; every last bite. And here come that Solomon Yorke one mornin'. You know Sol Yorke, the deer warden? I'll bate ye. A cussid liar and meaner than Poverty's what's name; that's how I think o' Sol Yorke!"

His two friends did not so much as nod, but remained holding their canoe against the ooze, each by the grasp of a paddle stuck into bottom. They looked down, and seemed not even to be listening.

"Sol Yorke comes to me with a brown-paper passil in hand, and s'e: 'Le' me down your sullar, Een. I gone bought me some butter I'd like to store away cool indurin' while I paddle up Long-Lookum after a feller and back.' The hatch stood there open, so s' I: 'Go 'long down, Mr. Yorke; 'tirely welcome!' and about my business. He went down. Well, he come up; and there he had her smokt vennyson luggin' it out. 'Here, begod,' s'e, 'what's this you're hidin'? Fresh smokt!' He looked like a born liar, shiftin' and grinnin' when he said it too.

"'No,' s' I; "that's old last year smokt.' Then Sol Yorke swore up and down 'twas a deer shot in clos' time and cured the day 'fore yisterday. 'You're altogether wrong,' s' I, 'because Pum o' Wing-Dam kindly give us that deer meat last fall. For nuthin'.' And so on, I tolt him true.

"Then Yorke's much as called me a liar. Then we hed it hot and heavy, tongue-lashin'. Frank Moon the Injun stood by, 'bout then; tried to put in a good word for me. He kicked Moon. And then he went and hauled me into court, down below, and got me fined five hund'ed dollar!"

This rough and for them all too wordy narrative left the Fearby men quite unmoved so far as face or posture might betray emotion. They knew that Enoch spoke the truth always—invariably and wordily the truth. They knew that any such great fine must have swept away all the pitiful earnings of many a day. They remembered a dozen other tales, equally true, equally bitter, of Sol Yorke's meanness and cruelty. Every man in those woods despised the warden.

"Call that fair dealin'?" Enoch had suddenly grown calm, dry-eyed and patient. "How much longer, s'pose,

will Yorke go on foolin' the rich hunters he guides and apern-strings around, and all them pol'ticians that hove him into office and kep' him there? I wonder, boys. It hain't right. It hain't just. In my opinion, somep'n had ought to be done about him."

The Fearbys again signified neither yea nor nay. But Goliah, letting go of his paddle, rose, took the largest basket of eels and, stepping out into the mud with it, lifted it up light as a feather to the edge of the heath beside old Enoch.

"Split 'em and salt 'em down," said Goliah. "For winter. Like us."

The farmer's protestation of surprise and gratitude was long. It was also apparently wasted. Goliah and his father heard it out, endured it as rocks endure the whistling of the wind. When Enoch had said good-by, shouldered his basket of snaky provender, and disappeared from the bank old Eb spoke gruffly:

"You done right."

Goliah did not answer; a flush burned in his cheeks, his brown eyes were alight. Perhaps the unwonted praise had gone to his head. He squatted in the canoe, jerked his paddle from the mud, made ready to shove off; then thinking better of it he rose again, stepped ashore and ran up the bank. For a moment he stood and watched the solitary figure of Enoch carrying the basket home across the heath.

Suddenly Goliah cried after him:

"If I run acrost Sol Yorke he won't die in his bed!"

The young man's voice rang loudly over the waste. An echo replied, dwindling, hollow, far off among the hackmatacks.

He was in the canoe again and paddling down Still Brook before the silence was broken.

"You done wrong," said his father. "You talked. Like a fool."

For the rest of that day Goliah and Eb worked hard, by the shore of Rolling-Tier, skinning, splitting and salting their eels down in a barrel. The skins they saved and hung to dry on a trellis of hoop poles; the heads and tails they kept for bait; and the barrel, when full, they headed and rolled into a stone-faced dugout behind their cabin. All this labor was done without haste, waste or unnecessary talk. Not only busy as beavers, the men were as quiet, and as ready in cooperation.

When they had barred the dugout door with a great log at sunset old Fearby drew a sigh and remarked: "Four berrils, now."

"Four, all told," said Goliah. "Injun pork, dad."

They ate supper by darkening twilight, for their hands knew the road to the mouth. But after supper, in celebration of work well done, Old Man Fearby lighted a candle, took from a cupboard his great brass-bound family Bible and read aloud for an hour or more. He did not "wale a portion," but took Old Testament as it came, and holding a leaf of the Book in one hand, his red-gray beard in the other, rolled out story after story with a deep bass music that made the cabin ring. His comments were few and derogatory:

"Old Man Noah, he got drunk. . . . King David, he played the fool. Women."

Young Fearby sat listening, entranced, with his hands clasped tightly between his knees. It was a great, wonderful, ancient world this, to-night, in which his mind had the privilege of dwelling. He made only one complaint:

"Dad, you gimme the worst name but Judas o' the whole Book. What for?"

His father frowned like an owl.

"So's ye couldn't go disgrace a good one." Old Eb shut and clasped the volume, rose, returned it to the cupboard, and then blew out the candle.

As they climbed in darkness the thin spike-worn stairs to their bed in the loft Goliah heard his father grumbling:

"Names! Meanest man we know bears the name o' Solomon. Cussid shote!"

This, from father, was a thunderclap of eloquence.

Goliah went to sleep thinking of it, and remembered it when he woke.

II

LATER there came another season of preparation for cold weather at Hardwood Rolling-Tier. Every day by an old corduroy road choked with sweet fern the Fearbys went into the woods a mile or more to fetch the winter's firing from a cleared patch where it lay—clean birch, beech and maple that they had split and corded there for summer's heat to dry. The bringing of this wood home was no child's play. They dragged it, in many loads, on a weather-gray wooden sledge that labored heavily where going was good and that often stuck fast on granite ledge tops or in the wet ground of "logans." Less powerful or patient men would never have got their wood in; but the Fearbys, grunting, sweating and maintaining the silence of perfect unison, hauled load after load without losing a stick. Indian-summer heat enveloped them. The perfume of crushed sweet fern drifted after them down the hillocks of the road.

Once or twice during this toil Goliah thought it seemed to tire his father. He must have betrayed the thought; for when all was done, when the winter's firewood lay sawed and piled under cover, old Eb spoke out defiantly:

"To-morrer's play day. Lay off, we're goin' to, and see how limber we be."

The forenoon of the holiday thus appointed they spent in their canoe, trolling for pickerel; the afternoon ashore, holding a quaint kind of field sports, a family trial of strength that had been, ever since Goliah's boyhood, the brightest event in his year. It was their custom, on these great happy occasions, to "wrastle" a match or two, pitch the crowbar, kiss the blade of a four-pound ax, jump into a barrel and out again, shoot a few rounds of ball with the old Forehand gun at a mark, and hold other solemn contests in the white-birch grove by the river. Eb had always won. To-day he did so, but not easily. The pitching of the iron bar was a tie.

"You're growin' up," he said. "Try holts on the tree."

A young ash stood bare among the golden leaves and white pillars of the grove. Goliah seized its trunk in both hands, chose a good grip, then lifted himself out from it, rigid, parallel with the ground. Of the muscles that knotted under his shirt none so much as quivered.

"Stiff as a bough," remarked his father. "Count."

Goliah counted more than a hundred before his body shook, bent and drooped to earth.

"Now my turn."

Old Eb grasped the trunk of the ash and swung his long frame outward, horizontal. For a moment he also remained stiff as a bough; but suddenly he groaned, wavered and came swerving down heavily upon his side. Goliah started, in a fright, to raise him. The old man sat up, leaned his back against the ash and frowned. A queer gray light, a waxen pallor, spread round his forehead and eyes.

"Git out," he panted. "Needn't stand gappin' at me."

He rose and walked unsteadily into the cabin. Their holiday had come to a bad end. Goliah said nothing, and took pains not to "gap" or show concern again; only that evening he cooked the best supper he could devise—pickerel smothered in onions with crumbs of pilot bread, and hot cakes and tea. It was a good savory meal, but his father sat preoccupied and hardly tasted it.

"Hain't the man I was," he said at bedtime. "Een Bowden's a liar."

Next morning at daylight he lay still under his blanket on the platform bed, and with strange calm eyes watched Goliah dressing.

"Sleep a while longer, guess I will. You go 'long down about your business."

Goliah, sorely troubled, paused by the ladder head to look back through the gloomy loft. He stood there, hesitating.

"Een Bowden," complained his father, "is a liar. I hev so failed. Go 'long down; light your fire."

III

THUS began an anxious time for Goliah. Sickness to these men of iron health was a mysterious and dreadful thing, a curse laid on the house. Perhaps of the two Goliah suffered the more; for his father lay half asleep with that waxy pallor shining about forehead and cheek-bones, or stirred, grew flushed and, fixing brilliant eyes upon some unseen visitant in the loft, spoke to his dead wife, his dead brother or to others long buried and forgotten. The cabin, dusky even at noon, seemed to Goliah full of their presences moving in the shadow, whispering inaudibly, watching him and waiting while the old man dozed his life away.

"I better go fetch ye the doctor," he said more than once.

"Pack o' frauds. No."

It was still autumn, breathless and, except at noon, cold. The river murmured, and in the woods dead leaves dropped with a continuous dry ticking sound.

"I'm a-goin' to git one."

"You stay. 'Druther not die soul alon'."

It was a long and doleful time, housed with the curse and those other dwellers. At last, however, their visitation came to an end. One evening the shadows in the loft seemed less crowded; there was a sense of relief and departure; the will of the sick man slowly gained ascendancy with a long look from clear eyes in which light was conquering the power of darkness. Next day at dawn: "I licked him," said old Fearby. "Go make me some willerbark tea and pipsissewa."

Convalescence afterward came rapidly, but was more trying than the disease. Goliah, worn with long nights of nursing that gave little satisfaction, now toiled at cookery that gave less. He was a good cook, employing silently before the fire all the tricks of an ingenious head and a devoted heart; yet he never succeeded.

"Nothin' tastes right," complained his father. "Some folks ain't fit to lug guts to a bear. I'll have to learn ye all over again."

After this he relapsed into a disdain more discouraging even than words. He ate little or nothing, till Goliah began to fear that he would starve and sink back to his former weakness. At last, one chill day before sunset, the young man could endure it no longer.

(Continued on Page 42)

"Sleep a While Longer, Guess I Will. You Go 'Long Down About Your Business"

THE FEMININE TOUCH

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

"Then All Along the Streets I Begin to See the Germans Hurrying Back the Way They Had Come. In Half an Hour There Was Not One Living Boche in All the Town"

SOMETIMES I am asked — the words may differ but the sense is the same: "Doctor, what is the strangest thing you saw at the Front—the one thing that would live in your memory even if you were to forget everything else?"

It is evident that some of my questioners expect a cross section of battle, full of fire, fury and pathological detail; while many, I think, would like to hear a story that appeals to the heart; or possibly something supernatural—another vision of the Angel of Mons, another reappearance of departed heroes. And still there are some who seem to hope for something bizarre, with a strident laugh at the end like a machine gun suddenly heard from ambush.

As a matter of fact it happens that the strangest thing I saw at the Front had an element of nearly all these qualities in it. And because though the story finds its climax on a battlefield in France it had its start upon an American transport, I will begin with telling you of my first meeting with Little Nell.

It was on the third morning out from New York that I first saw him, and the moment he crossed my line of vision I began to have my doubts.

"Hello," I said, watching him closely as he walked along the deck. "What have we here? Is it Little Nell the Stowaway?"

Our steamer was a French liner, one of a convoy on its way to France, and I was talking at the time to the ship's physician, old Doctor Diderot of the warm heart and excitable tongue.

"Leetle Nell the Stowaway—what you mean, *mon ami?*" he breathlessly inquired, following the direction of my glance. "You t'ink we have a German spy in the meedle of us? *Que diable!*" he suddenly muttered, twizzling his grizzled imperial and looking more than ever like D'Artagnan in his later years. "I see now what you mean!"

By that time we were both looking at the figure that had caught my eye, and the longer we gazed the more assuredly I nodded my head, and the more vigorously Doctor Diderot preened his facial adornments, meanwhile exclaiming under his breath: "Name of a name of a name!"

It was of course a girl masquerading in national-army uniform that we were watching. Neither of us, I can tell you, had the least doubt of that. I am not so old as I shall be some day, but first and last I have seen on the stage quite a number of young ladies dressed to impersonate men, but never yet have I seen one who could deceive the good physician. Not only are the lines of anatomy immutable, even when disguised in a loosely fitting coat and peg-top trousers—but the walk, the attitudes, the unconscious mannerisms, the glance of the eye—all these betray the impersonator, especially when she tries to swagger or puffs at a cigarette as this young quasi soldier did, holding it awkwardly between thumb and finger and blowing out the smoke in a series of quick little puffs.

"*Que diable!*" repeated Doctor Diderot, the light of romance casting its glow over his handsome old face. "What you t'ink of it, eh? Perhaps her brother has fallen on the field of honor and she goes to avenge him. . . . Or her sweetheart is among the *grands blessés*, and because she cannot join the Red Cross she adopts such a ruse to go nurse him. *Jarni bleu, mon ami!*" he joyfully added, delicately touching his lips with his finger tips, "upon the altar of such a bravery I lay the tribute of my profoundest admiration."

With a gesture in which I know I saw nothing ridiculous at the time, he laid his kiss on the passing breeze, and then we both stood silent watching the subject of our remarks.

The graceful figure had stopped and was leaning over the rail, palm pressed tightly against the cheeks—an attitude that might have pleased a painter of pretty figures, but that would never have found favor in the eyes of a drill sergeant.

"You see?" continued Doctor Diderot, his excitement only equaled by his satisfaction. "She dreams. It is even better than I had thought. You know what I have often told my friends, m'sieur? 'You wait,' I tell them. 'This is a war of miracles, and the end, she is not yet. In the last grand crisis of French history it was Charlotte Corday who appeared, calm and tranquil like a moonbeam, and when she met the unspeakable Marat all the world at once became a nobler place to live. And in the next grand crisis before that who was it but Joan of Arc who came with a note like golden trumpets, and even the poor cold dead arise, warm with anger and rich with strength, to preserve for us inviolate the spirit of France. You wait,' I tell my friends. 'Some day the woman's hand may appear again like a thunderbolt and deal the grand decisive blow!' And now—who knows, m'sieur?—it may be a woman from your own wonderful country who will place my name among the prophets! It may be that even now——"

His voice suddenly dropped to a quieter pitch. "*Voyez!*" he said behind his hand, "I think she comes our way!"

At the entrance to the ship's hospital the approaching figure stopped and looked first at me and then at Doctor Diderot.

"Pardon me," said a gentle voice.

"Certainly! Certainly, *mon brave!*" bowed Doctor Diderot, his hand upon his heart, evidently warmed through and through by the adventure. The newcomer also bowed, and then they bowed together, a pleasant little comedy of manners, and yet beneath and through it all I seemed to catch, even then, a glance of greater things to come.

"Pardon me," said the gentle voice, "but is either of you gentlemen the doctor?"

Looking back at it now I should say that old Doctor Diderot and myself were probably the two biggest fools on the Atlantic Ocean that day, but not knowing it then we both bowed in a sort of gallant unison.

"I have a tooth that is aching dreadfully," continued our visitor. "Do you think you could extract it for me? Would it be putting you to too much trouble?"

Almost before I can tell it Doctor Diderot had his patient in a chair by the side of his desk, and looking down at the curling eyelashes and slightly quivering lip I could have sworn to my suspicions.

"Now," said my gallant old colleague, turning from a cabinet and unconsciously tuning his voice for a lady's ear, "if you will be so kind as to show me, please, this naughty tooth. . . . Ah, yes. . . . Of course. . . . Now first I will try him—oh, so gentle!—to see if he is loose. . . . And then ——"

There was a twist of the wrist, and the next moment the offending tooth was being held in front of the patient's eyes.

"*Regardez!*" laughed Doctor Diderot, his handsome old face alight with satisfaction. "So loose it was I could have coaxed it out with a few kind words, but —— *Que diable, mon ami!*" he interrupted himself, turning to me. "We guess' it right, you see!"

For the patient, who in the last few seconds had turned as white as the proverbial sheet, had suddenly given one desperate gasp—and had fainted.

When I was considerably younger than I am now—a boy in short trousers living in those almost incredible years before there were any automobiles or moving pictures—I occasionally saw a magic-lantern show, the chief miracle of which would be a set of dissolving views in which one picture would slowly fade away upon the screen while another was as slowly taking its place. I am reminded of this by the change that took place in Doctor Diderot's patient when he fainted.

A minute before, and we were convinced that he was a girl in disguise—a girl with a golden complexion and delicate wistful features; but when the pallor of unconsciousness drew the color from his cheeks we could see the downy but unmistakable shadow of a young mustache and beard slowly appear upon his face. I was still staring at this phenomenon and wondering whether Doctor Diderot had the joke on me or whether I had it on him when the door opened and an auburn-haired sergeant entered.

"Oh, he's here, is he?" demanded this latter visitor. "Cripes, he's had me running all over the ship after him! What's the matter?" he asked with a sheepish grin. "Did he faint away when you pulled it?"

"Keeled right over," I nodded. "Great stunt for a soldier. Is he in your company?"

"Yep; and I promised his mother I'd look after him; that's the woist of it. Sure he's all right?"

"Will be in a few minutes," I nodded again.

"That's All Right, My Boy," I Thought. "By the Time You've Helped Your Uncle Dudley for a Month or Two You'll Think You've Been Trimmed With an Ax"

"I'd better beat it then. I'm trying to put some ginger in the kid, and I wouldn't want him to know that I saw him like this. I used to work for his mother—see?—and she made me promise to keep an eye on the kid"—up to this point his tone had been almost belligerent, but now it culminated in a rich burst of despair—"though God knows what I'm going to do with him when we get to the Front!"

He disappeared and a few minutes later our patient slowly followed him, looking more than ever like a girl in masquerade, though still groggy from his late unconsciousness and mixing his words a little as he bade us a polite good-by.

"Well, what do you think?" I asked Doctor Diderot, working fast to beat him to it as soon as we were alone again.

"What do I think?" he repeated in a thoughtful voice. "A beeg, beeg question, my friend, and yet of a kind with which I have often warm' the heart and expand' the mind on a tedious voyage. Now you, yourself, have you ever been in the workshop of Rodin—Rodin the sculptor, who died the other day?"

It was what the orators call a rhetorical question, so I only shook my head.

"It was a long time ago that I call' there with a friend," he continued, "in the days when I too dreamed of being a great man—another Pasteur, if you like—with a grand combination of vaccine for every disease which is! Once a year, it is thus that I dreamed it, all the world would be vaccinate' with Diderot's Famous Formula. But *la, la, la!*—I start' to tell you of Rodin. It was just before he was discovered to be a genius that I called—and all round his workshop were beautiful busts and conventional figures which he had made—such as you see, perhaps, in any sculptor's workshop—in any good museum.

"But in a corner behind a curtain was a figure on which the master was working—a what you call a freak; yes? Beautiful? A thousand times, no! Classical? It is to laugh! It was, if you like, an experiment in the dark—the child of a crazy whim—a lunacy, judged by all that had gone before. But ah, *mon ami*, when at last it was finished it became La Penseur—a miracle in stone—a masterpiece in statuary for every race and age—and all the world hailed Rodin as one who had walked with the gods.

"And so, my friend, you see the point I make to you as clearly as I dare? Classical studies in human beings—conventional figures—they are made by proxy for all that we know. You look—*mon Dieu!*—and soon you yawn to see so much that is always the same. But if in a corner of the workshop you suddenly come to what you might call a freak—yes?—the child, perhaps, of a whim divine—I charge you, *mon ami*, walk soft and keep silent. It may be that Someone watches the result of his experiment, and perhaps he would not like to hear you laugh."

II

I WAS leaning over the rail that night, thinking of this and that, when I heard a light step approaching, and almost before I turned I knew who it was.

"Good evening, doctor," he said in his gentle voice. "I want to thank you for your kindness and courtesy in helping to pull my tooth this morning. My name is Leighton—Neil Leighton."

He paused expectantly, full of his pretty manners; and, grumbling a little I fear, I gave him my name.

"Oh, thank you, doctor," he said. "I was afraid you'd think I had no manners at all—the way I stalked off this morning just as soon as my tooth was extracted. But, do you know, I felt awfully thick and dopey. Else of course I wouldn't have been so rude."

The moon was nearly full and under its radiance his face looked even more feminine than it had looked in the morning—feminine and refined and yet with such a wistful expression that it wasn't far from being tragic.

"If there's one thing I simply can't bear," he continued, "it's rudeness. Honestly and truly, it positively makes me shudder to be in the society of rude people." He came a little nearer and gently placed his hand on my arm in his appealing way. "Do you know, doctor," he said, "there are some terribly rude persons among the soldiers on this ship, but when I think of where they are going, and why they are going, and what they are going to do when they get there—well, do you know, I can quite forgive them for it."

"When I Ran Into the Church to Ring That Bell—Well, There Were Three Germans There Instead of One"

"That's right," I nodded; "when you look at it that way——"

He had come close to the rail and now he hummed an air as he looked out over the waters.

"That's from La Gioconda—the ballet, you know," he told me. "Do you like the opera, doctor? . . . So do I. I think it's wonderful! And the dancing? . . . Wonderful! Oh, wonderful! You know, I nearly took up dancing once, but mother didn't approve. So I kept to millinery; that's mother's business, you know—Eloise, Incorporated, Fifth Avenue—and mother herself would tell you how successful my work has been. It's like everything else, I guess—a sort of a gift. This afternoon, for instance, it came to me like a flash: A bonnet made like an aviator's cap and a plume on each side—to represent the wings, you know. Don't you think it would be cute?"

"Well—the way you describe it——" I hesitated.

"Mother says I inherited it from her," he nodded. "So perhaps I inherited the stage from father. He was an actor—John Leighton—of course you've heard of him. Mother says that all the girls in New York were simply crazy over him—but she won him. Of course I can't remember—he died soon after I was born but we have a large oil painting of him, and I think he's quite the handsomest man that ever lived. Don't you think it's awfully nice to have someone in your life like that—someone whom you can look up to and idolize?"

He was still looking over the sea, wistful, sad, and yet somehow still full of his pretty manners—reminding me now of a little bisque ornament that once adorned my grandmother's mantelshelf—a little bisque figure of a courtier with a plum-colored coat and long silk stockings—a graceful little figure whose perpetual bow went perpetually unheeded, and who always looked lonely and friendless in that austere room in his station between the brass candlestick and the two stuffed squirrels under the glass bell.

"You know, I shall never be like that," said Neil. "I shall never have anyone to look up to and idolize me. Of course the girls at the store like me, and all that. A lot of them have known me ever since I was a little bit of a thing. But when they think I'm out of hearing they sometimes say the awfulest things—not about my work, you know, but about me personally, if you know what I mean. Now, you know, doctor, a man doesn't like that. A man doesn't like to be treated like a girl, and have little dolls sent him on his birthday, and all that sort of thing. A joke's a joke of course, all the world over, but a man doesn't like a thing like that, especially when it's going on all the time."

"No," I acknowledged, "it must be rather annoying."

"Oh, it is, doctor! It is! So with one thing and another I finally said to myself when one of our delivery men enlisted and was given a lovely send-off—I finally said to myself: 'I know what I'll do. I'll show them the sort of a man I am! I'll just go right straight out and enlist too!' Of course I could have gone as an interpreter, because mother had me learn French and German so I could follow the Continental fashions. But I just wouldn't go as an interpreter. I finally said to them: 'No, gentlemen, I'm going as a soldier or I'm not going at all.' And when they saw how dreadfully firm I was they let me have my way."

At that, perhaps because he gave me such an appealing look, I gruffly patted him on the back.

"Thank you, doctor," he said, holding himself more than upright. "I've always felt the way the poet felt, you know—'A man's a man for a' that.' Well, I must turn in now. You don't know how much better I feel now I've had this little talk with you. Good night, doctor."

"Good night."

But still he paused, humming another air. "Mm-m-m-m-mm. . . . That's where the bogy man comes in—La Gioconda, you know. Mm-m-m-m-mm.

Wonderful! Oh, wonderful! . . . Well, good night again, doctor. I'm awfully glad I've met you."

III

AS IT happened I didn't see much of Neil again until we landed and took up our quarters in Neufchâtel. At the north end of the town near the river was an old château, which had evidently once stood proudly enough in the center of its own grounds. But as the city had grown new streets and rows of houses had been thrown out to the north like a slowly encroaching tide, and now the château, with a church across the street, was almost entirely surrounded by tiles and chimney pots, and had reached that stage of general seediness which is best described as shabby genteel.

It was in this house that we established one of our temporary hospital quarters, taking the lower floor for cots and supplies. As I needed an assistant who could speak French as well as English I put in a request that Neil should be assigned as my orderly—a request that was O. K.'d with an obvious relief that wasn't exactly complimentary to my choice.

"Oh, doctor," he said, full of his pretty manners as soon as he saw me, "if you only knew what a relief this is!"

"Seems to be a relief to some of your officers too," I said without looking up from the instruments I was unpacking.

"I know," he said at last in a low voice. "And the worst of it is I'm afraid they're right about it too. I used to think I'd get over it, but the way I've felt these last few days I don't believe I ever, ever shall. It's just as mother says: It seems to be something that was born with me, and I guess it would need a knife to cut it out."

Which wasn't far from the way I had sized it up myself. "That's all right, too, my boy," I thought with a grim satisfaction. "By the time you've helped your Uncle Dudley for a month or two you'll think you've been trimmed with an ax." It was just at this point, I remember, that the door opened and a visitor quietly entered.

At first I thought she was a child, which was partly due to the subdued light that filtered in through the leaded windows; but the next moment I thought she was a woman, which was partly due again to her look of quiet sadness. As she came nearer, however, I guessed that she was about seventeen—a slight yet graceful little figure, but with that sorrowful look when her face was in repose which I had already noted as characteristic of many of the children in that part of France.

Now my French is something like a beginner's shorthand. If the delivery is slow and the words are simple I can "take it down" in my mind with the best of them, but if the delivery begins to come too fast or the words are unusual I straightway run behind, snatching at a phrase here and there, but altogether lost so far as the gist of the matter is concerned. For this reason I was glad that Neil was present, because the girl hadn't spoken ten words when I found myself floundering.

"Have the honor"—I caught that all right. And "America"—I doubt if America could get by me in any language. But after the girl had stopped, facing Neil and me and evidently waiting for an answer, I was about to offer a regretful "*Je ne comprends pas*," when Neil first bowed to me, then at the girl, and trippingly made reply.

From a word or two that I gathered here and there I judged it to be a pretty thing in its way—a deduction that was confirmed by the deepening look of satisfaction in the girl's eyes and the smile that slowly came to her face when Neil finished at last with another bow, his right foot advanced, his hand upon his heart, and reminding me more than ever of that young bisque courtier that used to stand upon my grandmother's mantelshelf.

They talked together then, backward and forward, for a few minutes, and as I watched Neil with his pretty airs and graces I couldn't help thinking how well he harmonized with the scene. The old château, the high leaded windows, the quick musical speech—he seemed to fit them all as though they had been made to order for him long ago and had been waiting all these years for him to call. And when I looked at the girl standing there watching him with grave yet friendly eyes and answering him back from time to time—a gracious little figure, for all her sadness—I could almost have thought that Neil's wistful smile had been meant for her, too, the same as strange parts made in distant workshops often meet in a common assembly room and mesh together in a perfect contact of gears.

"This is the young lady who owns the place," said Neil, turning to me and rapidly explaining. "The Germans got the rest of the family in their summer cottage in the Vosges, way back when the war started, but they didn't get her because she was going to convent yet—near Paris. She just dropped in to make us feel welcome, she says, and to see if there's anything she can do for us."

"She isn't living here all alone, is she?" I cried.

"No; she's got her aunt with her. She said she turned the house over to the Americans on the one condition that she and her aunt could keep their apartment upstairs in the south wing. I shouldn't be surprised if this was the old lady coming."

A heavy step had been sounding along the corridor and now a grim-visaged Frenchwoman entered and stared at the scene with eyes that missed nothing.

"Aunt Celeste!" announced the girl, and while I was bowing, uncomfortably enough, my back and neck feeling stiff and intractable, from the corner of my eye I caught sight of Neil bent over in charming salutation, and a feeling swept over me which wasn't far from downright jealousy.

"Never mind," I thought. "They'll find him out soon enough."

It happened almost as quickly as I thought it. Neil and the girl were chatting away, and Aunt Celeste was standing by me watching and listening to them.

"I like your yo'ng friend," she confided to me, smiling at something he said. It was just at that moment that the shell burst, falling out of a clear sky from the firing line nearly ten miles away and digging a deep hole for itself in the roadway between the château and the church across the street. It was the first shell that had ever visited Neufchâtel, and it certainly made an impression in more ways than one.

The conversation between Neil and the girl suddenly stopped; that was to be expected. But instead of Neil's taking the girl under his wing, it was she, I soon perceived, who had to mother him. At first I thought he was going altogether to pieces, as when Doctor Diderot had pulled his tooth, but presently his pallor began to leave him, though he still kept his hand pressed tightly against his side.

"*Ah, fûte!*" said Aunt Celeste, frowning. "A nice yo'ng man, but I think he would make a good nurse. He has—what you call it?—the feminine touch, is it not?" And shrugging her shoulders she called across the room in her deep voice: "Rose-Marie! I think it is time that we went, if you please."

From what I have told you you might expect that when Aunt Celeste turned her face against Neil it would have given me a certain amount of satisfaction.

But somehow it didn't.

For one thing it raised, perhaps unconsciously, an international question. When all was said and done Neil was one of my countrymen, and I could never quite get it out of my head that knowing himself as well as he did his mere enlistment was an act of heroism quite comparable to those deeds of valor for which other men receive medals and are mentioned in dispatches. Moreover, the longer I knew him the more I felt myself sympathizing with him because of his weakness, in the same way, I suppose, as a mother often loves her afflicted child the best.

I think that he roused a somewhat similar instinct in Rose-Marie's young heart, for though I sometimes caught her regarding him with that sad look of contemplation with which she had grown to regard so many things of the world, it didn't require any particular astuteness to notice how often they were together, and that no matter where Neil's work might take him Rose-Marie was seldom far away.

We hadn't been at Neufchâtel long when the chaplain began to get up a performance of Pinafore—being an earnest young man who had paid off a considerable part of the church debt back home by amateur performances. As you have probably guessed Neil had a tenor voice, and as you can probably guess again he was immediately and definitely cast as Josephine, the captain's beautiful daughter. I believe it's the same in nearly all army plays—the principal interest is roused by the way

(Continued on Page 89)

"The Way Those Two They Look at Each Other—God Knows, M'sieur, I Was Glad to See It So"

TICKLISH WATERS

A Tale of an Ocean Pussyfooter

By RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

The Little Bark Was Buried Under His Crashing Bows—to Reappear on the Port Side, a Rushing Phantom of Dark Yards and Crumpled Sails

SLIM Williams took his license as second mate of ocean from the hands of the local inspector of hulls with a smarting sense of being made a fool of. The tyrannizing power of that man's eyes had shriveled him as an ant would shrivel on a hot coal. He had as good as said that Mr. Williams was not competent to maneuver a catboat across the North River. He had intimated that he, and every man worth his salt, had forgotten more than Slim Williams with his frail mental equipment could ever hope to know.

And Mr. Williams had been dumb under the lash. Indeed, what was there to say? The fellow had the whip hand. Each time he finished a problem he approached the inspector, who sat with his hawk-nose buried in papers, apparently absorbed. How could he be anything but conscious of this horrible clumping of boots? Mr. Williams asked himself. It was a ruse; a trick to humiliate him by causing him to stand there, paper in hand, with a foolish grin on his face, fading into a look of humble expectance. Unable to keep silent longer he burst out:

"Have you had time to look over my last one, sir?"

"I've had time enough to see that it's all wrong," the inspector said without looking up; and with a sidewise contemptuous motion of his arm he pitched it from him in the general direction of the candidate.

The paper fell on the floor. Burning with rage Mr. Williams bent to retrieve it. He gazed at it dumbly. Wrong! He had better give up hope of going to sea. This man had some secret grudge against him—that was plain. He must have talked in his sleep and somebody had overheard him and carried tales.

He glanced stealthily at the rocklike features, the terrible black brows—as if a hawk had spread its wings over the man's eye sockets and thrust its beak down for a nose.

"He can't eat me!" the candidate thought; but this philosophy was not enough to still the beating of his heart or quiet the rage of bitter and anxious emotions there.

The inspector picked up a sextant from an adjoining table, squinted through the sighting vane and handed the instrument to Mr. Williams.

"What does that read?" he said in a deadly calm tone, which made Mr. Williams wonder whether ever again he would be able to read anything. He took the sextant gingerly, thinking to himself: "He expects me to fall down on this. I can tell by the tone of his voice."

"Keep your thumb off the arc. You'll tarnish the silver."

Mr. Williams moved his thumb as if the metal against which it rested had grown red-hot.

"You're all thumb, it seems to me," the inspector added.

If he had said this the week following, Mr. Williams, if warned in time, would have had a reply for him. As it was, he contented himself with looking long and hard at the fine divisions on the silver arc. What did it read? He began to think he had forgotten his science. In his present situation he was like a man lost in the woods, capable of forgetting whether it is the black end or the white end of the compass needle that points north.

"That is about 73° 40'," he said, handing it back; and he noticed that sweat gleamed on the back of his white hands.

With the words only half out of his mouth he felt he was making some horrible mistake. The hawk-nose approached the microscope; the black eyes gleamed; breath was drawn regularly and importantly into that barrel of a body, as Slim knew by the creak of the stiff collar against the rise of the collar bones. He took fantastic note of the trifling details that came under his eyes at this moment.

"About? It's about nothing. It's exactly something, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, exactly what? Exactly what, sir?"

"Exactly 73° 40', sir," said the miserable candidate.

"Exactly so, sir," said the inspector, bending his head again. "Just remember that you can't navigate with that word 'about'; you can't even get about on the rocks with it. You'll get exactly on the rocks, sir."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Williams, with a pale grin, and feeling that he had escaped rocks himself by the narrowest of margins.

"And just you remember that when the two bottoms come together they come together damned hard."

These were fragments of the admonitions the inspector had thrown out in the course of signing the license that proclaimed Mr. Williams a skillful navigator, capable of fulfilling the duties of second mate of steam vessels on blank oceans. He was not in danger of soon forgetting them. He had had many imaginary conversations since with that fellow whose brows were wings. In the course of these he had learned that in speaking of the two bottoms the inspector had referred to the bottom of the ship and the bottom of the sea. They had an unnatural affinity for each other, it appeared.

For a week, while waiting for a ship, he ate the inspector, drank him, breathed him in through every pore, mouthed his satirical phrases, and, too late, thought of magnificent and crushing retorts to them. The hawk-nose and the flexible brows haunted him with their despicable insolence. He meant to show that man what he was made of.

He was disappointed, however, in his hopes of early sailing. A conspiracy of circumstances held the ship fast in its grip when he went aboard early in the autumn. Her decks brimmed with a worshipful company of carpenters; her holds shivered beneath the impact of pneumatic tools; her well deck was a vast sink of unnamables; her bridge was dismantled. More grievous yet, her engine room was a cold ruin. The low-pressure cylinders had been found with ruptured bellies three months earlier—whether cracked by the expanding power of ice from within or shattered by the malicious application of hydraulic jacks from without was unknown.

Dark solutions were hinted at. Rumors of spies and treasons still circulated daily. The water front was lined with German sympathizers, it was averred. Workmen, on boarding and leaving the ship, were gone through for possible bombs—their bags opened; their pockets turned out; their lunches tumbled into public view, revealing mortifying crusts of war bread and wedges of cold pie.

The workmen swore that they could not be got to work on such a ship; in fact, they were ready to submit to any humiliation rather than turn their backs on anything so soft. She was a home, which is to say, in the eyes of the law, a domicile or fixed abode. Passed by the quartermasters on guard they went on earning their money by breathing twenty-eight thousand times a day apiece. They lay about in sunny corners as if overcome by the influence of some lethal gas. Oozy little scalers slept deep down in her cold entrails, tucked away in tanks and engine pits. The highly paid and highly organized electricians napped in the main saloon or played curious electrical tricks on one another all the livelong day. The machinists dozed and smoked in the black shaft alleys, waiting for parts that never came; the riggers made up beds of musty canvas in the sail locker aft; and the bull gang on the dock lay collapsed in the bottoms of condemned lifeboats, with shades over their eyes. It was a piece of magic, a scene of sleeping beauty transported out of the magician's crystal.

Waiting on Him is a Body the Black Squad, the Spanish Firemen, Demanded to be Set Ashore

At twenty minutes of five all this was changed. The mystery of enchanted sleep was exchanged for a terrific clamor of steel on iron, which rang out from all parts of the ship for the space of five minutes, cut short in its turn by a whistle from the lighter alongside. At sound of this whistle hammers stopped in midair, spanners fell with a clang from nerveless hands, the saw was checked in the plank, the hot rivet grew cold in the forsaken forge. In brief, men fell away from the job like iron filings from a dead magnet.

"The captain wants the ship!" had become a laughable slogan among them. Everyone was willing to be moved by so huge a joke. If the nation at large did not complain, what had the captain to complain of? He was a very taciturn young man. He spoke seldom; and when he did speak he picked up the skirts of his speech carefully. He made suggestions to the contractors now and then. Certain ports must be sealed up, since the load water line was going higher. He expected to build a flying bridge, and a crow's nest ninety feet from the deck.

"She's a long-sparred devil; she can stand it," he said quietly.

She had already stood a good deal, it might be thought. The general opinion of the deck was that she was a hearse, a madhouse. Her very name was hard to bear, unutterable and hence unuttered—the name of some ancient poetess or sibyl.

While the low-pressure cylinders were still in the sand a new weakness was discovered. On behalf of the underwriters a man visited the ship dressed in a clean boiler suit and carrying a hammer in his hand. Within fifteen minutes he had condemned a nine-ton section of the starboard crank shaft—tapped it and condemned it. A contract for this drop forging was immediately let to a firm in the Middle West, which in due time supplied one. The man in the boiler suit came again to where it lay, tapped it and condemned it. The firm in the Middle West wired to know why it was condemned. The man in the boiler suit wired back with the austerity of fate "I condemned the shaft"—without more.

They settled back to wait for the new forging. During this interval another set of inspectors bored into the main steam pipe, found it thin in places, and reduced the boiler pressure from a hundred and eighty to a hundred and sixty pounds.

"I know how it is," Mr. Roberts, the second assistant engineer, said gloomily. "They have a hunch she isn't going to come through. Do you get me? Here they have put out a quarter of a million on her already, like rain going into sand; and now, when a thousand dollars would buy a new main steam—of solid drawn steel, too—they hold out on us. That would mean a knot to a knot and a half more she could kick out, the difference between a sink and a swim as things are going in the war zone."

He whirled his long arms.

"She will come through all right," Slim Williams said confidently.

"Maybe. Maybe. Ailing packets are like ailing people, they say. Last longest because they take the most care of themselves. I think the new chief is going to leave, though. I saw him stacking his photographs together yesterday. They'll all leave. You saw the rats go, I suppose?"

Mr. Williams nodded. There was no gainsaying that a chill had crept through him at the passing of the rats. He had seen them disembark by moonlight, running along the range lines, every mother's son of them; even the plasterer's pet rat going, too, though he had showered it with kindnesses. It looked rather ghastly under the moon, with wisps of block asbestos used for covering the main steam pipe hanging to its ungrateful flanks.

Next a labor trouble intervened. The lamentable case was this: Things had by hook or crook come to a point where a length of copper pipe had to be joined to a length of lead pipe. A simple thing in practice, yet it appeared that it was, in the theory of modern labor, impossible; just as it was impossible for Achilles to overtake the turtle because of the mathematical infinity which Zeno placed between them. Demonstrably this joint could not be wiped—and why? Because, if you please, the coppersmith could not touch lead; and it was equally beyond the province of the plumbers to set their mark on copper.

But suppose a man should be found to unite under one hat the arts of the plumber and the coppersmith? Even so, the gulf would not be bridged, since this gifted mortal, it seemed, would have to elect in which capacity he approached the joint. He could not have his cake and eat it too. His left hand could not pretend ignorance of what his right hand did. If he was a coppersmith, let him say so, and refrain from meddling with lead; if he was a plumber, let him keep his hands off copper. There was no middle path; and yet the unwiped joint lay precisely in the middle path. And the coppersmiths would walk out if the plumbers wiped it; and the plumbers would walk out if the smiths wiped it

They called a mass meeting of the two locals to arbitrate the joint. But now we know that, in fact, Achilles did actually overtake the turtle; and so while the altercation was going forward the joint was privily wiped by an unseen hand. Whereat both factions walked off the ship, each accusing the other of treasonable action. They were induced to return only on public confession of Mr. Williams that he himself and no other had wiped the joint, out of a mistaken patriotic purpose to get the ship in shape for sea.

Then after a due lapse of time the second drop forging turned up. They sent posthaste for the underwriters' agent; and the man came, swinging his condemnatory hammer. Slim Williams looked upon him now as a kind of baffling Thor, a Hammerer incarnate, smiting every living hope to bits; beating out human aspirations as thin as gold leaf.

The Hammerer ordered the shaft to be machined. A crack revealed itself, a trifling threadlike fissure. Thor called for oil. The cheesy metal of the new forging drank half a gallon without stopping to take breath.

This was not a simple flaw, it was a finger flaw—a cavern; a grotto. Sick at heart Slim Williams turned away, covering his eyes. Beyond a doubt this shaft was the worst of the three.

But a change had come over the spirit of the Hammerer since his last visit.

"The captain wants his ship," he cried jovially. "We'll have to make this do."

Resting his chin on the head of the hammer he explained that the flaw could be dug out and filled with babbitt, even as a dentist fills a tooth. Mr. Williams hearkening to this began to understand the defection of the prophetic rats. And he remembered Doctor Johnson's celebrated dictum that a ship was only a jail with the added possibility of being drowned. Ah, well; perhaps it was only a superficial flaw. The heart might be sound.

They laid the faulty shaft tenderly on its bearings; the new cylinders, healthy nine-ton twins, came alongside, fresh from the sand; web-footed gun platforms rose fore and aft; a thousand horse stalls were sawed and bolted into place.

Then one morning the oilers squirted fat on her cold joints, the Spaniards in the stokeholds—by name Good-looking, Pretty and Handsome—they were all pulchritudinous men—sprinkled coal on her grate bars, the engineers juggled her throttle, and the sluggish shafts turned on their bearings, permitting the screws astern to thresh and waggle joyously, like a puppy's tail.

After her trial trip Mr. Roberts wrote out a sardonic requisition for umbrellas to be used in the engine room, which was visited by occasional rain squalls. Nevertheless, it was incontrovertible that the ship had moved through the water at an eight-knot clip, thus recapturing her status as an ocean carrier.

"My Ocean Queen!" cried Mr. Williams proudly. "Nothing can stop you now!"

"Nothing but the tin fish," murmured Mr. Roberts.

She lay long and lean and rakish in the frosty sunshine, glowing in a coat of battleship gray, high-sided—all but invincible; the great guns fore and aft with elevated noses pointed seaward as if scenting prey; cargo derricks clustered about her masts and Samson posts as thick as quills of porcupine; fire under her boilers and steam in her whistle.

Within a week she had sunk nearly to her load water line with a cargo of general merchandise. Then came her steerage passengers, the mules. These were led on by an old slab-sided Thinker with ragged ears, a sloping stern, the disheveled quizzical look of a philosopher. When he had got almost to the top of the narrow wooden runway he stopped, lowered his ears, braced himself on two cleats, seeming to say: "Hold! Is this right?" Just as a man in a dream will hazily interrogate himself on the verge of an unwonted action. And those he led halted willingly until he should have had his think out.

"G'arn, you Jarge!" said the dusky stevedore, laying a club across his stern.

But in his then frame of mind the Thinker would not have entered the Ark at the personal solicitation of Noah and with the flood at his heels. He could not have smelled a rat, for there was not one left on the ship. Nevertheless, he had discerned darkly something to his disadvantage. Perhaps for a second he had seen himself lying stricken on a foreign battlefield. Perhaps he had remembered Robert Ingersoll's saying that no one would go to war in defense of a boarding house. He stood still. They belabored him fore and aft. They put a bowline at his neck and pulled. They put a pitchfork to his stern and pushed. He remained wrapped in profound meditation, proof against these agonies. His followers moved their ears sympathetically.

"She must look pretty tough to make him feel that way," said the second engineer disconsolately.

"If he goes they will all go," said Slim Williams.

It was true. The Thinker had on his shoulders, or perhaps rather in his heels, the destinies of all that horde behind him. They were depending on him to do their thinking for them.

And suddenly with as little reason as he had had for stopping, to outward view, he went. He said not a word to

justify this change of heart, but swinging his head once left and right he had one last long thought, heaved up his backbone and came into the ship. And, as foretold, all the other mules abided by this decision.

"He took all that time to think; and then he used bad judgment in the end," said Mr. Roberts.

Mr. Williams took a rosier view. On the eve of departure he unfolded from its wrapping of tissue paper a horseshoe, gilded by a fair hand, and nailed it over the door to his room, horns up, to keep his luck in.

"I think she is going to handle like a girl," he said exuberantly to Mr. Roberts. "She will go a long way—this old wagon will."

"Yes; a long way in a long time," replied the engineer gloomily.

II

THEY were back in two days. The ports that had been fitted with circular pieces of iron were responsible for this ignominious return. They had leaked, and the pumps had pumped. By a neat calculation the chief had ascertained that more water was coming into the ship than was going out. The Sibyl, or Poetess, watch by watch, without complaint and without ostentation, was slowly sinking underfoot.

Renewed inspection by an inspector of inspectors showed that the circular plates above referred to had been riveted but not calked.

"Just tacked on, sir!" in the words of an infuriated port engineer.

The captain and the chief went ashore at once to explain matters. They never came back. They were discharged on the principle, laid down by the celebrated Voltaire, of killing one admiral with a view to encouraging the others. Let all captains and all engineers hereafter take warning that they may not put to sea in leaky vessels.

Complaints now broke over the unlucky ship as thick as shrapnel. She was gone over from trucks to keelsons by doctors, engineers, shipfitters, seafarers, port captains, and the like. She was thumped, sounded, tapped, probed—all but condemned outright. These gentlemen went away without saying a word, only dusting their hands and compressing their lips.

Among the crew was a sea lawyer, who spoke for them, however, uttering their unuttered thoughts.

"The sailors ought to call for a survey of this ship if nobody else will," he declared.

He was a great rambling hulk of a man, with thick brows and flashing eyes. He liked to watch himself talk in mirrors. It was whispered that he had gone mate of vessels in his time, and was only consenting to sign articles as an able seaman at this juncture because there was some mysterious hitch in the signing of his mate's license. This couldn't have anything to do with a lack of knowledge on his part. The local inspector must be down on him.

"I have seen cases where a survey was called for on ships not half as bad as this long Spanish ghost," he averred; his mates were impressed by the words of this wise man.

Calkers came and calked the leaking ports. They also opened a hole in her side two feet square and an inch or so above the water when they removed the doors to the coaling ports to refit them. If she came back that inch she would sink at the dock.

The sea lawyer told everybody that it would serve everybody else just right if she did founder, as a lesson to captains to water-test jobs on the hull before presuming to shove out into the North Atlantic. If he had been local inspector himself he could not have been more severe on all hands.

He snuffed in peculiar fashion every two or three words, and looked righteous, well-informed and discontented. He had never regretted anything in his life as he now did the moment of signing these articles. He had not had an easy moment since. No, sir; had not felt what you could call easy in his mind from the moment of putting his John Henry to that accursed sheet of paper. A cloud of worriment hung over the whole crew at these words. He gave them to understand plainly that he thought this was his last voyage and their last voyage, and the last voyage of that ship.

This thought once uttered, a melancholy interest, a gloomy significance attached to everything that befell. The sea lawyer had drawn a black circle round them. They looked toward the Battery with haunted eyes. How ever could they have been such fools! They remembered that they had only laughed bashfully, running their fingers through matted locks, when the commissioner had asked for the address of their nearest relative or next friend, looking at them with that candid smile which embraced everything, even the humorous possibility of their not coming back. At that time they had seen humor in this themselves.

It was of no use to cry over spilt milk. The armed guard was there to see that they didn't go ashore.

"They would put a bayonet to my ribs, would they?" hissed the sea lawyer.

He was a prisoner, then. Hah! So they regarded him as a criminal—he, an American, on an American ship, held prisoner in an American port! And what could he do? In these times a man didn't know what he could do. If he opened his mouth a quarter of an inch too far ——

Otherwise he would have told this captain exactly what he thought of him. His mates nodded sympathetically. Of course he would! They understood that if he refrained it wasn't because he was afraid. Not he! He could stand that captain on his head quicker than four men could set him on his feet again; but it wouldn't do to spoil the ship's discipline at a time like this. The food was bad, too ——

The fact is that as soon as the new captain had come aboard—a tall, hawk-nosed, silver-haired individual—he had roared at the sea lawyer:

"What are you standing there like a wooden man for? Don't you know anything? I will let you know one thing—I'm not going to have any ornaments on my ship, Mr. Man. Get a heaving line here, on the run!"

"I had half a mind to tie it to him and heave him ashore again!" the sea lawyer said bitterly afterward. The sailors nodded wisely, giving him to understand that a lot of credit was due him for refraining from that action. "He's an old-timer, that man is—a Bluenose, if I know anything at all. People ashore probably think he's a nice old gentleman too. He'll find out that there's a law in the land if he goes talking to me! I'll take it up with the courts. I know how to deal with an article like that, though I will say I was never shipmates with anything quite like it in all my going to sea."

"He that shooteth often at the last must hitte the marke," observes Sir Thomas More in his Utopia. The sea lawyer had been right in one particular at least—the new captain was a tough sketch; tougher than white lightning. Hearing that high-pitched voice rolling along the decks, men found business to take them into remote quarters of the ship. He hit high and low, and spared nobody. The ties of friendship did not embarrass him. He ruptured good understandings in a twinkling. He could grin sociably one moment and loose a red avalanche of profanity the next. Hence he was avoided like a pestilence and obeyed like a king.

It is well known to science that sound travels about ten hundred and eighty-seven feet a second at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, its velocity increasing at the rate of 1.15 feet a second with each degree increase in temperature. The captain, a scientist, was concerned with the rapid conveyance of sound. The ship's company now called sadly to mind the virtues of the other captain, which his bodily presence among them had mysteriously clouded.

One set of men alone had courage to take a stand against him. This was the black squad, the Spanish firemen. Waiting on him in a body, they demanded to be set ashore. They made representations to him that their bunks leaked; the deck seams had, in fact, opened, whether under the strain of practice gunfiring or because frost had split the tar filling them, nobody seemed able to determine. Moreover, they were tired of working up to their thighs in water—not possible—and they testified that they were getting nothing to eat. They wished to be paid and set ashore. Good-looking was their spokesman, a huge gaunt Spaniard, who sang weird songs to them, proclaiming that yesterday he was king of Spain, and that to-day he possessed nothing; yesterday cities and castles, to-day nothing he possessed. He had a guitar, which looked frail as an egg in his hands.

"Your money's in Paris, France," the Old Man said grimly.

With a contemptuous wave of his arm, he ordered them back into their forecastle, as if they had been black imps whom he had summoned by a look and could dispatch with an oath. When they held their ground he called out a squad of soldiers and offered to spit them individually on the points of bayonets for two cents, or less money. They retreated, with bad grace, the soldiers marking time,

(Continued on Page 102)

Squall After Squall Moved Across Smoking Seas. The Poetess Was Jaded, Bruised, Badgered by the Wicked Cross-Chop

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $2.50 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Requests for changes of address must reach us at least two weeks before they can become effective. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $4.50. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 7, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation and mail conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

Sometimes subscription copies will be delivered first; sometimes copies sent to dealers. Until conditions are improved these delays and irregularities are unavoidable.

One Peace Preparation

PRESIDENT WILSON wrote the other day about the tremendous importance of public education among those tasks that we must take up after the war. It ought to be first among those tasks. There is no limit to it. With intelligent direction no sum that the people of the United States spend on education would be ill invested.

Everybody who is sufficiently interested in the subject to know anything about it knows how far short of a rational ideal we now fall. Anybody who is not interested in this subject is a poor citizen. We wish to see it talked about in billions. We wish to see it a primary interest of the Federal Government.

But before talking about after-the-war billions look round a bit now. There is Chicago, for example, metropolis of the Middle West, proud of her position, sometimes vaunting a distinctive typical Americanism—and managing her public schools on a fatuous plan that produces continual rows; a plan devised by politicians to suit politicians; a plan of "pulls" and cabals and shindies, demoralizing and degrading to the teaching force.

That is only one example out of many where public schools are to some degree a pawn of politics and managed on an unsuitable plan. Everywhere the schools ought to be exclusively in the hands of experts, free from political interference. A lay Board of Education—if it is small, modest and intelligent—may be very useful in checking up vouchers and directing purely business matters; but the essential management of the schools should be in the hands of professional educators. We want the American people to get up with a club right now and demand that.

Casualties in War

OUT of a thousand persons in ordinary civil life in the United States about fourteen die in any given year. Combined French and British figures show that out of each thousand soldiers sent to hospitals forty-five die. These men are already so ill or have received such wounds that they must be taken into hospitals that have no room for trifling ailments. Nine hundred and fifty-five of them come out alive. Of the wounded not quite one out of twenty dies. Of all soldiers wounded in action four-fifths return to service. Only fourteen and a half out of each hundred are discharged for physical disability, and in many cases the disability that renders a man unfit for the arduous manual work of the army impairs his efficiency for civil life very little or not at all.

These are official figures, authorized by the War Department. They should always be kept in mind as a salutary corrective to the impressions of enormous slaughter and numberless cripples that nonstatistical reports give.

Positively the slaughter is enormous and the cripples are many. But when the vital statistics of the war are worked out and due comparison is made with the number of men engaged we shall understand why, after four years of war, Germany's man power is as great as it is.

Books for Soldiers

THE other day we read a young soldier's first letter to his mother after reaching Europe. One paragraph said: "We were eighteen days crossing; a dull trip and nothing to read. There were some dog-eared copies of popular magazines that I had seen before sailing, and some popular fiction that I had either read or didn't care for."

The American Library Association, which has charge of supplying our fighting men with reading matter, reports that the call for books of a serious educational sort—history, economics, travel, biography, technical treatises and works—is greater than it can meet at present.

This is a national loss. In training camps here, on shipboard and over there, the young men have many an hour to themselves. Wherever there is an inclination to read a useful book it ought to be met; and for entertainment there is no better recourse than reading.

The soldiers have been supplied quite plentifully with the reading matter that can be got to them in the easiest way, with no bother and expense to anybody—that is, by simply dropping a read magazine into the post office, to be forwarded by the Post-Office Department. That is good so far as it goes, but inadequate as a method of disposing of the whole matter. Of course, the Library Association does go further than that, aiming to establish in camps, on transports and at rest stations libraries that cover a wide range. Its means are not adequate. The question of a bigger appropriation for this useful purpose ought to be taken up.

Business as Usual

WRITING in the Philadelphia Public Ledger, former President Taft observes:

"Wartime does not promote the cause of civil-service reform and the merit system. That cause depends upon popular vigilance, which is absorbed by more pressing subjects. The politicians of Congress take advantage of this. They are, in their hearts, utterly opposed to any system of selection or promotion by competitive examination." He adds that a bill now pending in Congress provides for the taking of the next Federal Census. This will require the services of five thousand or more new Federal employees. The bill "reeks with the spoils odor."

No man is more intimately acquainted with the governmental machine at Washington than Mr. Taft is. No man is less likely to make unconsidered and unfounded accusations. What he says, in effect, is that while the public's attention is absorbed by the war some of its representatives in Congress are preparing to take advantage of that opportunity to play the old game.

Government Management

TELEGRAPH operators threaten to strike. Let the Government take over the wires—and while we are about it, take over the telephones, too, where there is no trouble and no particular reason for government control.

That is the tune we are singing now, and a good many conservative persons are unduly disturbed thereby.

The present attitude of the nation is: "Give the Government every power it asks for; do anything that seems likely to help win the war; do it promptly, cheerfully, without question; forget everything else."

But that is no normal attitude of a democracy. The very readiness with which people assent to every government proposal and their general inclination to withhold criticism show their self-confidence. A man does not toss over the keys of his house to a servant without question if he entertains any doubt of his ability to remain master of the house. All this government activity will be called to account and reëxamined in due time.

Government management is easy now. Governments created a world condition in which the normal motives of trade were reversed. They said to industry: "Produce up to the limit and we will absorb the product. Finding markets, selling goods, cheapening production are all secondary now. For the present your problem is to turn out the greatest possible quantity of goods regardless of cost. We will buy all you can make, whatever the cost."

To put that proposition to industry is to change radically the problems with which it normally deals. When fire breaks out in a plant the motives that ordinarily govern it are set aside. Besides, opposition and criticism are now pretty completely suspended. Government management at present predicates nothing for normal conditions.

Another Trial of Strength

GERMANY or even Austria-Hungary can finance the war, roughly speaking, as easily as we can—that is, either country can vote whatever credits the government asks for and issue government paper of one sort or another, which in one way or another is exchangeable for such goods and services as are required to carry on the war. The mere financing is easy enough.

But this throws an ever-increasing after-war burden on the nation. If war ceased to-day the German Government would have to find, for interest on war debt, pensions and civil expenditures, a revenue probably four times as great as it received before the war; and Germany was heavily taxed then. Austria-Hungary would be in worse plight.

Even now in the United States we see how deeply war trenches upon ordinary industry. The War Industries Board calculates that before the end of the year there will be no steel and iron available for nonwar purposes. Germany's industrial organization has been much more extensively invaded. With every month of war, industrial reconstruction after the war becomes a harder task for the Teutons.

The Central Powers are fighting themselves into a hole that they can never get out of except with the hearty support of the United States and Great Britain. When fighting stops, our financial and industrial reserves will count as heavily as our reserves of soldiers are counting now. Every dollar you produce and save goes into the scale twice for the kind of peace the United States wants.

Victory

A YEAR ago this fall Germany had won—on paper. Anyone looking candidly at the facts can understand Berlin's surprise that supposedly intelligent nations should persist in throwing away lives in a hopeless cause. Russia had utterly collapsed, enabling Germany to turn her full strength to the west, where her divided strength had held the enemy on rather better than equal terms. Her submarines—as the First Lord of the British Admiralty recently reminded the House of Commons—were sinking ships at the rate of seven million gross tons a year over and above new ship construction. She was building submarines rather faster than her enemies could destroy them. That meant she had America theoretically bottled up on the other side of the Atlantic. It meant a question as to whether England could support a great army in France. In October Italy cracked ominously. Anyone can understand how clear it looked to the official German mind, and how hopefully peace feelers, designed to produce a Brest-Litovsk in the west, were put forward.

It did not look that way to the Allies, because they could not see defeat, though Germany spelled it out for them in letters a mile high. Victory has always lain in the Allied will to win. It lies there now. Since the first battle of the Marne the German Government has counted upon superior endurance, believing it could stand the gaff longer than its enemies. Russia justified that hope in the east. No doubt the German Government is still banking on it in the west. The essential issue of the war will be won by the side that is most determined to win it. Undoubtedly the Kaiser still expects to be that side. Already some German papers hint a strategy that involves digging in on the Rhine and waiting for us to crack. But the Allies will never crack.

Talking to Labor

TIME was within our journalistic recollection when employers assiduously preached that the interests of capital and labor are identical. Their writers and speakers went about keynoting that idea.

Then the socialists came along preaching that labor's interest is inherently and inveterately hostile to capital's—as false as the other idea, but more plausible, because the incidental concrete facts lent color to it. There is now in both camps a pretty extensive atmosphere of mutual suspicion and truculence, which the socialists can point to as a triumph, so far as it goes, for their idea.

Capital and labor contend over the division of their joint product. Left to its own will either would cheerfully put all four feet in the trough. What needs emphasizing, we think, is that the product is a joint one. According to our observation most of the economic talking that is specifically addressed to labor nowadays is done by socialists or on a socialistic bias—talking, that is, which professes to discuss the general principles involved. It would be a poor case that could not make itself look more or less plausible in the absence of opposition.

BIG MONEY and What the Workers are Doing With It

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

A GRIMY workman with a bandaged head sat down beside me as the train pulled out of Baldwin, a little station on the railroad that runs through the vast industrial beehive of munition plants and shipbuilding yards along the Delaware River. He was a large rangy man of about forty, and I had to scrunch myself and my bag and superfluous overcoat into a still smaller compass to make room for him. We occupied one of those diminutive seats characteristic of the day coach of the vintage of 1880 or thereabouts, resurrected from its long and deserved rest to accommodate the wartime flow of scores of thousands of workers in and out of the great city.

"How'd you get hurt?" I inquired.

"I got hit by a rivet about nine o'clock this morning," he replied. "It doesn't amount to anything. But I couldn't see much for a while and didn't know what had happened to me. I've been hurt four or five times before, but," he ended nonchalantly, "it never amounted to much."

"Will you take to-morrow off?" I asked.

"Naw, not for a little thing like this," he answered contemptuously. It also developed that he had not quit early, and that the only thing which worried him was the likelihood that the first member of his family to see him returning would cry out "Good Lord, what's the matter?"

Velvet in the Pay Envelope

WE DISCUSSED politics and the war, his views on these subjects being fully as intelligent as those of many a business or professional man of my acquaintance, and far more sane and less explosive than theirs. I asked if he was a union man, and he showed his card, which certified his membership in one of the most skillful and highly paid of the metal trades. He belonged distinctly to the highest type of American workman, of Irish extraction. I asked him if wages in his trade had advanced. He said: "Yes; but we earn them all right. It's the hardest kind of work."

"Are the men saving any money?"

"Some of them do," he replied with all the interest gone out of his voice. "They are buying a few Liberty Bonds; but most of them"—and here the animation came back again—"if they have the right American idea, are living well. There are all kinds of fools in the world, big and little, but the worst kind are those who renig on their stomachs."

Is this "right American idea" of "living well" the predominant idea, the ruling passion, the great motive and ambition of the American workingman of to-day? There are not a few keen observers the country over who believe it to be so, and who are equally certain that saving among the masses of working people whose wages have gone up enormously is secondary and subordinate, welcome in only a cold half-hearted manner as an evil to be endured and dismissed with the purchase of a fifty-dollar Liberty Bond, just enough to satisfy the insistence of their employers.

Whether the worker is saving or not, the fact is that never before in any nation at any time have such vast numbers of laboring men and women had such a chance as to-day to get ahead of the game, to climb out of the ruck, to get permanently on their feet. Call them what you will—workmen, laboring men, artisans, mechanics, shopmen, shopworkers, industrial workers, factory workers, factory hands, hand workers—this great group is now having its supreme opportunity. Its hour has struck.

Thousands upon thousands who used to earn only a miserable pittance are now able to support their families in comfort, educate their children, meet the insistent demands of the installment and rent collectors without fear of eviction, and live free from the old continual dread of unemployment and want. The circle within which the "fortunate" classes live is widening as never before.

Call him a worker or laboring man if you wish, but the truth is that the earner of a ten-dollar-a-day wage has within him the same possibilities, the same potentialities of being a business man, a capitalist, as any other person. The facts that he works in a shop instead of an office, that he wears a greasy blue-denim shirt instead of a white collar, and even the facts that he may not quite know what has happened to him, that he may be slow to awake to his new position and opportunities, do not change the solid and tangible realities of a wage that places any man within the magic circle whence hardships have fled.

That wages as a general thing in most of the important industries are well above a bare living standard is best proved by the general satisfaction with which union labor leaders view the present situation. Responsible labor leaders and their followers have never been more elated, nor with better reason, than at the present time.

In many of the war industries, including shipbuilding, wages have been fixed by the Government, and no one will deny that the voice of labor has been more than a still small voice in the ears of the fixers. Of course there are some strikes, but in proportion to the present immensity and complexity of industrial relations they are relatively few. That responsible labor is not discontented with present wage tendencies is shown by its utter disregard of the great I. W. W. trial in Chicago, an event that might in other times have roused widespread sympathy, but that now provokes no response at all in the breasts of the well-paid, well-fed masses.

The fact that one of the largest steel companies has made eight successive wage advances since the war started is typical of great regions of industry. In the coal fields the most efficient miners can and do earn one hundred and eighty dollars for two weeks' work, and a fortnightly pay envelope of a hundred and sixty dollars, even in some cases after the rent for company-owned houses has been deducted, is fairly common. The big earnings of miners is emphasized by their inability in many cases to spend their money because of the smallness of the localities in which they live and the spread of prohibition.

The wages of the unskilled laborer have risen, but not to the same extent. The skilled worker with his higher wage scale naturally overtook subsistence before the common laborer, so that every increase is much more in the nature of velvet. But a far more important fact is that hundreds of thousands of men and women have passed over from common labor, and other lowly occupations even more poorly paid, to the ranks of skilled labor.

The Growing Army of Skilled Labor

ONE of the most remarkable outstanding industrial developments of the war in both England and America, pregnant with enormous possibilities of good and almost unnoticed by the general public, has been the process of training. In one shipyard alone more than a thousand men had been graduated from the riveting school prior to August first of this year. Yet this is only one of nearly two hundred shipyards, many of which have similar if not so large training schools; and shipbuilding is only one of many war industries where great numbers of men—and in several of the industries women also—are being daily trained into skilled workers. In shipbuilding alone, however, it is expected that three hundred and fifty thousand men will be trained before the war is over.

So urgent is the demand for workers that nearly all the bars are down. The doors have swung wide open in the skilled mechanical trades, because these trades have expanded so rapidly that no other course was possible. Almost anyone who has ever touched any kind of machine, or thinks he or she can, is given a skilled position. An investigating committee in one of the big industrial centers tried to define the word "machinist," but gave it up because so many different kinds of workers were considered machinists by different employers.

The possibility of making five to ten dollars a day at the factory bench or in the shipyard has been opened up to untold thousands who a few years ago never dreamed of making more than two or at the most three dollars a day during their whole lives. Not only is the mechanic who is earning five to eight dollars a day a common person all over the country, but even more numerous are the workers who are in training for and rapidly headed toward such wages. In one great manufacturing plant, which employs

nearly as many women as men, the average daily wage, including common laborers, girls and office boys, is even now, before full production gets under way, five dollars and a half. I asked a young boiler maker who came from Mississippi to work in one of the big munition plants near Philadelphia if the present time does not provide the laboring man with his great chance to get ahead.

"Yes," he said, "now is the chance for the fast man to make big money. It is true all over the country. I have seen it in the South. It's entirely different from what it was a few years ago. The employers figure they can pay the fast man almost anything now because time is essential to them. They've got to turn stuff out fast because their profit depends on it. That's the way I figure it. Sure, there never was such an opportunity for the fast man."

Not only is the old-fashioned breadwinner of the family earning more than ever before, but to a large extent he has ceased to be the only earner in the family. There never were fewer demands upon him to support his relatives and his wife's relatives. Practically no one is out of work. Even the old men in the family can find jobs as office "boys." Nor of women is it only those who are obliged to work that are taking the vacant places in the factory. More and more women who are not compelled to work outside the home are being driven by the double motive of high wages and patriotism to the munition factories.

This is an old story in England but a new one here. I found in a New England city a woman who was working only half time in a munitions factory and putting the entire proceeds of her labor, about seven dollars a week, into War Savings Stamps. She did not have to go out to work at all, but the desire to do her part and also accumulate a nest egg proved too strong to resist.

Many of the women in gas-mask factories are earning wages for the first time—big wages at that. In Washington, D. C., where the patriotic appeal would naturally be clear and direct, great numbers of married women and others not obliged to earn have responded to the call of the government departments for helpers. An official of a savings bank in the district, whose deposits have increased in the last few years from less than three million to eight million dollars, told me that he ascribed it partly to the larger number of women who are saving out of their new earnings. The wife of one business man went into a government department and despite the prevailing low wages in such places and the fact that she had no experience, did such an excellent piece of organization work that she was soon made a forewoman at one hundred dollars a month.

Lessons From the Civil War Boom

BOYS and girls are making fabulous money. There never was so much vacation money being earned as this summer. The treasurer of a bank in a city where many munition plants are going full blast said that two of his sons just out of school for the long vacation were earning more money in temporary work than he had made in his business when he was fifteen years older than they are now. At the other end of the social scale a Polander who had borrowed nine hundred dollars from the local savings bank to buy a house recently paid it off in such a hurry that the officers asked him how he could do it. He laughed and said his girls were making more money than he, and there was no reason for not paying up.

Now it is just as possible to live a carefree, hand-to-mouth existence on ten dollars a day as on two dollars a day. In the latter case the worker lives only for to-day because he doesn't earn enough to save anything for to-morrow. In the other case he can spend all his money or work only a few days a week and stand in exactly the same relation to the future as before.

Unfortunately far too many workers are not looking ahead, are not preparing for the future. The thought of having to toil for low wages again has not occurred to many of them. They haven't caught the idea that a part of their present big wages should be considered as capital to be put away, to be kept intact, and not to be used as income at all. A shipyard worker making eight dollars a day was recently killed in his automobile on a Sunday afternoon, and it was found that not only did his family have no money to bury him but that when his wife and two children got home that night there was nothing for them to eat in the house and no money with which to buy food.

An old carpenter working in a powder plant at the prevailing high wages for his trade recently accumulated several hundred dollars. He was afraid to keep the money about him and took it to a near-by city, where he deposited it in the savings bank. The president questioned him as to the big wages he had been making.

"Didn't you make big wages during the Civil War?" asked the banker.

"Yes," said the old man; "I made five or six dollars a day then."

"Didn't you expect that wages would always stay that high?"

"Yes," admitted the carpenter, and he further volunteered the information that until the present boom came he had never had any surplus money, any reserve fund.

Of course, it is possible the country will never go back from its present high scale of wages, even in the transition or readjustment period after the war, when the vast munition industries come to an end or are turned into other channels. But we know that wages always have fluctuated, and in previous boom periods a cessation of extreme activity seemed just as unlikely as now. Of course, the thinking man is taking no chances, whether he be laborer, professional man or business man. He knows that government obligations, Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, now being thrust into his face at every turn, available in every factory workroom, will be mighty comfortable to have in the pocket if by any chance times do not always remain good.

Before this country entered the war a large number of manufacturing companies were gorged for a time, it will be remembered, with war orders for the Allies. Thousands of men who had been common laborers or who had entered the munition factories from various unlucrative occupations had been put to work on machines, making shells, rifles, cartridges, explosives and other needed material. But gradually England and France caught up with their own needs and there was a brief period, after this country entered the war and before our own extensive program had been laid out, when this huge munitions business fell off to a marked extent.

One company that had been employing nearly twenty thousand men and women let out many thousands of them. Instead of begging for help the company was daily besieged with long lines of applicants. Yet very few of these applicants wanted to take the minor or relatively poorly paid positions. Offered a job at common labor or other unskilled work, even when the wages were larger than the same individuals had earned before the European War, they sniffed at the suggestion, because they considered themselves above doing such work. Their slight previous experience in the more skilled lines had spoiled them for taking anything less.

This is one of the greatest dangers of after the war. Thousands of men and women who now consider themselves skilled mechanics, but who are such only under the artificial and temporary pressure of abnormal conditions, may find less of a demand for their only partially skilled services when the war is over.

The district sales manager of an important organization, a man himself sprung from the ranks of the workers, and whose district includes a great manufacturing center where labor troubles, strikes and extravagance have been almost a national scandal, made this brief but pointed comment: "They say this is an era of inflated valuation, and incidentally I am sure it extends to the individual worker."

Unfortunately it is altogether too easy to find evidence of extravagance and shiftlessness on the part of many of those who are getting abnormally high wages. In a coal town young miners were found to be hiring taxicabs at four dollars an hour and riding back and forth on the very restricted area of paved streets. In order to get an hour's ride it was necessary to cover the same block many times, but at least the young men were able to spend some of their fat rolls that way. The only extenuation seemed to be a warm-hearted generosity on the part of the free spenders, for usually each cab contained two or even three young men, and as many young women sitting on their laps.

In one of the largest manufacturing plants in Philadelphia, where wages had suddenly risen because of rush war orders, a strange exodus took place every Friday night, or to be exact, every Saturday morning. Hundreds of young men from the night shift departed for Atlantic City in their working clothes directly upon leaving the works. In dress-suit cases they carried their store clothes and spent the interval until Sunday night in Turkish baths and general enjoyment at the watering place. The long week-end at the shore usually ate up most of the week's wages.

The Nouveaux Riches of Industry

IT IS a striking coincidence that in every great industrial center one gets almost identically the same stories or anecdotes about the extravagance of the young working men and women. These stories always relate to clothes and shoes; waists and shoes for the girls and shirts and shoes for the men. Sometimes one hears of whole suits of furs, but waists or shirts and shoes seem to be the great heart's desire of the younger element of working people. In a small coal-mining town in Western Pennsylvania I was told that forty dollars is a price rather commonly paid for a suit by boys working in the mines, at far below the highest wages at that.

Two or three days later I was told almost the same story in one of the big powder centers. Young men would be sized up by the clerks in clothing stores as proper candidates for a twenty-dollar suit, and they would successively refuse, without explanation or any sign of animation, the twenty, twenty-five and twenty-eight dollar brands, only to brighten up and purchase on the spot a suit for thirty dollars or more the moment it was shown them. Everywhere one hears of the same type of anecdotes in regard to shoes. From the purchaser's appearance a pair at four dollars and fifty cents would be suggested. Result, general apathy and discontent on the part of the purchaser. Finally he would ask timidly for the nine-dollar pair in the window and remark: "I guess they're good enough for me."

Apparently our munition, shipbuilding, coal, steel and other war industry centers are having much the same experience with extravagance in dress as the English towns did a couple of years ago. In English munition towns there was a considerable increase also in the sale of jewelry, and curiously enough I have found this to be true near several of the great government arsenals in this country. Evidence of the increase in the sale of jewelry to the workers, however, is nothing so impressive or universal as the proof of an increase in the purchase of expensive clothes.

The attitude of a young negro worker in a Southern powder plant is only a little bit more exaggerated than that of thousands of young people of lighter color. He was stretched out on a couple of seats in a train one Sunday and the man sitting just back of him heard this soliloquy:

"James," he said as he gazed at his bright yellow shoes and noisy but expensive new suit—"James, no one knows yu' but yu'self. No one else knows yu' but yu'self," he kept repeating, "and I'se su'ly burnin' up wit' satisfaction."

In one large city noted for its quiet, conservative and economical working population I was told that a shoe dealer had, so he thought, nearly ruined himself with a consignment of very expensive kids, until a big new shipyard with its high scale of wages was started near by and his shelves were fairly swept bare of goods

The Evils of the High Wage Scale

NOR is there any doubt that in many places where wages have risen abnormally the standard of food consumption also has risen. More laboring men than ever before are buying the best quality of meats that the market affords. An itinerant dealer in eggs, butter and general delicatessen such as ham and cheese formerly visited Eddystone, Pennsylvania, where many of the largest munition plants are to be found, only once a week. Now he goes there five times a week and declares that he sells the highest quality of goods at the highest prices to the industrial population, and that they seem to have unlimited quantities of ready money carelessly deposited in pitchers, closets and other handy places.

But extravagance is the least serious evil of the present high wage scale. If a coal miner works six days every week his wages are so high that in many cases he can afford what might be termed extravagance and yet save enough to be distinctly ahead of the game. A far greater evil in this country to-day than the wasting of money on silly pleasures is the failure to work long enough to earn the full amount of money that is easily and reasonably possible.

A young man lounging against a building in a West Virginia coal town was asked by a visitor if he worked all the time.

"No. What's the use? I'm going to be dead a long time," was the reply. "Here's the only real friend we've got," he added with cheap cynicism as he pulled a small roll of bills from his pocket and showed it rather proudly to the stranger.

"Your friend doesn't look very strong," remarked the visitor.

"Oh, I've got enough for next week," calmly replied the youth, wholly unmoved by this keen criticism of his philosophy of life.

Beyond a certain point the incentive of increased earnings has no influence in keeping great numbers of people at work. Indeed with many the higher the rate the fewer the days put in. It was found that a certain coal miner, a foreigner, was making two and a half times as much as any other worker in the same group. He was offered a percentage on the total product of the whole gang if he would work more days in each two-week period.

"I can earn all the old woman and kids need in eight days," he said. "I'll be damned if I work nine."

A common answer from the coal miners when urged to work more days is this: "Me no work; me 'nuf."

In one of the munition factories where the scale of wages seemed abnormally high the manager told me that absenteeism amounts to fifteen per cent a day. Allowing for illness and all other necessary absences, this seems an exceedingly high rate. In another much smaller plant I found the absentee average to be an hour a day per worker. One employment manager said he thought that needless absences were being taken by workers simply as an expression or indication for their friends' benefit of their increase and growth in financial status, just as some people move into a larger house when they acquire riches or discard an inexpensive automobile for a three-thousand-dollar "motor."

Another employment manager, whose word carries the utmost weight, told me that absenteeism among common labor in many of his plants rose as high as twenty to twenty-five per cent. An assistant who had just come in

(Continued on Page 54)

"Some say it's a pity to live in the city—
But here is a farm of your own.
The red-and-white label will bring to your table
The finest of all that is grown."
C
C

"Here is your garden!"

No matter where you live

Your home may be in the busiest, sultriest, brick-and-mortar-est town on the map, yet you have all the advantage of fresh green fields and fertile gardens as truly as if they were your own when it comes to eating

Campbell's Tomato Soup

You could have nothing better.

We use selected tomatoes grown from special seed and matured completely on the vine. We make them into soup the day we receive them from the nearby farms—solid, juicy, red-ripe. And the Campbell method retains completely their appetizing flavor, their natural color and valuable tonic properties.

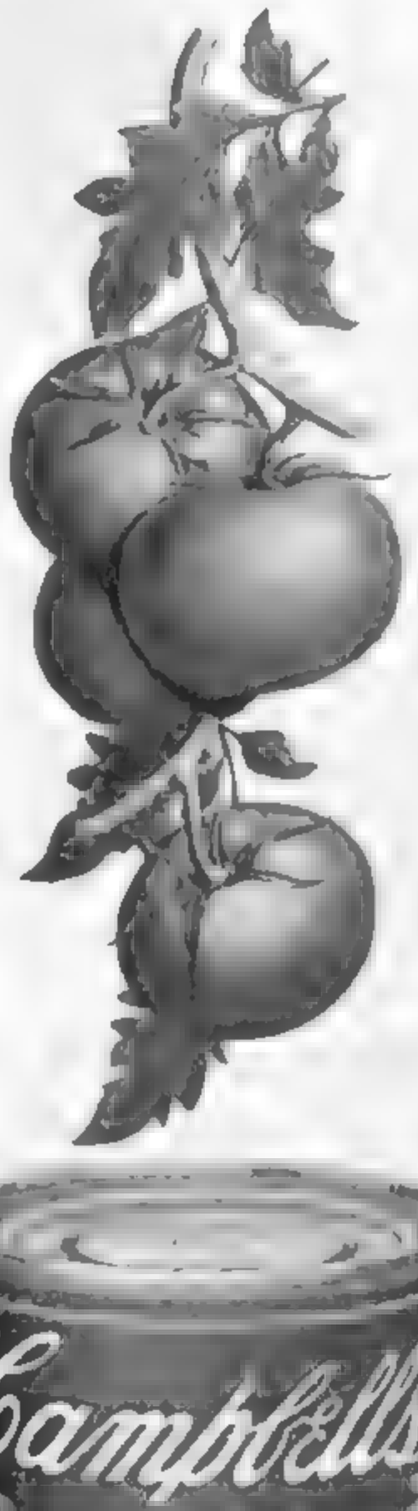
We blend the pure juice with fine herbs, creamery butter and other nourishing materials. Simply by adding milk you have as tempting a Cream of Tomato as you ever tasted.

And this inviting soup is more economical for you than if you made it at home.

You have the benefit not only of the Campbell farms, but of the immaculate Campbell kitchens with their skilled chefs, their expert soup-makers, their modern labor-saving equipment. All this means high quality and wholesale economy—combined.

Good digestion, and healthy clear-headed efficiency are distinctly promoted by this wholesome soup. Order it by the dozen and have it handy.

21 kinds **12c a can**



Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

OUR BOYS—By Maude Radford Warren

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

A Boche Plane Falls in a Sector Shared by French and Americans

THE wagon, bowling swiftly over a darkling French road, made a sharp curve in the gloom, and my dress-suit case fell over on me, inflicting the first casualty. At the same moment near cannon on our right pounded heavily. The voice of the driver came drawlingly out of the twilit unknown curtain of space in front of me:

"Guess they didn't know this dead sector was going to wake up so soon or they wouldn't have allowed a lady up here."

Who of us has not experienced the sense of unreality that comes sometimes when we are being driven in the darkness? We may feel it even on a road which in the daytime we know, but which at night becomes strange, uncharted; we may feel it almost breathlessly on an unfamiliar road. There is a sense of uncertainty, of adventure, possibly of danger, undoubtedly of romance, and withal a curious serenity of spirit, as if we were going to be able to master whatever may be at the end of the journey; and again a feeling as if this person rushing forward in the blackness were not oneself at all, but some stranger, swinging along in a new, unguessed-at world.

The air about me felt fluid, like the sea on which I had been rolling not so long before—only the sea was at least foam-lit and the sky was bright with steady battalions of stars. But now, on this night, I felt shut in as if by dark walls, which yielded before our rushing progress but closed in behind and on each side and would vouchsafe no hint as to my goal—unless indeed the deep-mouthed guns gave a clew. Yet mysterious as was my advance into the darkness I felt a dreamy sense of security which no word of the driver's could shatter.

Men Who Like to Go Boom! Boom!

"THE cannon is mighty frequent these last few days," he continued; "but they might have known our boys wouldn't stand any of this lackadaisical stuff—a shell here and a shell there and nothing much really doing."

I remembered the words spoken to me a few days before by a French officer who had just been withdrawn from work with the American troops.

"Your brave men," he said, "they are too fond of going Boom! Boom! *Nom de Dieu!* They will have all the sectors like Verdun!"

"I guess," resumed the driver, with just a hint of patronage, speaking as one to whom all doors are open, "that they won't let you stay here long once they know what's going on. You'd ought to heard the shrapnel falling yesterday on the roof of your hut."

My hut! What a sense of proprietorship that word gave me Already my heart had taken possession of that little building, though it was far from being mine. It was a Y. M. C. A. hut on the very outskirts of the trenches, where I was to assist Doctor S——, one of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries, in serving our boys with cigarettes and chocolate and canned fruit and cookies, and whatever else we were able to get for them.

"No, you won't be let stay," went on the driver, whose pessimism was due perhaps to the fact that he lacked his supper. "And still and all, I know you are thinking 'Why not?' And I agree with you. I agree with you because it does the boys good to see you Y. M. C. A. women canteeners round; and besides, what if a few of you should be killed?"

"What, indeed?" I concurred.

"Not that I mean nothing personal," he hastened to say, "but I am a man of common sense. Now that women make big money, some of them, and have votes and all of that, why should we go on with the old-fashioned ways? Mind you, I'd give a woman in a street car my seat every time if I saw she was tired and if I could see she was not one of them lazy fine ladies, and I'd carry a heavy suit-case for a woman; but still and all, it don't do to spoil anybody."

The cannon boomed out a heavy accompaniment to his next words:

"Women and children first, they say. But mind you, men is scarcer in this world than they were. Well now, suppose the Titanic, say, was sinking again, and a person had time to sort folks out, my idea would be to put in the boats all of the children and the mothers belonging to them; but widows or married women without children or unmarried women I'd let drown and put men in their places. This war makes a man think, you see. Well, these men when they got to land could marry women that wouldn't get a chance otherwise, besides being able to earn more money for their families than what the women could earn if they hadn't drowned. I don't know if you follow me."

I followed him, and I felt a certain practical wisdom in what he said. But, then, I had not been one of the women standing on the deck of the Titanic waiting for the rule of chivalry to apply. I also felt a certain incongruity in this philosophizing almost under the mouths of the cannon, until it struck me that we could never force ourselves to keep the war going if we did not frequently ignore it and talk as undisturbedly as if we were still in the hallowed days of peace.

The cannon continued booming, and the wagon spun over a smooth, black-draped road that dashed suddenly from an avenue of trees into a crooked village street. Shadowy figures stood in doorways or darted across in front of us, and I could hear young voices uttering profane words which meant nothing, the most possible of which I quote:

"When in hell are they going to let us into the front line?" "This damned war! If I only had somewhere to go to-night!" "Wonder who the devil is coming here this time of night? 'Nother aid-de-camp?" "Oh, hell! It'll be taps in a minute and I haven't finished my letter home!"

It was because I knew that this profanity was meaningless that it did not depress me; it was due perhaps to ennui, possibly to a touch of homesickness, somewhat to little-boy naughtiness; a good deal to the lack of feminine influence; and also, doubtless, to an instinctive attempt to practice all the angles of the soldier and harden themselves fully for war.

Isn't it Kipling who speaks somewhere about the young soldiers with long black curses sliding out of their innocent mouths?

The wagon stopped suddenly in front of what I knew must be the Y. M. C. A. hut.

"Up that there duck walk and then up the steps and sing out," were the driver's instructions.

As I called out good night to him a surge of figures rose from the darkness about us, pressing near and yet holding away respectfully and shyly, and a voice whispered in an awed tone:

"Gee! It's an American woman!"

"Yes, it is; where are you?" I asked.

In the darkness I grasped hand after hand. Somehow I found myself in the middle of the Y hut, which was lit by two feeble lanterns. The secretary in charge was welcoming me, and the hut was packed with soldier boys who were also welcoming me, though they did not say a word. If only I could make you see them! It was just a little typical hut, with high counters running round three sides of the room, and against one wall shelves filled with stores. That was the background, and the foreground was the khaki figures and the open, glowing faces of Young America. Heads helmeted and heads cap-covered and heads bare; blue eyes and brown eyes; bronzed faces and pink faces, and everywhere smiling lips; tall boys and short boys, stout boys and thin boys; a close-packed throng that were greeting the people at home through me. Men standing between us and the enemy, but as they saw me, all that was childlike came out in their faces.

A Lot of Little Boys at War

IT WAS poignant, that look of youth, and wonderful too. It took me back to a scene when, just a few hours before, I had been wakened by the sound of marching feet and had gone out upon the balcony of my room to look down on scores of French soldiers going to the train that was to take them up to the Somme or perhaps to the region of the Marne; certainly to one of the Fronts where fierce battle was waging. From where I stood I could see how heavily were bowed their backs under the great packs; they looked wearied and old, and they were old. They were the veterans with all the spontaneity and spring gone out of their patriotism; with nothing left except determination and stoical endurance.

In contrast to them these boys I looked at now were so very young. They had come to pour their yet unwearied spirit and vim into tired France. They have a gift now that none of the other armies have—the gift of confident strength and of fresh faith. Splendid warriors-to-be; our strong rampart of defense. And as we looked at each other I saw in their faces home memories. To me they were just a lot of little boys thinking of those at home. There was not a boy there that did not seem to be thinking of the people at home. There was not a boy there that did not see some other woman as he looked at me.

"Oh, say, hear her talk English!" said a voice in the background. "Say, ma'am, it's six months since I seen an American lady or heard her talk."

"I saw one three months ago," boasted one boy.

"Aw, g'on; I was with you," jeered another, "and she was across the road and you never heard her speak."

Boy after boy crowded close. The little hut would not hold more than forty, even when they were perched on the counters; but our soldiers have been well trained in taking turns. They acted, so to speak, as if I were mess, and came forward in groups, boys from thirty different states. Our conversation was not very brilliant, but it served to make us acquainted.

"What state are you from, soldier boy?"

(Continued on Page 26)

HUPMOBILE dealers are ready, now, to show you *The Comfort Car* in winter setting —a Sedan of singularly striking design and a commodious and sensible Coupe.

It would be hard to conceive more practical and satisfying motor cars for daily and necessary use in inclement weather.

Both Sedan and Coupe were designed to serve a useful purpose, dispensing with a paid driver and perpetuating the well-known *economy*, *low up-keep* and *reliability* of the Hupmobile.

It is both a patriotic duty and a most excellent investment to lay aside a certain sum daily for the purchase of War Savings Stamps

(Continued from Page 24)

"Wusconsin, sir." It was days before they stopped saying "Yes, sir," to me.

"That's a fine state: I have spent summers there."

"It sure would look good to me if I could see it now."

And so on. Luckily I had visited all the thirty states from which the boys came. We talked that night only of these states and of the division to which these soldiers belonged; just a few commonplace sentences. Yet it is never the words that count but the feeling behind. Otherwise, if you come to think of it, how could people ever arrive at the marrying stage? Or at that stage of friendship where they really trust each other? Good talk is surprisingly rare, and in times of war it seems to be one of those things that do not matter. I'd rather have heard those three or four sentences from each of those boys than the most brilliant talk it has ever been my good fortune to be stimulated by. But long before I had met all the boys taps sounded.

Battery Emplacement

And that is how I began my Y work among soldiers who for months have been pushing closer and closer to the Front until now they are there. They and I are dramatically enough situated; in a sense they are pioneers. And our hut is the first to be put up in this territory.

When I see new soldiers getting closer and closer to the Front, and at last standing sentry in the trenches, taking their initiation in reconnaissance and patrol and raid work, I am reminded of the way young men take new experiences in ordinary life—first as zestful adventures, and then as daily routine, more or less interesting, with a certain amount of inevitable disillusionment. Among civilians we may read the tale in the difference of expression upon the faces of a boy of twenty and a man of thirty. One demands, expects radiantly, dreams, hugs illusions and his face is eager and asking; the other, if he dreams, can divorce dreams from reality; he knows, and his face lacks any especial expectation.

Someone From Home to Talk With

BUT just as any human being's individual history is intensely interesting to him and may be so to the world, so it is with each new group of soldiers. To me the lads I meet marching up the camouflaged roads to the trenches for the first time are just as appealing as the soldiers who have come back from the Somme and the Marne, experienced veterans. They are merely at different stages of experience. And we few civilians over here have the duty of helping these boys adjust themselves to the environment of war.

Until I came to France to work under the Y. M. C. A. I had never guessed how much the Y means to the soldier. As one does at home, I had taken its functions for granted; it was just a slogan for me, meaning gymnastics, lectures and sermons, and rooms for social intercourse. But over here—I only voice the words hundreds of soldiers have spoken to me when I say that without the Y. M. C. A. we could not win the war and at the same time send our soldiers back to be useful citizens. The Y gives the soldiers what the army cannot. The army practices them in the business of war, looks after their bodily needs, teaches them how to do their military duty in France.

But we mean home to them; through us they look backward to the days before they crossed the seas, and forward to those days when they will return. Giving them writing paper and selling them hot chocolate and cigarettes are the least of our numerous functions. To help the soldier in every sense of the word is our reason for being here. These boys sit in our huts and write letters home. They give us stockings to darn and coats to mend. They talk to us of their families and show us their photographs. When they know us a little they confide their problems, and tell us their hopes for the future. When they are with us they are not in a hut in France but back in the home town that has grown infinitely dear to them, back with parents and friends whom they appreciate as they never did before. Often and often some big lad has come up in line to get a parcel of cookies that he really did not want, and has then moved off a pace or two, dangling it in his hands, standing awkwardly, first on one foot and then on the other. He just wanted someone from home to talk to him. Dry-hearted indeed would be the worker who would not somehow snatch the time to give that boy the full sense of sympathy and friendship he needs.

It is because we are expected to know the soldiers individually that we are attached to certain divisions, moving with them as they move. It is a comfort to the soldiers when they are strolling through a village new to them to see familiar faces under the Red Triangle. This particular village of which I write is like most of those in the region hereabout. It was at its best under June weather, when the days were so mellow and peaceful that it was as if happiness had decided in favor of the world. And there was strong fiber in the days, too, as if they were in keeping with the high deed our youths have accepted of making the world safe for liberty and democracy, redoing what our forefathers thought had been accomplished decades ago.

Yet even under good weather this village makes one reflect on that common inconsistency between end and means, between high endeavor and the costliness or tediousness of the sacrifices it means to achieve high endeavor. In short, on the inside this village is by no means so good to live in as it would seem if judged from its look on a picture postcard. There are French villages and French villages. They all look lovely as one approaches them—red or pink or lavender roofs over cream-colored walls rising amid surrounding green. But they are not all lovely when one enters them.

This one I should not care to linger in if our boys were not billeted here. It is built on a slope, irregularly divided by the main road, alongside of which runs the railroad track—the little toy-looking track that somehow manages to carry big freightage. Side roads twist up and down the slope, in hot weather slithery with sticky red mud, and in dry weather inches deep in brick-colored dust. Big barns push themselves forward, and little houses draw themselves backward. There have been times when I thought they ought to shrink back in shame because of their cooties. There is not a bed in the place above suspicion.

"Where is your billet?" I asked a blond-haired boy the day after I arrived.

"That place with the biggest manure pile in front of it," he replied with a mixture of pride and disgust; "the richer people are here the bigger their manure piles are."

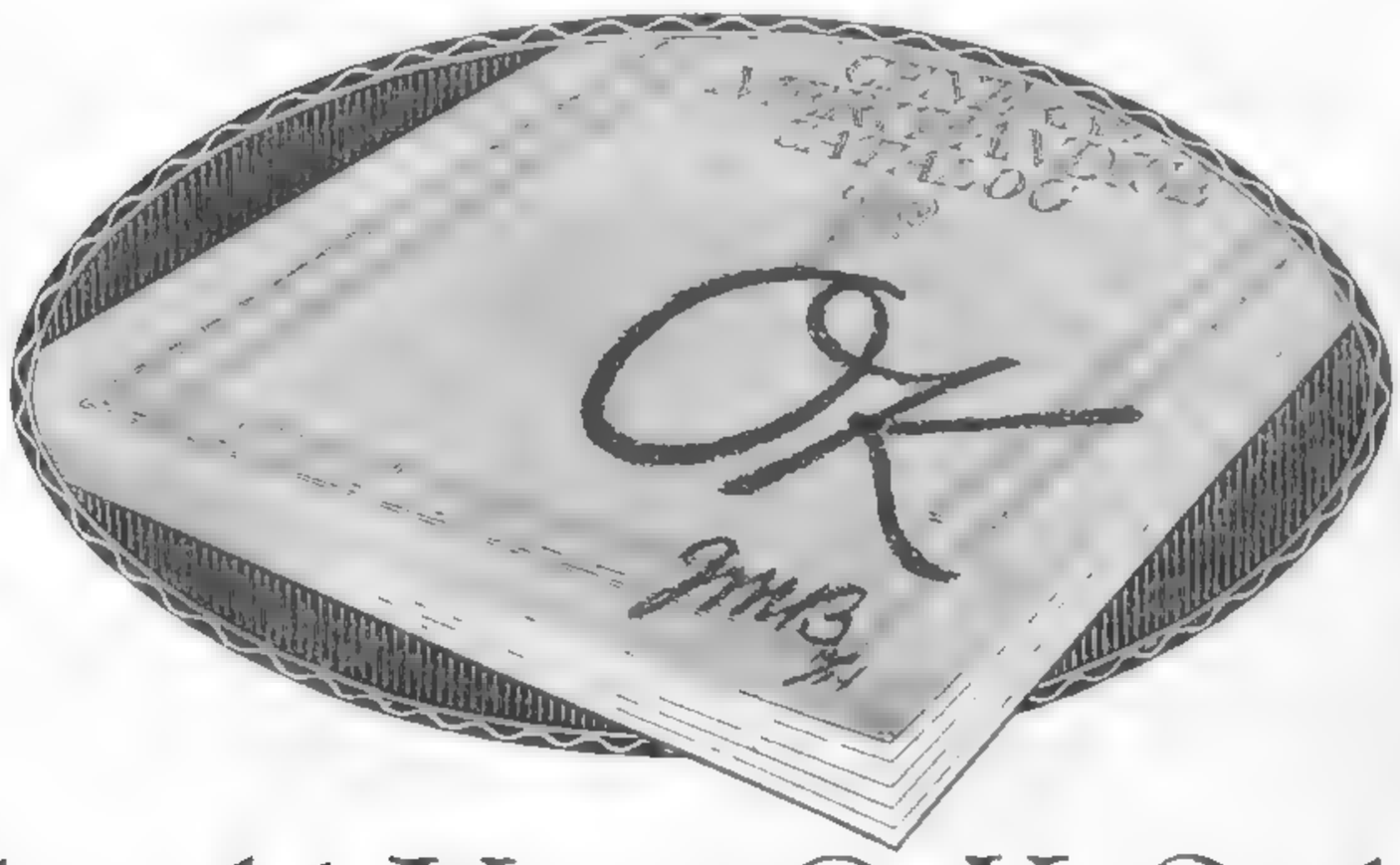
What the Y Means to the Soldier

ON THE outskirts of the village, however, are lovely fields and woods, where within certain limits the boys may go. There are some ample trees which act as camouflage—or they do at this writing; artillery has a way of altering topography as one moves one's pen across the paper. Northeast of the village are two roads that lead to the first-line trenches, a scant mile away, one camouflaged, because it lies in the open, while the other for the most part runs through a wood. The Y hut stands at the peak of a little triangle of ground; at another angle is a barn; and at the third angle, very thoroughly camouflaged, stand the rolling kitchens, popularly called the "soup-wagons" or "dog-wagons." These kitchens have great compartments for making soup, for boiling and for double boiling, and for roasting. A very comforting sight, those kitchens.

I shall not soon forget that first morning of my service when the boys stood in line to come into the hut. Brown-faced, brown-clad, big-eyed boys, looking under their steel hats or tin helmets as much alike as newly born babies, so that at first I despaired of ever telling them apart. For the moment all their soldier background was forgotten. They were not thinking of this new sector which they were learning, nor of their teachers, the French, who are holding them down to slim fighting. They were just thinking of exchanging their money for things to eat that their kitchens

(Continued on Page 122)

Our Soldiers Have Marvelously Adapted Themselves to an Absolutely New and Strange Environment. They Have Taken Their Stay in This Sector Like a Camping Holiday



Why Should Your O. K. Saddle You With an Unfair Responsibility ?

YOUR O. K. of a dummy usually amounts to an acceptance of somebody's promise to give you a good booklet.

The finished booklet may exceed that promise; or it may fall short of your expectations.

But you have no recourse after you have written down your O. K.

Unless you have some way of knowing beforehand what every page shown in the dummy will look like when finished, you are helpless to determine its proportion of success and failure.

If, on the other hand, you have before you examples of color-work, line-work, fine and medium screen halftones, solid blacks, vignettes, etc., treated on different papers, you will be better able to understand what your printer tells you, and little or nothing will be left to chance.

The Warren Suggestion Book was prepared for the express purpose of eliminating the element of uncertainty in ordering printing and of making it possible for you when you approve a dummy to visualize the booklet in its final form.

By looking through this book, keeping in mind the nature of the illustrations of your booklet, you can determine what paper will best bring out the hidden values of your halftones, line-engravings, or wood-cuts.

On Warren's Cameo, for instance, you can see the effect of a delicate pencil drawing reproduced by highlight halftone, or the charming softness which this paper lends to halftone reproduction of an etching. Warren's Cameo is dull-coated, lustreless, light-absorbing, and so peculiarly suitable where tonal values are paramount.

Warren's Lustro shows you that it is possible to manufacture a brilliantly coated paper that will not "pick" when solid backgrounds are used. It is a highly finished paper which reproduces fine engravings with the extreme faithfulness to detail which they deserve but do not always get. Warren's Lustro is widely used in books or catalogs of mechanical subjects where the pictures are to receive close scrutiny.

Or, on Warren's Cumberland Coated, you may see how the detail which the retoucher has brought out in a photograph is preserved with the utmost fidelity; or how reproductions of fabrics in color on this paper have an unusual depth and richness.

Warren's Silkote, in White and India, is a semi-dull finish paper which, if you are an admirer of dull-finish printing effects, will enable you to secure them at a cost no greater than a good glossy coated stock would entail.

If you are planning an edition so large that a low-priced paper is essential, you can look at the sheets of Warren's Cumberland Super and Warren's Cumberland Machine Book and see the difference between coated papers and super and machine finish papers—you can see the kind of work to be expected from each and save yourself from the error of paying too much or too little.

Each of Warren's Papers is a paper for a definite class of work. Each is a definite assurance of uniformity throughout the run of your booklet. The word "standard" as used in connection with Warren's Papers means that it possesses practical uniformity in color, weight, thickness, surface, strength, etc.

Write for the Warren Suggestion Book

This book is a hand-book of good printing for which you will always find room on your desk. Its wealth of ideas and the consummate beauty of its illustrations justify in every way its title of a suggestion book.

It is not a book to be looked at and thrown away—it cost a great deal of money to produce. Sent only to buyers of printing; to printers, engravers, and their salesmen.

S. D. WARREN COMPANY, 200 Devonshire Street, Boston, Massachusetts

Constant Excellence of Product

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

THE LUMBERMAN'S STORY

As Though His Life Hung in the Balance, Bowrig Pleaded, in a Low Cry: "Take the Stock, Mr. Westfall! Don't Go Back on Me Now!"

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

LAST winter, in Florida, I met a genial old gentleman who had made a very snug fortune in the lumber business in Wisconsin, and whose chief interest, at the time our acquaintance began, seemed to lie in how the mackerel and kingfish were going to bite that day. He told me he was seventy-two; but he looked ten years younger. One day he said to me:

"I can give you the facts for a corking story—something that came within my own knowledge years ago."

No doubt that happens rather often to everybody who writes. Many actual-fact stories have been offered to me. My experience has been that about four times out of five they are unusable, because they sound too improbable. There are many freaks in human nature. Usually it is the freakish thing that your informant picks out. It actually happened, but it is so at variance with ordinary human experience that it wouldn't sound convincing in print.

Well, when the old gentleman had told his story it impressed me as of just that dubious sort. It stuck round in my memory, however, and at length I have decided to write it—merely putting down the facts as he told them. I shall call my informant Mr. Westfall and his town Nostenah, though the names, of course, are fictitious. The story follows:

The first anybody round Nostenah saw of Charles Bowrig he appeared at the farm of Nathan Spear, three miles east of town, and offered himself as a hand at picking apples. He was a little under medium size, with no color in his face. His jawbones sat out, but his face tapered down to a narrow chin—a homely sort of man with lightish blue eyes. He had a slow hesitating way of speaking, and Mr. Spear saw he was shy. There was something peculiar in his eyes—a sort of appeal; a look of fidelity. Mr. Spear took him at once for a trustworthy man. That wouldn't have made any great difference, though, for when the apple crop was good they were always short of hands at harvest. Almost anybody who came along was hired as a matter of course, at a dollar and seventy-five cents a day. So Mr. Spear hired Bowrig.

He worked there through the apple harvest, and observant Mr. Spear found him diligent, intelligent and dependable. He was evidently familiar with apple growing too. In the free-and-easy sociability of the farm a real liking developed between the two men, in spite of Bowrig's extreme reticence; in fact, Mr. Spear cordially offered him permanent employment. But presently Bowrig let him know—in his shy, hesitant, embarrassed way—that he had come up there to look the country over with a view to going into business on his own account.

It appeared that he had some novel ideas about packing apples and other fruit for shipment. He talked these ideas over with Mr. Spear, who was good-naturedly skeptical, and he found time to look round the neighborhood quite a bit, asking other farmers about their experience in shipping fruit.

He found time, also, to look over Nostenah, sometimes tramping the three miles to town and wandering observantly about it, and tramping home again. Nostenah, at that time, was a town of about twenty thousand inhabitants, with three big sawmills. Once it had been pretty exclusively a lumber country. Farming and fruit—especially apple culture—had developed later.

The upshot of all this was that one day, something over two months after Bowrig's appearance at the farm, Mr. Spear drove him to town and introduced him right heartily to Walter Westfall, who was the leading lumberman and by way of being the leadingest citizen of Nostenah—and no doubt as genial a man then as when I found him kingfishing.

Mr. Westfall had come into possession of a small derelict strawboard mill. The mill had been built in an attempt to develop strawboard manufacture there. For various reasons it hadn't succeeded. Part of the machinery had been taken out of it and sold some years before. As chief backer of the experiment, Mr. Westfall had come into possession of the hulk.

Bowrig wanted to buy this little plant. Like everybody else who came into any sort of close contact with him, Mr. Westfall was favorably impressed by the man. As Bowrig, with shy hesitance, disclosed his ideas about fruit packages a little, Mr. Westfall was rather dubious about them. However, finally he named a price of fifteen thousand dollars for the mill. Bowrig smiled apologetically and looked somewhat crestfallen for a moment, and then asked whether Mr. Westfall would be willing to take ten thousand in cash, with a mortgage, at a year's time, for the remaining five. His capital was limited, he explained, and he would need considerable money to get machinery and start the business. Mr. Westfall perceived that Bowrig had expected to get the plant for ten thousand and was somewhat ashamed of himself, for very likely ten thousand was as much as it was worth. He agreed to the proposal.

Bowrig took a cheap wallet from his breast pocket and drew out of it a certificate of deposit for twenty-five thousand dollars, issued by the Planters' Bank of San Antonio, Texas, and dated more than four years before. The certificate bore interest at the rate of four per cent a year; but Mr. Westfall saw that the interest had never been drawn. It was, of course, a bit odd for a man to carry a certificate of deposit four years without drawing the interest—especially as, meantime, he had been working as an apple picker at a dollar and seventy-five cents a day.

Bowrig offered nothing by way of explanation and it was none of Mr. Westfall's business. He took the certificate—Bowrig having indorsed it—and deposited it in his bank at Nostenah. In due time he was notified that the San Antonio bank had paid the certificate, with accrued interest. So he completed his deal with Bowrig, deeding the mill to him and turning over nineteen thousand-and-odd dollars—the proceeds of the certificate of deposit, less ten thousand, cash payment on the mill.

Apples were shipped then only in common barrels; pears and peaches either in like barrels or in rough two-bushel baskets. Bowrig made a latticework crate, light and strong, and so constructed that it would readily fold together, thus taking little space when shipped empty. He made, also, several sizes of boxes, of planed and matched lumber; and, later on, some strawboard cartons. His idea was that rough, careless packing ruined a great deal of fruit; also that fruit sold partly on its appearance, so it should go to market in neat attractive packages. It was evident he had studied his subject thoroughly, and in his shy way he could talk it convincingly.

He lodged in a shabby building near the mill, in one room, which he fitted up with an iron cot, a pine bureau, a chair, a washbowl and pitcher, and a pot-bellied stove. He ate mostly at a lunch counter near by. He really ate and slept with his business, tirelessly—morning, noon and night—meeting everyone with the same slight smile and appealing eyes. Except for a Sunday dinner at Mr. Spear's farm now and then, there was no social side to his life—nothing but business.

Mr. Westfall and Mr. Potter of the First National Bank discovered that he was a capable man and well-informed on everything connected with his enterprise. A remark disclosed that he understood the mechanism of banking. When Mr. Potter noticed this, Bowrig replied—with the vagueness he always used if the conversation took a personal turn—that he had once worked in a bank. Mr. Spear saw that he had studied fruit growing at first hand. Bowrig said he had spent two years in the apple country in Western Colorado.

In spite of his intelligence and industry he encountered his full share of the disappointments that usually fall to the lot of a pioneering business. It took longer than he had supposed it would to get his little mill organized and operating. The farmers thereabout were skeptical and indifferent. Barrels were cheaper than his fancy packages. His money ran out, and, as the proprietor of a dubious experiment, he wasn't a very promising credit risk. But Potter and Westfall admired the way he applied himself to business. They felt that he was a faithful, trustworthy man. So they helped him over several tight places, when otherwise the little enterprise would have gone to smash.

It was four years—which put gray into the light brown hair at Bowrig's temples and lines in his homely face—before the concern fairly swung out into clear sailing and Westfall and Potter could say to each other, with no mental reservations, that their faith had been justified. Debts were paid, the mill was full of profitable orders, and Bowrig had a balance of eight thousand dollars to his credit in the First National Bank.

Then he went to see Mr. Westfall. He wanted to borrow twenty-five thousand dollars, payable in three years, giving Mr. Westfall a mortgage on his mill and the entire business. He said the twenty-five thousand dollars he had brought to Nostenah was really the proceeds of his father's life insurance, which belonged to his mother and sister equally with himself. His father had indorsed some notes, which finally had not been paid. His mother and sister—as well as himself—felt a strong moral obligation to discharge that debt. They wanted the affair settled up—the father's debts paid and the remainder of the estate distributed.

When he came to Nostenah he had expected to be in a position to pay back part of the money within a year and the remainder in short installments. But Mr. Westfall knew how it had gone; getting the business established had taken much longer than he had expected. There had never before been a time when he could draw any money out of it. Now he was terribly anxious to clear it up, once for all. It was twenty-five thousand dollars, with interest at four per cent for eight years. If Mr. Westfall would lend him twenty-five thousand he could draw his balance at the bank and wipe the slate.

It was an unusual request; but again Bowrig's shy persuasiveness and the impression he gave of being a faithful man won the day. Mr. Westfall lent him the money, and he drew from the First National Bank thirty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars in cash. Mr. Potter mildly expostulated with him on the folly of carrying that amount of currency about, but he insisted upon having cash.

With another man this might have given rise to a suspicion that he meant to disappear—and, without him to manage it, the little mill would have been poor security. But, looking into this man's mild, loyal face, Mr. Potter didn't doubt that he would come back. And he did, at the end of three weeks. It had been his first vacation. For more than four years there had been very few days when he hadn't put in at least twelve hours on the job.

It struck Mr. Westfall and Mr. Potter, however, that the vacation had done him no good. He seemed worn and excessively nervous. It was then that he developed a trick of abruptly rubbing his brows, as though his head ached, and of biting a corner of his lip. And he brought back all, except seven hundred dollars, of the money he had taken away with him. He said he had thought about it on his journey, and had talked it over with his mother and sister and his father's creditors. He believed he had an exceptionally good opportunity to extend his business and make fine profits. He offered them a share of the profits and they had agreed to let him keep the money five years longer.

So he let the mortgage he had given to Mr. Westfall stand and extended his business, looking farther and

(Continued on Page 30)

Why Rex Sprockets Make Rex Chain Last Longer

Much of the 30,000,000 feet of chain at work in this country does not last as long as it should, because inferior sprocket wheels shorten its life.

Unless sprocket teeth and rims are exceptionally hard, they wear down so that the chain links no longer fit them accurately.

The consequent grinding and stretching of the chain greatly shorten its life.

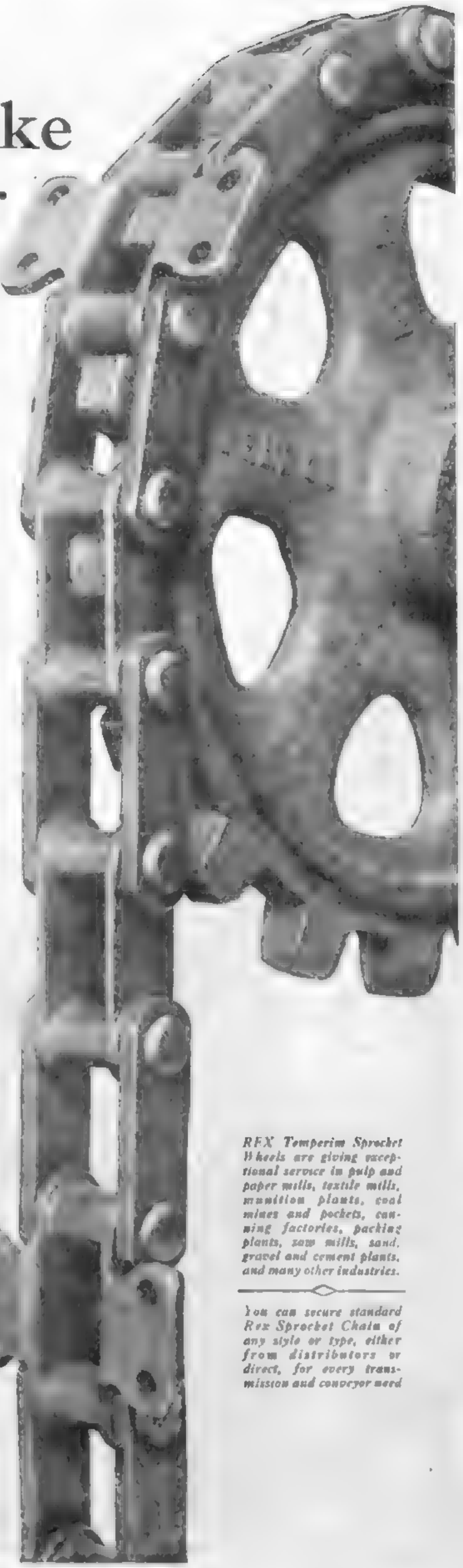
Rex Temperim Sprocket Wheels make chain last longer.

They are made of a special mixture of iron, and by a Levalley process they are given a deep and glass-hard chill.

Their teeth and rims even withstand the wear of fast-moving chains without rollers.

Their very real service in reducing operating costs is typical of Rex equipment and Rex Chains of every sort.

We furnish transmission, elevating and conveying chains, perfected by Levalley processes developed during the last forty-four years, and fitting practically all types of equipment.



REX Temperim Sprocket Wheels are giving exceptional service in pulp and paper mills, textile mills, munition plants, coal mines and pockets, canning factories, packing plants, saw mills, sand, gravel and cement plants, and many other industries.

You can secure standard Rex Sprocket Chain of any style or type, either from distributors or direct, for every transmission and conveyor need

REX CHAIN

Rex Traveling Water Screens, Rex Concrete Mixers,
Rex Sprockets, Rex Elevators and Conveyors

CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

(Continued from Page 28)

farther away for orders, and presently doubling the capacity of his mill. From that time on the business grew rapidly. Nostenah Fruit Packages became more and more widely known. Profits multiplied. In five years more Charles Bowrig was getting up into the leading-citizen class.

He changed his mode of living. Flat buildings of the usual sort were unknown in Nostenah then, but the two upper floors of a three-story building on Pine Street, only half a block off Main Street, had been turned into living apartments. Bowrig's strawboard foreman—a Swede, Jurgens by name—and his wife took an apartment on the third floor there, and Bowrig took one across the hall from them. It had only four rooms. He furnished it simply. Mrs. Jurgens served him his breakfast every morning. Usually he went across the hall and ate his Sunday dinner with them. For his other meals he generally went to the Northern Hotel.

This was still a modest, inexpensive manner of living for a man in his circumstances. He wore cheap clothes. As his business prospered he naturally became a more widely known figure about town. There was a common impression that he was miserly. Westfall, Potter and some others knew, however, that he spent a good deal of time and money in charity—not only as prosperous men generally do, by sending a check to a charity organization, but going himself to the poorer quarters of the town. He was far better known in a personal way there than in the prosperous quarters. When he contributed to charity organizations—and he did that, also, liberally—he always stipulated that his name should not be published. So quite a number of people knew that his reputation for miserliness was not deserved.

In various ways he kept himself and his name out of sight as much as possible. His name, for example, never appeared in his business advertisements or even on the company's stationery. There was no sign on the hall door of his private office at the plant; the hall door, in fact, was always locked. The only way of reaching him was through the office of Stillwell, secretary and treasurer of the company.

Business establishments have a way of comprehending and humoring the whims of the boss, even when the boss is the least assertive of men. So it became generally understood about the plant that Mr. Bowrig didn't wish to see people unless they were employed in the concern, or old acquaintances, or came on business of decided importance. There was a sort of tacit conspiracy to shunt callers off to Mr. Stillwell, or to somebody else who could attend to their cases without a personal interview with the president. Partly in this way there grew up a common impression that Charles Bowrig was a flinty, self-sufficient, cold-blooded sort of person.

It was through the charity business that he became acquainted with Doctor Tallum. The doctor had no great reputation as a physician. His shabby top-buggy and elderly sorrel mare were not seen on the more fashionable residence streets. He just snugly filled the buggy—a burly, fleshy, red-faced man, with thin uncombed gray hair and a bushy white mustache. Mr. Westfall remembered him as always wearing the same butternut overcoat—with one or two buttons missing—fur cap and thick gray wool mittens in winter.

At the time Bowrig formed his acquaintance Doctor Tallum's figure occupied about the same position in Mr. Westfall's consciousness that the figure of the negro janitor in the First National Bank Building did. He was familiar with the idea that such a person existed. Later he came to know a deep genial warmth in the man—the sort of man, it seems, to whom affliction instinctively turns.

Like Mr. Westfall, Mr. Potter, Mr. Spear, and the relatively few others who came into some sort of intimate contact with Bowrig, Doctor Tallum was peculiarly impressed by him. He received the impression of a most just man, a man constantly anxious to wrong nobody; a gentle, kind, faithful man. But all this was hidden under an almost impervious surface of reticence, a surface that on merely casual contact struck one as flinty and cold.

Doctor Tallum brought in Mrs. Lyman. She came to his dingy office one evening to consult him about her three-year-old son. She didn't look like the run of visitors to his office. It struck the good doctor that her pretty dress and hat, clean gloves and neat shoes would have been more in place up on Prospect Avenue, though a more sophisticated eye—Betty Westfall's eye, for example—would have attached very modest price tags to the articles that struck the doctor as so becoming. Like all honest afflicted humanity, she soon expanded under the doctor's geniality. Perfectly modest women found themselves telling him things, without embarrassment, that they wouldn't have told their own mothers. The following circumstances were disclosed:

Her husband, a traveling salesman, had died suddenly a year before, leaving her a thousand dollars of fraternal life insurance and a frail boy. She had been employed in the millinery department of Brentwood's store for a while; but it was hard to leave the boy all day. Besides, she had been discharged. At present she had work at home, addressing circulars; but, as she was paid by the piece and was not a rapid penman, she earned only thirty to forty cents a day. She was hoping to get a better job soon.

The doctor thought he knew why she had been discharged. She was slim, with big soft gray eyes and abundant dark brown hair, and with a flowerlike fragrance of grace and sweetness. Her delicate cheeks flushed easily. The doctor suspected that her three-year-old boy was about as competent as she was to bustle about and make a place for himself in the world. She laughed when she confessed that she came to him because an acquaintance had said his charges were low and one could pay him as one found the money; also that she came to his office instead of having him come to her lodging because that would be cheaper. The thousand dollars was disappearing with alarming rapidity.

Doctor Tallum found it a difficult case. The boy needed things that were not to be had in a hall bedroom on thirty cents a day and the remnants of a thousand dollars. In time he evolved a conspiracy, which Bowrig readily fell in with. Mrs. Lyman's complete innocence of practical affairs made her an easy victim. She accepted a position in the office of the Nostenah Fruit Packages Company and two or three advances of salary without a suspicion that it wasn't entirely a matter of business.

This was when Bowrig had been in Nostenah for thirteen years and shrewd Mr. Potter was calculating that if he wasn't already a millionaire he soon would be. Then he fell in love with Esther Lyman.

Doctor Tallum observed it when she had been eight or nine months in her position with the Fruit Packages Company. For some time before that he had thought Bowrig's interest was only, or mainly, in the boy. The Jurgens were childless—a good kindly couple. Partly by Doctor Tallum's contrivance, they had taken a neat little house out on Woodlawn Avenue, with a nice lawn about it. Also, they had taken Mrs. Lyman and her son as boarders. Motherly Mrs. Jurgens looked after the boy when his own mother was downtown; but the conspirators arranged it so that part of her sham work could be done at home, and she was usually there during the afternoon.

Bowrig indulged in an automobile and chauffeur, and fell into the way of driving out Woodlawn Avenue rather often. His attachment to the boy was evident enough. The little chap's health improved under the new arrangement, but he seemed to have inherited his mother's delicate constitution and was by no means robust—a pretty child, with his mother's soft gray eyes. He responded to Bowrig's interest with a little child's frankness. Often when they rode in the car he sat cuddled in the manufacturer's lap. Anyone could see the man's great tenderness for the little fellow. For some time Doctor Tallum accounted for Woodlawn Avenue's attraction in that way. Then he observed the agitation Esther Lyman caused in Bowrig.

It was a helpless sort of courtship—the intensely reticent, mild, middle-aged man just dumbly adoring the gentle woman. Others noticed it presently—the Jurgenses and Stillwell, the secretary—almost whoever saw them together. And everybody smiled approvingly. It would be a fine thing for the solitary man; a fine thing for the defenseless woman and child. Those who knew his character and hers were happy over the prospect of their happiness.

There seemed no reason for delay—unless there should have been such a reason in the woman's reluctance or aversion; and genially shrewd Doctor Tallum was confident no reason of that sort existed. He grew rather annoyed and anxious as months went by and nothing happened. He thought Bowrig's inveterate shyness must be causing the delay, and he took to dropping hints of an encouraging nature—even decidedly broad hints, at length.

Then Bowrig's condition disturbed the doctor increasingly. The man's nervous restlessness, which he always seemed to be trying to suppress, became more pronounced. He seemed never, at any time, able to be at ease. By discreet inquiries the doctor discovered he wasn't sleeping. His face grew haggard. Mr. Westfall, Mr. Potter and Stillwell noticed it. They wanted him to consult a specialist—having no great faith in Doctor Tallum, who, moreover, was not treating him professionally. They wanted him to take a good long rest. But, with so inveterately reticent a man as Bowrig, it was difficult even to hint those wishes. They talked to Doctor Tallum, who frankly confessed his uneasiness; also, that Bowrig rejected his tenders of professional advice. The doctor simply wanted Bowrig to get married—felt convinced that would be the beginning of a sure cure.

The Doctor Suspected That Her Three-Year-Old Boy Was About as Competent as She Was to Bustle About and Make a Place for Himself in the World

(Continued on Page 33)

TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

TRUCK performance hinges on the performance of the *rear-axle drive* — the whole truck stands or falls by what the rear-axle drive does.

Internal gear drive is the standard drive for motor trucks. There are more internal gear drives in use than any other type.

Torbensen Drive is head-and-shoulders the leader of internal gear drives. It is the most widely used make of truck drive in the world. This is due to the exclusive, *patented* Torbensen application of this driving principle. No other drive can have the strong, light Torbensen I-Beam —the forged-steel backbone of Torbensen construction.

You who want more mileage from rear tires, more road clearance, more mileage from gas and oil, more reliability, less repairs — buy any Torbensen-equipped truck. We will furnish the names on request.

THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.

Cleveland, Ohio

The wheel turns on this sturdy chrome vanadium steel spindle. It is mounted on two high-capacity roller bearings. Plenty of space for lubricant. These axle spindles are guaranteed to last as long as the truck.

Internal gears receive the power from the pinions at the ends of the jack-shaft. This is the big gear reduction. Driving *at* the wheel and *near* the rim gives Torbensen Drive great leverage. Its strong pulling-power is due to this construction.

This heat-treated jack-shaft transmits the power from the "differential" to the internal gears. Unlike ordinary drives, *it carries no load whatever.* This reduces strains and makes the driving mechanism long-lasting.

This differential housing is bolted to the patented shoulder around the hole in the I-Beam. It is small — adds 45 per cent. to road clearance—because it contains small gears. The principal reduction is in the internal gears at the wheels.

The I-Beam is the forged-steel backbone of Torbensen Drive. It carries *all* the load. It is *patented* — exclusive in Torbensen Drive. Fifty thousand trucks have Torbensen Drive because their makers, dealers and users insisted on the service I-Beams give.

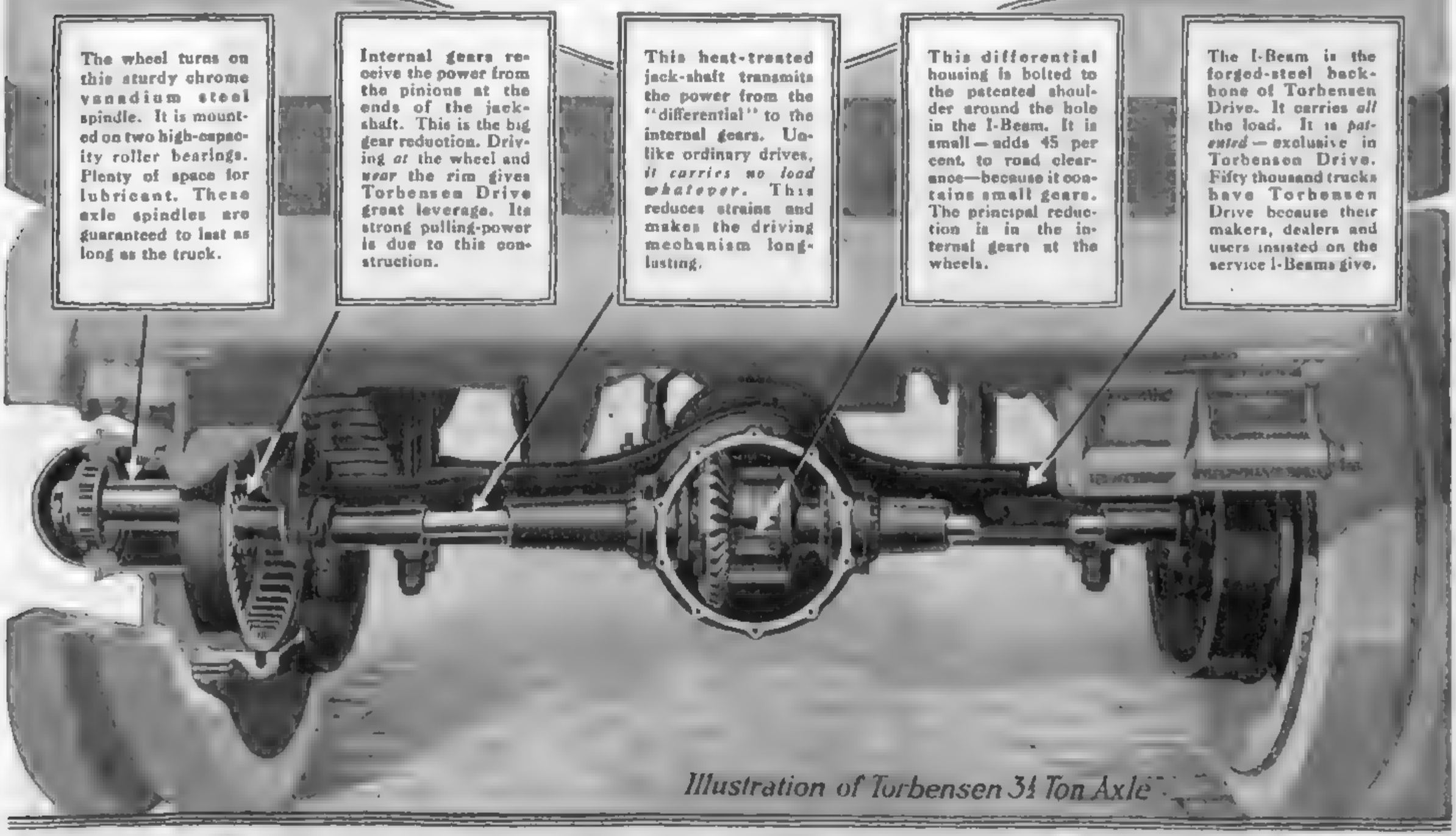


Illustration of Torbensen 3½ Ton Axle

Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks

The World's Tribute to a Watch

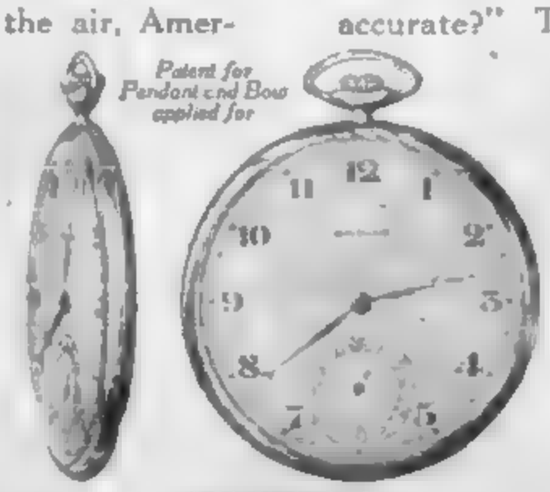
Great deeds bring tributes in proportion to their worthiness. On the battlefields of Europe those tributes are evidenced in the form of medals with which brave men are decorated.

As the Victoria Cross, for example, is Britain's supreme honor to give for valor, so is the highest tribute to the accuracy of a watch shown in its official choice by a government. Such tributes have the leading nations of five continents bestowed on Waltham—which are very good reasons

Why Your Watch Selection should be a Waltham

Carrying the war story on through to another chapter, what is Waltham doing to help win it?

For timing important military work on land, sea and in the air, America, England and Canada—in need of chronometers, deck clocks, wrist watches, air-plane clocks and comparing watches—placed their orders at Waltham. And Waltham, by the way, is the only watch factory in the world equipped to make chronometers.



COLONIAL A
Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy
Maximus movement 21 jewels
Riverside movement 19 jewels

And beauty? Yes—in no other watch will you find that richness which makes so many people say:

"How can it be so thin and yet so accurate?" That's Waltham's secret—learned by more than a half-century of watch-making experience. Horological experts choose the Waltham because they know it is unsurpassed by any other watch made in America or Europe—and critics of watch-artistry, because they consider it more beautiful.

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

(Continued from Page 30)

The next development that fell within the knowledge of Mr. Westfall and Mr. Potter was an odd one. Bowrig and Doctor Tallum appeared at the bank, where Bowrig arranged that a letter of credit for fifty thousand dollars should be issued to the doctor. The untidy, jovial old doctor was in a strangely subdued, taciturn mood—scarcely opened his mouth while the business was being arranged; seemed decidedly depressed and uneasy. The same day he left town—to the dismay of his patients, who found themselves abruptly turned over to another physician.

Just a week later, about half past six in the afternoon, Bowrig drove rapidly up to Mr. Westfall's house, on Prospect Avenue, and told the servant at the door that he wished to see Mr. Westfall immediately. As it happened, Mr. Westfall was changing his clothes, for he and his wife were going out to dinner; but he came downstairs in his shirt sleeves to the library, into which the servant had shown the caller. Bowrig sprang up as soon as he entered.

"Sorry to disturb you," he said with his old, faint apologetic smile; "but I can't wait. I'm in a pinch. I want you to help me out."

He spoke more rapidly than usual. The pupils of his eyes were dilated like those of a person in terror. His right hand grasped some folded papers; and, without a pause, he held them out to Mr. Westfall, saying in the same breathless way:

"I brought my stock in the company. It's all there—thirty-seven hundred shares. I want you to buy a hundred thousand dollars' worth."

Mr. Westfall was aware that, in capitalizing the Fruit Packages Company, Bowrig had issued five thousand shares of stock, some of which he had given to Stillwell and others, whose services he especially valued, retaining thirty-seven hundred shares for himself.

This proposition naturally startled the lumberman. He saw that Bowrig was in an overwrought, deeply agitated state. Merely in order to gain time for reflection, he took the papers from Bowrig's hand and glanced over them. They were, as Bowrig had said, certificates for his thirty-seven hundred shares of stock in the Fruit Packages Company.

"I believe that stock is worth par," Bowrig went on, without waiting for Westfall to speak. "Take a thousand shares and give me your check. The company is in good shape, earning over twenty per cent. But, if par seems too much, take fifteen hundred shares—two thousand shares—anything you like."

"Why, this stock is worth a good deal more than par, Charley!" said the lumberman; for so he had called Bowrig for many years, though Bowrig always called him Mr. Westfall. He added: "It ought to be worth two hundred dollars a share."

But Bowrig's impatience was such that he couldn't bear to haggle.

"Anything you like," he replied. "Call it par. Take a thousand shares, take a thousand shares." The flesh about his eyes puckered up from nervous tension and he gnawed a corner of his lip. "Give me your check! Take a thousand shares," he repeated.

Westfall was distressed at his friend's mental condition. He put a hand on his shoulder, looking him in the face with kindly solicitude.

"Why, see here, Charley," he said anxiously; "you're in no state to do business. You talk like a crazy man! I can't do business with you this way, man. You must get yourself in hand. Why do you want to sell this stock? Come now; sit down here with me and let's have a little talk."

With his hand on Bowrig's shoulder he gently urged him toward the leather lounge near which they stood. But Bowrig resisted the pressure. His face puckered further. The lumberman had never seen a more speaking image of terror—out of which the manufacturer's mild blue eyes stared up at him with their peculiar appeal. As though his life hung in the balance, Bowrig pleaded, in a low cry:

"Take the stock, Mr. Westfall! Don't go back on me now!"

"I never have gone back on you," the lumberman urged. "I've been your friend, Charley, for nearly fifteen years now. I've been a true friend too. You ought to have more confidence in me than this. You ought to trust me by this time. What's troubling you this way, old friend? You mustn't go back on me! Tell me what the matter is."

That appeal evidently went home. Bowrig hesitated a moment. Then he said:

"A man has come here to kill me. I've been expecting him. I saw him when I was leaving my office. Stillwell was with me. He can tell you. I was coming out of my office at half past five. The man was sitting on the edge of the steps, waiting for me. But, as it happened, he was looking up the street. Something had attracted his attention. So he didn't see me as I stepped out; but I saw him plain as I see you now. I dodged in and went back to my office. Pretty soon I got these stock certificates out of the safe and left by the back door, and came here. I expect he's waiting for me there now. He'll kill me!"

The lumberman perceived that, in spite of his agitation, Bowrig's statement was coherent.

"Stillwell was with you, you say?" he asked.

"Stillwell was with me," Bowrig repeated. "He certainly saw the man, for he must have brushed right by him as he went down the steps."

Still fencing for time, observing Bowrig closely, and trying to decide what to do, Westfall asked:

"What sort of man is he? What does he look like?"

Bowrig moistened his dry lips with his tongue. The question seemed to shock him like a physical blow. His voice sounded weak as he replied:

"A short, thickset man, about sixty, with his head shaved so it looks bald all over. There's a scar over his right eye." He seemed at the point of a convulsion, or some like physical collapse. "Give me the check, Mr. Westfall!" he pleaded. "I can explain more to-morrow."

It struck Mr. Westfall that there was no use in trying to argue with a man in Bowrig's abnormal, irrational state—a state almost of temporary insanity. The only thing to do, he thought, was to calm him as much as possible and then keep watch on him until he got into a better frame of mind. He knew Bowrig had been in bad condition for some time—overwork, he thought; too close application to business; a nervous break.

As for the man on the steps, he didn't take that seriously. It occurred to him that a man who really meant to murder would hardly be perching on the steps of a business building in broad daylight. It seemed probable that somebody had been trying to blackmail Bowrig, and that the manufacturer, with his unbalanced nerves, had vastly exaggerated the danger. With due notice, the police could handle the affair easily enough. So, with a change to a genial tone, he said:

"You haven't had your dinner yet, have you, Charley?"

"No; I'm going to dinner now," Bowrig replied.

"Where are you going?" Westfall asked sociably.

"To the Northern Hotel. I usually eat there," Bowrig answered.

"All right, Charley," said the lumberman cheerfully. "I'll take a thousand shares of your stock now and give you my check for a hundred thousand dollars. Then, to-morrow or next day, you fetch me a statement of the company's condition; and if it seems that I've taken too much stock I'll give you back some of it."

Bowrig's joy at that was pathetic. His tortured face shone and he wrung the lumberman's hand.

Westfall knew well enough there was no danger of anybody's cashing his check for a hundred thousand dollars that night, and next morning he could easily stop payment of the check at the bank if it turned out that Bowrig had handed it over to a blackmailer. So he sat down at the table and wrote a check for a hundred thousand dollars while Bowrig indorsed over to him certificates for a thousand shares of stock. He felt sure his strategy was sound, because the moment Bowrig got the check in his hand he seemed profoundly relieved and much more composed.

Westfall had a guilty feeling that he really shouldn't let the man out of his sight. But the dinner party was waiting. He would be late as it was. The manufacturer's car was outside; he would drive to the Northern Hotel and have dinner. So the lumberman accompanied his friend to the door, patted him on the shoulder, bade him good night, and watched him climb into the car. Then he hurried to the telephone and called up Stillwell, whose wife answered, saying that her husband had not come home yet; but she expected him within half an hour.

Westfall left word to have Stillwell call him up at the house where he was going to dinner; then he called the chief of police. He told the chief that Charles Bowrig had been threatened with blackmail; that he was in a highly nervous state; that he was then on his way to the Northern Hotel, where he would take dinner. When he had explained the case the chief promised to send a trustworthy man, who would keep a close watch on the manufacturer all night. Satisfied then, Mr. Westfall went upstairs and finished dressing.

But Bowrig did not go to the Northern Hotel. Instead, he drove to the house of Elliott Lovejoy, his attorney. The lawyer was sitting down to dinner and Bowrig told the servant not to disturb him until the meal was finished; he would wait. In his interview with Lovejoy, indeed, he seemed more composed than when he burst in upon Westfall.

The lawyer found him nervous and agitated; yet he did not get the impression of a man at the point of a nervous collapse or so unhinged as to be irresponsible, even though his intructions were so odd that they might have provoked a suspicion of insanity.

Bowrig gave the lawyer Westfall's check and directed him to draw up a document creating a trust fund of one hundred thousand dollars for the benefit of Esther Lyman and her son Arthur, the money to be invested in securities approved by Thomas Potter, and the income to be paid to the beneficiaries during their lives—the principal to be disposed of as that one of the beneficiaries who survived the other might direct in his or her will. That was rather odd, yet perfectly coherent.

The other instruction was still more odd. It was that Bowrig's remaining stock in the Fruit Packages Company should be put into the hands of Mr. Westfall, Mr. Potter and Doctor Tallum, as trustees for Holt Shrady or his heirs. They were to hold the stock and manage the business until Holt Shrady or any heir at law of his was discovered; whereupon they were to turn the property over to Shrady, or the heir, immediately, and without condition.

When the lawyer urged that some more definite description of the beneficiary, or some clew of his whereabouts, was desirable Bowrig replied that Doctor Tallum was in possession of all the information on that score which Bowrig himself had. Strange as this was, Bowrig stated it rationally; and he insisted that the papers should be drawn and brought to his lodging for his signature by nine o'clock the following morning, as he was obliged to leave for Chicago without fail on the half-past-ten train.

Much astonished and a good deal mystified, but with no suspicion of the real state of affairs, Lovejoy bade Bowrig good night—noticing that he seemed almost cheerful.

This had taken considerable time and it was after nine o'clock when Bowrig left the lawyer. Still, he did not go to dinner. Reaching Pine Street, about a mile from his lodging, he stopped the car and got out, telling the chauffeur to put the machine up for the night, as he was going to walk home. The last the chauffeur saw of him he was walking, neither very fast nor very slowly, up Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Houston then occupied the flat across the hall from Bowrig's which the Jurgenses had formerly occupied, and Mrs. Houston took Bowrig his simple breakfast every

It Was a Helpless Sort of Courtship—the Intensely Reticent, Mild, Middle-Aged Man Just Dumbly Adoring the Gentle Woman

morning, just as Mrs. Jurgens used to do. The husband went to his work early every morning; so they retired early. Sometime between half past nine and ten they were getting ready for bed, and Houston stepped over to the hall door of the rear room—used as a kitchen—to lock it. He heard somebody running up the back stairs and, from natural curiosity, threw the door open, looking into the hall to see who was coming in such haste.

It was Bowrig, his face livid, his eyes wide and stony with fear. He rushed into the room, past Houston, and slammed the door shut, gasping:

"He's after me—coming up the stairs! Don't let him in!"—at the same time throwing his weight convulsively against the door.

Houston was not a quick-witted man. For a moment he only gaped, open-mouthed. But he was a powerful and decidedly courageous man. So, after a moment of sheer astonishment, he pushed Bowrig aside, saying:

"Who's coming? Let me see!"

Pulling the door open, he strode into the hall. There was nobody in sight. He went to the back stairs and looked down. The stairway was dimly lighted, yet he could have seen anyone lurking there. Coming back to the kitchen door, much astonished, and with a good-natured man's sympathy for the manufacturer's terror-stricken state, he said:

"Why, there's nobody at all there, Mr. Bowrig!"

Bowrig was trembling, but he managed to say:

"He went into my flat."

That seemed improbable; and Houston said:

"Why, I don't believe anybody's in your flat. I'll look."

He knew the living-room door of Bowrig's flat was unlocked, for Mrs. Houston took care of the place; so he stepped down the hall, entered Bowrig's living room and turned on the lights; then looked into the bedroom, bath, and the small room that Bowrig used as a sort of office.

"There's nobody there, Mr. Bowrig," he said when he returned. "Come, I'll show you."

After a moment, during which the manufacturer did not speak, he suffered Houston to lead him into the flat and through the several rooms. He was standing in the front room, staring at the rug and rubbing his brows, when Houston went out.

Of course the Houstons discussed this strange behavior. They felt very kindly toward Mr. Bowrig, who had shown his kindness toward them in many ways. The husband thought he must have "gone off his nut a bit"; but it didn't occur to them to do anything in particular about it. They had resumed their preparations for bed when they heard footsteps on the front stairs. They listened; and a moment later they heard the shot.

It was Stillwell who was coming up the front stairs. He hadn't gone home to dinner; so it was after nine o'clock when he got into communication with Mr. Westfall. He had been looking for Bowrig ever since.

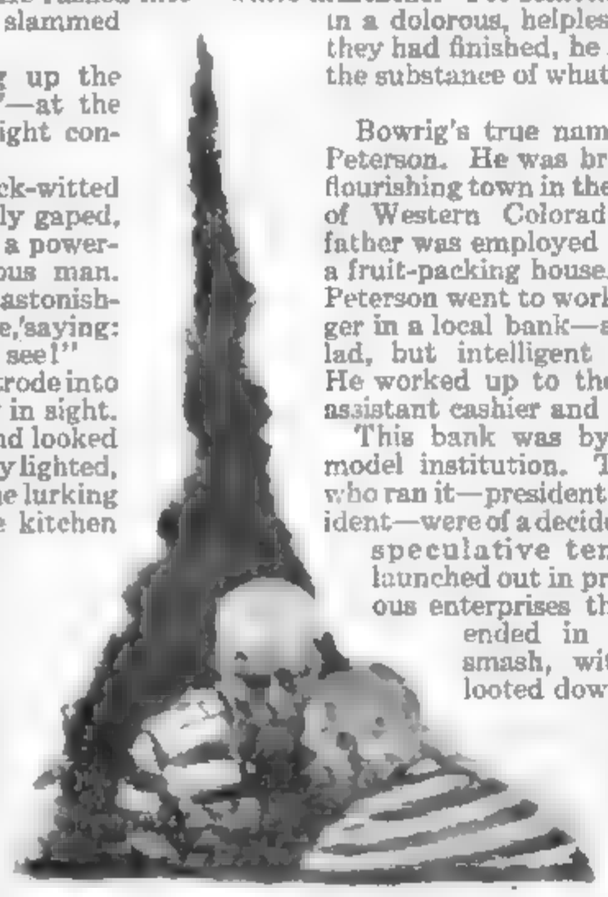
He and Houston ran into Bowrig's flat together. They found him on the floor of the small room he used as an office, or study. It looked as though he had backed off into the corner there. He was shot through the heart, and dead. A revolver lay on the floor beside him. The shot had been fired at close range; and it would, no doubt, have been taken as a case of suicide, but for Bowrig's statement to Westfall about the man on his office steps and what he said to the Houstons about a man following him up the stairs. Under these circumstances the police began looking for an assassin.

Stillwell remembered coming out of the office with Bowrig and seeing a man sitting on the steps, and Bowrig's abrupt turning back; but Stillwell was quite sure he had seen that man before.

At the time of passing him on the steps his impression was that the man was an old floating laborer who had been hanging about for some time.

News of the mysterious murder was published everywhere. It brought a telegram from Doctor Tallum, at San Antonio, Texas, to Mr. Westfall, saying, "Am coming home. Take no further steps in Bowrig case." The second day afterward he reached Nostenah, and telephoned Mr. Westfall and Mr. Potter that he wished to see them at once. They met him in Mr. Potter's room at the First National Bank.

The doctor looked very sorrowful and sort of puzzled too. He gave the impression of a man whose mind is brooding over something he wants both to cry and to laugh over. He asked them to tell him all the circumstances of Bowrig's death; and as he listened he nodded now and then, and now and then sighed, tugging at his bushy white mustache. Yet sometimes he smiled in a dolorous, helpless way. When they had finished, he spoke. This is the substance of what he told them:



Shrady Besought Peterson to Get to Omaha as Soon as He Could, Go to the Hotel, and Ask for Room Number Four Hundred and Thirty-Eight

Bowrig's true name was Henry Peterson. He was brought up in a flourishing town in the fruit country of Western Colorado, where his father was employed as a porter in a fruit-packing house. At fourteen Peterson went to work as a messenger in a local bank—a shy, reticent lad, but intelligent and diligent. He worked up to the positions of assistant cashier and paying teller.

This bank was by no means a model institution. The two men who ran it—president and vice president—were of a decidedly booming, speculative temper. They launched out in promoting various enterprises thereabout. It ended in a scandalous smash, with the bank looted down to its shoestrings. Naturally, there was great indignation on the part of those who lost their money through the failure. The Treasury Department at Washington shared this indignation; for if there was anything the boomers hadn't done to the banking laws it was something they had overlooked. By general agreement stern retribution was to be visited upon the culprits.

Young Peterson was of a loyal, grateful disposition. The president and vice president had brought him up in a business way. He trusted himself to them implicitly, obeying their instructions as his superiors and benefactors. What they told him to do involved several infractions of the banking laws; but, as he was only a clerk, obeying the instructions of his employers, and had no pecuniary interest in their speculations, the court let him off with four years in the penitentiary. He felt the disgrace in the keenest way. His father and mother—with that pride in their good name which the honest, industrious poor are so sensitive about—felt it keenly too.

During his imprisonment, Peterson—in the clandestine ways prisoners have—formed a particular friendship with a man named Holt Shrady, a forger who had given the banks and the police no little trouble. Finally Shrady had swindled a bank in Denver out of ninety thousand dollars. About six weeks later he had been arrested in Omaha, tried, convicted, and sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary. Shrady was then about forty-five—a short, thickset man, with a scar over his right eye. He told Peterson he had a daughter a widow and a small grandson living in San Antonio. She had married a man named Charles Bowrig, since dead; and Shrady had sometimes used that name—needing many aliases in his business. The daughter, he said, was not aware of his real vocation, but supposed him to be an itinerant dealer in horses. He had always kept her liberally supplied with money.

As the time for Peterson's release from prison approached, Shrady told him that after the Denver haul he had cast an anchor to the windward by depositing twenty-five thousand dollars in the Planters' Bank, at San Antonio, taking a certificate of deposit in the name of Charles Bowrig, and carrying the certificate with him.

In Omaha he found that the detectives were hot on his heels. It was doubtful whether he could escape. He slipped back to his room at the hotel, where he was registered under a false name, put the certificate in an envelope, pried the baseboard an inch away from the wall in the southwest corner of the room, put the envelope in there, and replaced the baseboard. If he escaped he could go back and recover it. He got to the railroad station; but was arrested there.

When Shrady told Peterson this, nearly four years had elapsed since his arrest. He feared his daughter would be about out of funds. She was not strong, having chosen San Antonio as a residence because the climate was favorable to her weak lungs. She had no way of earning a living and she had a small child to support. The twenty-five thousand dollars was stolen money—part of the loot from the Denver bank. If the authorities got wind of it the bank would seize it. There was nobody Shrady had dared to trust.

But he did trust Henry Peterson. There was something about the shy, awkward man, something in his milk blue eyes, that certified him as a faithful, loyal person. Shrady besought Peterson to get to Omaha as soon as he could, go to the hotel, and ask for room number four hundred and thirty-eight. He could say that he and his wife had occupied that room on their wedding journey and he wanted to have it again. He would find the certificate of deposit behind the baseboard in the southwest corner. He must take it to Mrs. Charles Bowrig, at San Antonio, and tell her that her father had gone to Australia—where Peterson had met him—and that she would hear from him again in time.

Peterson left the prison with no idea except to recover the certificate of deposit and take it to Mrs. Bowrig. But he had problems of his own. He had resolved not to go to his father and mother until he could present himself as a rehabilitated man. Before his imprisonment he had been thinking a great deal on the subject of fruit packages and had worked out some ideas that he felt confident would succeed; in fact, at the time of the bank smash he was about ready to try to enlist some capital and launch out in that business.

Peterson left the prison with a new suit of clothes and ten dollars—presented by the state—and the stamp of a convict, also presented by the state. Of course he couldn't get to Omaha with ten dollars or feed himself long. He sought work—anything he could do. At the end of six weeks he had saved enough money to pay his fare to Omaha; then to San Antonio.

And he had perceived that to reach a point where he could hope to launch his fruit-packages business in even the smallest way would be a long, difficult process—a matter of years. The notion of borrowing Holt Shrady's twenty-five thousand dollars presented itself to him enticingly. He knew well enough that a man with twenty-five thousand dollars in cash is sufficiently introduced anywhere. He thought that in six months or less he could hunt Mrs. Bowrig up and pay her five thousand dollars or so, which would meet her real needs. Later he could give her more. In that way he could save himself many years. He yielded to the temptation, but that breach of faith made a deep wound in his mind; for by nature he was a faithful man.

He went to Nostenah and started the fruit-packages business with Shrady's money. But he was grievously disappointed. Getting the business established took much longer than he had expected. There seemed never to be a time when he could withdraw a dollar from it or take a week away from it. His conscience hurt all the time. He was possessed by a fear of what he had done. As months and years went by, the idea of meeting Mrs. Bowrig and confessing that he had been keeping her money, while perhaps she and her child were in want, became almost unbearable.

At length Peterson decided to wait until he could repay the whole debt and wipe the slate. So, after some four years at Nostenah, he borrowed money from Mr. Westfall and went to San Antonio. All he could learn there was that Mrs. Bowrig's child had died more than two years before, and soon thereafter she herself had disappeared. He could get no clew to her. He employed a private detective agency to trace her—without, of course, telling them the truth. He paid the detectives five hundred dollars as a retainer and from time to time remitted further sums—which they cheerfully accepted, but presumably without making any herculean exertions to discover Mrs. Bowrig. They did, however, several times report a clew—probably invented.

Time came when he fell in love with Esther Lyman and her little son. Their ages, he thought, would be about the same as the ages of Holt Shrady's daughter and grandchild when the twenty-five thousand dollars was deposited in San Antonio. With that penetrating tenderness which an affectionate man feels for the woman and small child whom he loves, Peterson was always imagining them in the situation his breach of faith had created for Shrady's daughter and grandchild. He imagined them hungering, cold, helpless.

Finally it drove him mad. He knew the time was drawing near when Shrady would be released from the penitentiary. He found means to keep himself informed and presently learned that Shrady had been released. Peterson could think of nothing but of Shrady tracking him to Nostenah and demanding atonement. Then, in his unbearable torment, he went to Doctor Tallum and told his story, imploring the doctor to find Shrady without loss of time, to pay him fifty thousand dollars in cash, to beg his forgiveness, and to promise him whatever more he wished, even up to all Peterson's possessions, if only he would agree to keep away from Nostenah.

At this point Mr. Westfall cut in excitedly:

"But this man—this man Charley saw on the steps and thought was laying for him! The police have found him, you see; Stillwell has identified him. He's only a harmless old hobo who's been hanging round here for the last five years or more. He's proved he wasn't anywhere near Charley's lodging that night. Certainly he's not Shrady!"

"No," said the doctor with a sigh. "Certainly he's not Shrady! Shrady's never been within a thousand miles of here, and he hadn't the remotest idea of looking for Henry Peterson. It was only poor Charley's bad conscience. When he heard Stillwell's step on the stairs he thought it was Shrady, and shot himself. His bad conscience —— Undoubtedly, when he went to the lawyer he meant to turn over all his property and leave, hoping to escape Shrady that way.

"You see, he wasn't at all afraid that Holt Shrady would shoot or stab him. I think that idea would have been a relief. What shook his soul with terror was the idea that Holt Shrady would look him in the eye and say: 'You starved my daughter and her little boy!' That was what he couldn't bear. He killed himself because the idea of facing Shrady was intolerable. His conscience killed him!"

They were silent a moment; and Mr. Westfall suppressed a sigh.

"Poor Charley!" he said absently. "But that's a bad thing to have on any man's conscience—a hungry woman and child."

"A deadly thing," said the doctor; "a thing to kill any man with a heart and conscience!" He meditated a moment and added mournfully: "Of course the real facts in the case make no particular difference."

"Real facts—as how?" Mr. Westfall asked.

"Well," the doctor replied thoughtfully, "I saw Holt Shrady. He had nothing against Henry Peterson. He had no idea but what Peterson had handed the money over in due time. You see, Charley, with his bad conscience, interpreted everything in the worst possible way for himself. I don't doubt that Holt Shrady had a great deal of confidence in him. Everybody had confidence in him. But Shrady is a decidedly prudent and crafty sort of person. He told Charley how frail and needy his daughter was just in order to make surer that he'd turn over the certificate.

"He's sore enough at the woman now. Whatever else happened, it's sure she never starved. Shrady calculates that, without this twenty-five thousand, she must have had twenty-five or thirty thousand of his when he was arrested. He was carrying that certificate round just because he didn't care to turn it over to her—except in the last pinch. There's no doubt the child was well provided for and died from natural causes."

The doctor hesitated a moment and tugged at his mustache.

"My notion is that the woman was mighty capable of looking out for herself. Shrady evidently suspects she took his money and went away with somebody else; in fact —— Well, I sort of suspect her relationship to Shrady was not that of a daughter; but, as I said before, the facts in the case are immaterial. It was what Charley thought that killed him."

Such is the story Mr. Westfall told me last winter.

Good Tires — Safeguards of Commerce

This is a critical period for American industry.

Hundreds of important industries have been slowed up by lack of adequate transportation facilities.

Virtually all far-sighted business men are adopting motor transportation to relieve the situation.

Next to the vehicles themselves as safeguards of commerce, come the tires. For a car's effectiveness is wholly dependent upon the tires upon which it travels.

That is why good tires are of such vital importance.

United States Tires are good tires.

The lasting dependability that made them such favorites in times of peace is bringing them more and more into prominence as a war-time necessity.

There is a United States Tire to meet every possible driving condition—light or heavy duty. Five treads for passenger cars and both pneumatic and solid for trucks.

The nearest United States Tires Sales and Service Depot will gladly advise you as to the ones you should use.

United States Tires are Good Tires

HOW often you hear the expression, "The dirt was simply ground in!" What do you do in a case like this? How do you go about removing obstinate grime and grease that seem "ground in"? Goblin Soap will do it for you. Do it quickly, easily. It makes a gentle, creamy lather even in the coldest water, dissolving the dirt which then rinses off easily, leaving your skin soft, smooth and healthy.

Goblin Soap is remarkable because it has all the good qualities of toilet soap, and all the cleaning powers of mechanic's soap, but is so soft and gentle that it is good for the children's flesh.

Fine for the kitchen or workshop; for office or home; for grown-ups or little folks.

For Toilet or Bath
Large Cake
5c
Price in Canada 7c

If your dealer does not have Goblin Soap, please send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

CUDAHY, 111 W. Monroe St., CHICAGO
60 Macaulay Ave., Toronto, Can.

The Adventures of a Man Hunter

The Miser—By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

The Tin Box Went Bang on the Floor. And I Grabbed the Lamp to Save It. "Stocks and Bonds!" She Started Yelling. "Stocks and Bonds! Stocks and Bonds!"

IT MUST be going strong," said the man hunter, looking up, "when the Secretary of the Treasury has to warn the United States against it."

"What?" I asked.

"Substitution," he explained; "taking their stocks and bonds, and selling them yours."

His newspaper slipped down on the floor.

"There's one great game," he said. "There's plenty of them doing nothing else, hardly. Remember that year the Zero Line crowd stopped paying dividends? Judas, that was the time!

"Huh," he said, and nodded reminiscently. "They burned the whole region over from one end to the other—that bunch. And we came in after them."

He turned his round-eyed stare on me.

"After a pasture fire, as the farmers say, will be a great year for blueberries," he told me.

He stared on before him. Finally he started:

I picked this Westport. You'd know to look at it that it held Zero Line stock. The elm trees on Main Street had grown thirty feet since they bought it.

I took a turn round that Main Street the first few evenings—the residence end, sizing up the houses. I went a little farther the second night and came to this big white house, with windows pointed at the top; and arbor-vitæ trees at the entrance. The wind blew and a blind slammed and I heard a window open. And a long white hand came out of the dark, fumbling and fixing the thing on its catch with a piece of string. Some old woman in her nightgown, talking to herself, complaining.

I kept my eye on her going by. And she stopped inside the window, watching me. I could just see her in the dark.

"Who's the old dame at the end of the street in the big house with the pointed eyebrows on it!" I asked the little village queen at the boarding house that I'd started getting my information from. They're good sometimes. They come across with a lot of stuff.

"Why?" she asked me.

And I told her. "In her nightie," I said. And she giggled.

"That's old Almira Coffin—the miser," she said, "locking up, getting ready to get to bed. Probably she's there watching for you yet."

"Miser!" I said.

"That's what they call her," said the cutie, throwing herself round and looking up at me. "You never see her from one year's end to another. She just stays there in that house alone, with her stocks and bonds, and never sees anybody."

And she told me all about her and her stuff.

"She keeps them in a tin box," she said, "and takes it to bed with her. She keeps it under the bed, with an ax beside her. Nobody ever gets into the house—not even the grocery man into the kitchen. She'd never let an agent like you in," she said, meaning to be bright and guessing at what I did.

She was a real cute one. She wore a blue tape across her forehead and four-dollar-and-seventy-five-cent high shoes, with near-buckskin tops.

"Ah-huh," I said. "What did you say her name was?" It just struck me while she was talking.

"Almira Coffin!"

That was the one I was looking for, the woman with the fifty shares of Zero stock!

I made some more inquiries the next day from the fellow I'd got in touch with to steer me round town. He laughed the same way. "You'll never get to her," he said.

"Is it right?" I asked him. "Has she got the stuff right there in the house, in a box?"

"Plenty of it," he said. "Nobody knows how rich she is but herself. A lot here. A lot in Western stocks. But so secret and so mean she won't even let the doctor in to see her—for fear he'll get two dollars of her money away. She's going to die, too, pretty soon, just for meanness. She's sick right now. She don't hardly eat."

"Is that right?" I said, keeping him going.

"She keeps her stocks there, and she keeps her money there now, too," he said. "She hasn't a dollar in the bank now anywhere. She's taken it all out."

"I should think she'd be afraid," I said—"there all alone with it."

"Afraid nothing! She ain't afraid of the devil. Besides, she's saving two dollars a year on a safe-deposit box."

"So she's out for the coin, huh—any size?" I said.

"She'd starve a humped-backed child to death for his penny-savings bank," he told me, "in spite of all she's got! But when it comes to your seeing her and getting any of it away from her, don't try to! You can't!"

"Ah-huh," I said. "Well, maybe not.

"A miser, huh?" I said to myself. "Out after the small change?"

And I started working on a plan I figured might land her. But I wanted to get her right. I couldn't afford to make any mistakes. There might be a good big thing there, maybe. And I could trade that fifty shares of Zero stock to advantage; I knew that, anyhow. There should be five or six hundred dollars for us in that alone, putting in our stuff in place of it.

So I framed up this letter finally, and had them send it to her from the house. "If she's so hungry for money," I said to myself, "we'll hand her some on paper anyhow." And I worked this up:

Dear Madam: We are informed that you are the widow of the late Alvin Coffin, of Westport. If so there is probably a small item, amounting in all to $15.75, due to you or to your husband's estate on our books. Unless we are advised by you that we are misinformed concerning your relationship to Mr. Coffin our representative, Mr. Ben J. Wilson, will call on you within a few days to secure definite information on this matter. Any help you may give him will be much appreciated, as we wish to get this matter straightened out on our books.

Yours very sincerely, J. H. HAGGARD & Co.
Per H.

"That'll give me a chance to look her over, anyhow," I said to myself. It needn't cost me anything, of course. If I didn't like her looks any time I could just slip out.

About the third or fourth day after that I went there in the afternoon—a cold, nasty gray day in the spring, with the fog dripping off the old leafless elm trees. I went to the front door—on purpose—and pulled out the glass-handled doorbell; and this tall, lean, chalky-faced old woman, with a hooked nose and an eye like a sick hawk, came out and looked me over, hanging on to the half-opened door.

"What is it?" she said, staring at me out of her old eye sockets.

And I told her who I was.

"Oh!" she said, and took a deep breath; and two red spots about the size of a half dollar came out on her cheeks. Then she opened up the door finally, and let me in, secret as a spy—and out through one of those cold country halls into the big sitting room.

"Well, what is it?" she said, when we sat down in there. Her voice trembled some. You could see she was out after that fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents all right.

And I started it. "Your husband," I said, "was Alvin J. Coffin, of Westport, was he not?"

"Yes, sir," she said, sitting up on one of those slippery black-covered country chairs, with those white claws of hers clasped tight together in her lap—ready to grab it.

"Isn't that Mr. Coffin?" I said, looking across the room at the wall, at his picture. I knew all about Alvin. I'd been studying him the last two days.

"Yes, sir," she said again.

"I thought I recognized him," I said. And I went on to what she wanted to hear about.

"Do you know," I said, looking at her, "whether or not he ever owned any Colonial Electric stock preferred?"

"No, I don't," she said, her old bony chest starting going faster again. "But very likely he did—sometime."

"But not when he died?"

"No, sir," she said, her mouth tightening up, afraid now she'd lose it.

"I think," I said finally, "he did at one time, before he died. And I think he bought it through our house. I can remember him quite distinctly," I said, looking at the photograph on the wall. "When I see a man I don't forget him very often. I think he owned it, and I think I sold it to him in our main office. He went to the city quite a little, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir," she said to me, watching me.

"The thing, I expect, is like this, Mrs. Coffin," I told her: "Your husband owned this Colonial Electric preferred stock, or we bought it for him, it must have been twelve years ago. And then he sold it again for some reason, right away. Now, in the meanwhile—those few days he owned it—a dividend came in, and it was due to his account. But we were never able to reach him afterward."

"When was it?" she asked. And I took out my paper and gave her the date, about two months before he died!

"But that wasn't it," I said—"his death. I don't think. The trouble was, I believe, that a clerk got his name down on our books as from Eastport instead of Westport. There's where they tried to reach him anyway, and never got him, naturally."

"What did you say about this dividend?" she said, holding me up to it. "That fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents?"

"That's what I'm coming to," I said, "right now. It's been on our books for all these years, and we want to get it off—cleaned up one way or the other. Now if we can establish to our satisfaction that it belongs to you—as I'm certain now it does—we can get our books straightened out on the matter. So I'm down here to see you about it."

She almost got up again and grabbed it away from me with those long white hands.

"There may be some red tape to it," I said. "It may take a little time, and I may have to drop in and see you once or even twice, and get your signature to some papers.

But it's yours, I guess, and I'm glad you got it—and we've got it off our books finally.

"I'm glad you've got it," I said. "And you're lucky; not just getting this little money, I mean, but selling the stock and getting rid of it when you did. It's down now to nothing. And I hope, too," I said, getting up, "now we're speaking about it, that your husband got rid of that Zero stock, that fifty shares, as I remember it, he had then; and we advised him so hard to sell."

That got her where she lived. I saw that hand go up to that lean stringy throat. She probably thought nobody else would know about that stock in the world. That settled it too. She knew after that that I knew all about her husband and his business. I was just what I said I was.

"That Zero Line," I went along—"that's certainly been an awful thing, the way it's got people round here. They ought to put that crowd in jail. And the worst of it is—when you're in the security business, the way we are—you know it ain't done yet. It's going down to nothing! There's lots of innocent people going to suffer still more—if they don't sell it and sell it quick!"

I had her grabbing at the mantelpiece to stand up.

I started. I saw she had all she wanted for now.

"I'll be round," I said, "in two or three days to give you your check and get your receipt. I'm here in the town on a little vacation, so it's no trouble to me. I'll bring it in and we'll settle up."

And I got out. It was raining by this time—a nasty, clammy, raw spring day. It had been cold in there in that big sitting room, plenty. A big, high, black coal stove, with a Roman soldier on top and no fire inside it, made it feel colder and drearier than it was. And this old miser of a woman in a cotton dress there all alone! Not a cat, nor a dog, nor any geraniums or begonias in the windows, like most old women in the country have. It was too cold in there for them probably. Nothing could stand it, but just this scared-eyed old woman, sitting alone in that big, cold house, with that tin box with her stocks and money in it.

"She's a miser all right," I said to myself. "A regular old miser. But that'll be all right," I said to myself, thinking it over. "I'll get her just the same. Wait until I give her one or two more jabs about Zero stock!"

And I went off and got a drink. I was cold clear through—from that great damp house with the fire out.

I gave her three or four days more before I went after her again—to think it over. Then I went up with some more papers—from the firm; and the check—if I decided to give it to her. I picked up a horseshoe on the road going over, and that looked good to me to start with.

She came to the door this time and let me right in without any looking over. She'd been thinking all right. Her face looked like it had powdered chalk over it. It was night time—early evening. She went out ahead of me with a lamp, through that old empty country hall, her shadow sliding along the wall beside her.

She'd lighted up one stick of wood in the stove this time, and she had a worsted shawl round her. I took one glance at her when we sat down. She seemed to have shriveled up and gotten cold since that first time I saw her. And I said to myself:

"She's moving! I'll take my chance, and hand her out the fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents and get her going—right now. If I have luck I'll take it back with me."

With the horseshoe and everything I had a hunch I was going to sell her.

"It's certified," I said, bringing out the check, "by the bank, you see. So it's just as good as money. They'll take it anywhere—anybody. Or maybe," I said, hauling out my roll, "it'll be more convenient for you to have bills—if you want it."

"Oh, no," she said. "This will do." And her hand waved it up and down like a flag—shaking it as she took it. "Excepting ——" she said, looking at it.

"Here," I said, bringing out my bills again. "Take this. I'd rather have you." And I counted it out for her.

She took it in her hand, and looked at it once. And all of a sudden she started sinking—slipping down in that old black slippery horsehair chair, going to the floor, one leg sticking out ahead of her. I just caught her going down.

But she never let go the fifteen seventy-five, not once; not even the change!

"Judas," I said to myself, "here's something! Am I going to get stung for that fifteen seventy-five—without a chance at her on that sale? This don't look like horseshoes!"

My mind worked overtime while I was getting her over on the sofa.

"Look," I said, going out and bringing her in some water from the kitchen. "I'll come in to-morrow and get my receipt."

"I can sign it," she said, struggling to get up, "in just a minute!"

She thought I was going to take the fifteen seventy-five back on her!

"Oh, no, you won't, Mrs. Coffin. No, no! It won't make the slightest difference. Don't you move," I said, pushing her back. "You lie down, just as you are. And I'll come back to-morrow and get your signature. I guess I can wait that long," I said, smiling at her. "I guess we can trust you with our money overnight. And I'll want to see how you're getting on anyhow."

I wasn't going to have her sign it then. Not on your life!

And she started to move her old blue lips.

"What is it?" I said, leaning over her.

"Very well—you come—to-morrow night," she said.

"I certainly will," I said. "Now is there anything else I can do for you before I go?" I asked her, all ready to get out. "Do you want me to call in any of the neighbors?"

"No, no!" she said, whispering. "No, I'll be all right."

And I got up again. "I'll be in to-morrow," I said.

"To-morrow night," she said, whispering still, "at half past seven."

"All right," I said, leaning over her again. "I'll be here."

"I've got something else," she said a little louder, "I want to talk to you about."

"All right," I said. "Sure. Glad to."

"There's a catch on it," she said—"the front door. Just pull it to."

"All right," I said. "Good night."

And I went out and left her there on the lounge with the fifteen seventy-five in her fist so tight she bent the silver hanging on to it. And the shadows from the kerosene lamp lying crooked on the wall.

"There was a close call," I said to myself. "It certainly looked dark for that fifteen seventy-five for a second. But it'll work out all right now."

And I thought about her face when she saw that money.

"Talk about your misers!" I said to myself. "That's the first time I ever saw anybody faint away from joy just looking at a dollar!"

She was all dressed up for me when I got there at seven-thirty the next evening, in a heavy black silk dress, cut close to her, making her longer and bonier than ever. She let me in and went ahead of me down that still hall with her lamp, her shadow sliding along beside her on the wall again.

"Judas," I said to myself, watching it, "she certainly must like money, saving it, living like this—all alone here, night after night. Going round pushing that shadow along the wall, the only moving thing she sees day or night, in this big empty house. Just looking for nothing else but to fill up that old tin box. It's a wonder somebody hasn't come in and murdered her for it long ago."

And we went out, and there it was, standing on the table—that tin security box, brown, with a thin gilt line on it.

We went over and she sat down by it across the table opposite me—her mouth drawn straight, and her eyes looking over at me out of their old round sockets; and her shadow from the kerosene lamp on the table sitting up stiff behind her on the wall.

"You said something the other day," she said then, "that I wanted to ask you about."

She was all right again now, stiff and straight! And that old hawk's face was set firm and still.

"What was it?" I asked her.

"About that Zero railroad stock."

"Yes?"

"What did you mean? Did you mean it was never going to pay dividends again?" she asked me, looking.

"Dividends!" I said. "Zero stock? Yes. It will."

"When?"

"Just about one thousand years from now," I said.

That gave her a bump. I could see her old shadow move on the wall.

"But not now?" she asked me after a minute.

"Not so you and I'll see it," I said. "How would they? They're getting worse instead of better."

"Then what would you do," she said, "if you had any? Sell it—still?"

"I certainly would!" I said. "Undoubtedly."

"Why?"

"Because it's going down to nothing," I told her. And I knocked it once or twice. "Besides," I said, "what does anybody want to keep it for, anyhow—a nondividend-paying stock like that—when they can take the money and reinvest it in something else and get it back? That's one first rule. Always sell a stock that don't pay you dividends."

"I asked you," she said, not listening to me, "because of what you said—that advice you gave my husband. I thought maybe I'd ask you about that—and other things; if it ain't too much trouble."

"Go ahead!" I said, sitting up and getting ready. "Surely. I'd like to have you."

"Because I know you're honest," she said, "from what you just did for me—that repayment I never even heard about."

"We always try to be square with our customers," I answered her. "We've found that's only business.

"Is it going good?" I said to myself, patting myself on the back. "Oh, no!"

And she opened up the tin box, her old hands going, jingling the keys; and she took out the stock certificate and opened it up like a church ceremony. Her face was still, but chalkier than ever.

"I've got it yet," she said. "Just that same stock you spoke of to my husband." And she showed it to me.

"That's bad," I said. "I'm sorry."

There it was—the fifty shares of Zero!

"Think of it," I said, taking it in my hand. "That was worth at one time as high as twelve thousand five hundred dollars!"

"And now," she said, "how much? If you sold it?"

"Just about one-tenth to-day," I said. "And going lower every hour!"

That got to her. Her stiff old shadow wabbled on the wall again. "It's too bad," I said, starting her again. "I'm sorry your husband didn't sell it when we begged him to, and put the money from it into what we were telling him about then. If he'd taken out that stock we

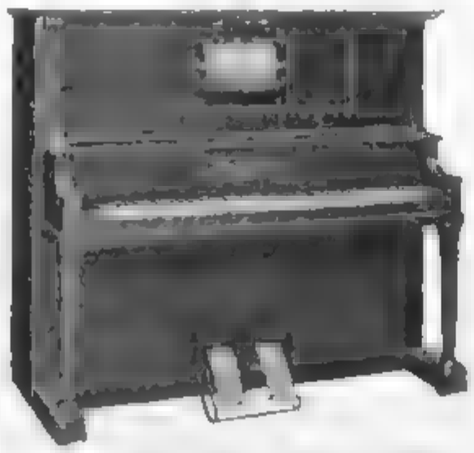
(Concluded on Page 41)

"You Never See Her From One Year's End to Another. She Just Stays There in That House Alone, With Her Stocks and Bonds"

Style F. 5 Ft. Grand
Price $1700
F O B Factory

Style W Apollo-phone
Combining the player piano and phonograph
Price $800 *F. O. B. Factory*

Style O. Price $685.
F. O. B. Factory



Style W. Price $725
F. O. B. Factory

Style G. 6 Ft. Grand
Price $1900
F. O. B. Factory

We can install this Apollo Grand Player action in YOUR Grand Piano without mutilating the instrument and at a very moderate cost

Style K. Price $750
F. O. B. Factory

Style X Artapollo
Electrically operated player piano
Price $850. *F. O. B. Factory*

MELVILLE CLARK APOLLO
Player Piano

THE Apollo has always sold for a little higher average price than any other player piano on the market because we decided in the beginning to make that kind of an instrument. Even though the dealer makes a little less profit than he could make on other lines, he cheerfully sells the Apollo because he has no after trouble or expense.

One of the things which has made the Apollo the leader among player pianos is its various attachments and its exclusive features. For example, the cheapest Apollo contains the patented Metronome motor that is made so fine that it will rewind an entire roll of music without the necessity of touching the pedals.

Something New

The APOLLO-PHONE

For years manufacturers of player pianos and talking machines, while admitting the desirability of combining the two, have said that it could not be done successfully. The advent of the Apollo-phone proves them wrong.

The Apollo-phone is the instrument without a musical limit. It does everything that the player piano and the talking machine can do. It offers effects that are nothing short of marvelous. The voices of great singers may now be heard in conjunction with actual piano accompaniments, hand-played by the masters. It is also made as a reproducing player piano, automatically reproducing the playing of all the great pianists and of the most noted popular pianists of the country, with all of the beautiful shading and phrasing of the pianist himself.

If you are in the market for a player piano or talking machine, fill out and mail the coupon attached. If you own either a player piano or talking machine, our dealer will make a fair allowance. Write for details.

Melville Clark Piano Co.,
410 Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago

Please send me without obligation catalogue and information on instrument checked:

☐ Apollo-phone. ☐ Apollo upright player piano.
☐ Apollo action for my Grand. ☐ Apollo Grand Player.

Name _____

Address _____

MELVILLE CLARK PIANO CO.
FINE ARTS BUILDING, CHICAGO

MENNEN'S

Gerhard Mennen first gave to men, women, children and babies the comfort of Borated Talcum.

The first Mennen borated formula has never been bettered. The first talcum was the *perfect* talcum.

Have you tried *all* the ways in which talcum can be used to make life more comfortable—a talcum shower after your bath which makes clothes feel cool and loose all day—dusting it between the sheets at night—after shaving—as a preventive of sun and wind burn?

We make Borated—Violet—Flesh Tint and Cream Tint—and our new Talcum for Men. Send 5c for a trial [illegible] Our address is [illegible]

A million men use Mennen's Shaving Cream. Some were advised by friends that it was a superior article. Other men were influenced by our advertising to risk 12 cents for a Demonstrator Tube and learned that Mennen's softens the toughest beard without rubbing in the lather with fingers, that it can be used with hot or cold water and that the face feels fine after shaving.

Be a tryer. Don't wait for a friend's advice. We will send you a generous Demonstrator Tube for 12 cents. Our address is on the tube below.

Kora-Konia is the latest Mennen discovery. Do you chafe? Kora-Konia will bring you blessed relief. Do you suffer from sunburn? Try Kora-Konia. Use Kora-Konia on baby for diaper rash or teething rash—for all very severe skin irritations.

Kora-Konia must not be confused with Talcum. It has somewhat the same soothing and healing action, but in addition contains several ingredients of recognized medicinal value in the care of skin affections. It is antiseptic, absorbent, adhesive, moisture-resisting, cooling, soothing and healing.

A full size box [illegible] 50 cents. We will send [illegible] Our address [illegible] Box [illegible]

Mennen also makes: *Cream Dentifrice—Cold Cream—Tar Shampooing Cream—Borated Toilet Soap*

(Concluded from Page 38)

wanted him to it would have made you rich. It would have been worth two or three times more than what he paid for it. But it's no use now," I said, "crying over spilt milk."

"No," she said, and her mouth clamped down, and I saw her old shadow stiffening up on the wall.

"The thing to do is to do the best you can with what you've got in it now," I said, making my opening to bring in my stuff. "Sell it, and invest it right! It's never too late for that."

But she sat still, pressing her old white claws on the box, looking off. I saw it wasn't time yet. She wasn't listening.

"Look," I said, making talk, waking her up again. "Haven't you ever thought of that before?"

"Of what?"

"Selling it."

"Why, no," she said—"not so long as the income kept coming in! That's all I knew about—income. I never knew about money or stock business or any of those things."

"What is this I've struck?" I said, sitting up. "Does she think she's stringing me or what?"

"No," I said, watching her, "women don't—very often."

"No," she said. "Never!"

"This is a queer thing," I said to myself. "A miser, huh?"

"And after that," I asked her—"when the dividends stopped?"

"What was the use?" she asked me. "I did ask one man finally and he said to hold on. Because it was going up again—sometime. There'd be dividends."

"Dividends!" I said. And I laughed. And she watched me, keeping her hand up at her throat all the time now, as if she was choking. "On Zero? They might tell you so. But did you ask them this: Did you ask them whether they'd kept their own stock or not? That would settle it—what they really thought."

"I never asked anybody but him—that one time. I don't believe in bringing other people into your affairs—especially your neighbors. I wouldn't be talking to you now," she said, sitting up and giving me one of those old sharp looks again, "unless I had to. And I knew you'd given such good advice to my husband!"

"Had to!" I said over to myself, studying her.

I knew that kind. Sit and shut their mouths and take it! They'd rather own to murder than losing money—if they once had it.

"The fact you were a stranger made it easier for me," she said. "Now that I've got to talk to somebody!"

"I'm glad you feel that way," I said, wondering what she meant. "Anything I can do to help, or my firm, you'll have it!"

And she reached in the box again.

"Gee, what a snap!" I said to myself. "After all they told me about this. It's falling right off into my hands."

"You'd sell this," she said first, about the Zero stock—"anyway?"

"Absolutely, Mrs. Coffin. Our policy is to sell out nondividend-paying stocks—always," I said again.

I touched her once more where she lived—somewhere. I saw her shadow wince again on the wall.

"Why keep them," I went along, "when you can reinvest them right? And get your investment and your interest too."

That's the talk that gets the women—on stocks. They always want to spend their money, and keep it too—always. You can promise them any old interest.

And she straightened up and took another stock certificate from the box and passed it over to me, and I opened it. It was one hundred shares of the local street railway in the next big town to theirs that the Zero bunch had taken over!

"The dividend on that," she said in a hard voice, "stopped the year after Zero."

"Yes," I said. I knew the thing.

"Won't that pay dividends either—don't you think?" she asked me.

"No; I don't think so," I said. "Not while you and I are alive."

"Would you advise me to sell that too?" she said, straightening up, where she'd slumped down again.

"Well," I said, "we'll see."

I knew that stuff. That Zero crowd had taken it and blown it up, and loaded it up with other junk they had. And it was worth nothing, flat. You couldn't sell it on a bet.

"It cost my husband," she was telling me, "two hundred dollars a share when he bought it. And then after that they just doubled the amount of stock—and it seemed so good! But that never paid but half the dividends that the first stock did. And then it stopped paying them altogether. Would you sell it?" she asked me, and sat still, watching, with her hand on the tin box, covering it over.

"If we can," I said, "I would."

And I saw her old shadow sway on the wall. I watched it now; you could see her movements plain—on a bigger scale. Her old slab-sided body, and that little old-woman's knob of hair on the back of her head shadowed out on the wall.

"It's just as you said a minute ago," she told me; "women don't know about stock business, anyhow. All they know about is income."

"That's right," I told her.

"Nothing but trouble!" she said all of a sudden. "Nothing but trouble. I never had a quiet minute." And she stopped short.

"Judas," I said to myself. "What's going on here? Here's some miser, I must say!" I said to myself, looking at her straightening up again.

"Can't we sell it," she said, her voice sharpening up—"for anything?"

"We'll see," I said. "Let's lay it aside—for a minute." I wanted to go on and see what else was in that box.

"Now this," she said, "stopped its dividends longer ago still; five or six years—more! But if I'm going to sell it I suppose it'll be worth more money. There's more of it than the Zero," she said, and passed it over to me. And I opened it up!

It was A. B. C. common!

"One hundred shares," she said, watching me. "I suppose if you sell it," she said, "it'll bring more money than Eastern stock."

"Why?" I asked—just looking at her.

"Things are always higher out West—ain't they?" she said. "Interest and prices and everything? That was my husband's idea. We would have these two conservative safe stocks in the East and we'd get this other so it would rise when the new country out there grew up. I don't know," she said, watching me. "I took his word. I don't know but precious little about anything like this—about stocks and money, you see. Except to save it. I helped to do that," she said, sitting up again.

I sat and stared at her—this woman miser they were talking about! Stuck with everything there was.

"And you'd sell that too?" she asked me about the A. B. C. stock.

"Yes," I said. "I'd sell even that for what there is in it."

"How much would that be?"

"Oh, three hundred dollars, maybe," I told her. And she jumped.

"Three hundred dollars—to sell it!" she cried with a sort of gasp.

"Yes," I told her. "Three hundred."

"Not the income!" she said over again. "You don't mean that! All that it will bring—to sell outright?" And she put those eyes on me again, like an old sick hawk.

"Yes," I said to her, "I'm sorry. But it's gone down for years.

"And now what else?" I said to her after a minute. And she woke up. "What else is there?"

"Nothing else," she said. "That's all."

"Nothing else!" I said, staring. "Then you did sell some?"

"Some what?"

"Of your husband's stocks?" I told her.

"That was all he had," she said, looking at me.

"All he had!" I said. "But he had money. You had money in the bank!"

"I had," she answered me—"some. But I drew it out, and used it since my dividends stopped! It's gone. My money all stopped—everything. That's why I'm talking to you," she said, keeping that old white face toward me, "now!"

I looked at her—that miser! Judas, I was sore—after what I'd been hoping for. There was nothing there for me, after all, but just that fifty shares of Zero. Except that three hundred dollars of A. B. C. common; and that fifteen seventy-five, that bait I'd just handed out to her myself. And yet I had to laugh to myself, at that. At myself—at this miser they'd steered me to. That thing I'd given her was the first dividend she'd had in three years, after all her looking for it. No wonder she fell for it. She must have been starving to death. She certainly looked it.

She sat there stiffer than a sideboard, and finally this whisper came out of her—kind of hoarse: "How much will I get now, when I sell? For it all?"

"Well," I said, "let's see." And I figured it out. "Say fifteen hundred and fifty dollars all together."

And she sat staring.

"That's not counting on selling that street-railway stock now," I said. "With only this local market for it I'm afraid we can't count on anything for that—just now anyhow."

"Fifteen hundred and fifty dollars?" she said, staring out over me. "My income was that—almost—every year! My income!"

And I started on her. I saw I'd got to get busy—if I was going to get anything out of this at all. Even to get my fifteen seventy-five back again!

"Yes, it's too bad, Mrs. Coffin," I told her. "But the best of them do it. And that don't mean that it's too late—yet. If your husband had taken our advice before, you'd been rich to-day. But that don't mean that all our advice gave out then. Now here," I said, "for your husband's sake and your own I'm going to make you a very liberal offer. Here's just the kind of a thing a woman like you ought to have her money in. A bond," I said.

And I started off, selling her that bond we had—that Emporia Consolidated Water Power Gold Six. You want a bond or preferred stock, at least, in that substitution game; when you're taking out such old stuff as Zero. We had this cheap bond selling down at a price that was to bring them eight per cent a year; and give us twenty-five points anyway.

I talked and talked. But I wasn't getting anywhere with her. And I lost heart. I couldn't help it. She just sat there staring, stiff. Her old shadow just stayed there, nailed to the wall.

"Let me have them," I said to her—"all of your stocks. You know our house. We'll get you the top-market price. And then we'll put you in right on these new bonds."

"How much would it be for me all together—my income from them—these bonds you talk about?" she asked me finally.

"One hundred and twenty-four dollars—at eight per cent."

"One hundred and twenty-four dollars," she said after me. "A year!"

"Yes," I said—"not counting on the rise in value that is bound to come on these securities."

"One hundred and twenty-four dollars," she said again. And she started laughing, kind of hoarse at first.

And I sat there, waiting for her.

She stopped; and all at once she pushed out with both hands, shoving the stock away from her.

The tin box went bang on the floor. And I grabbed the lamp to save it.

"Stocks and bonds!" she started yelling. "Stocks and bonds! Stocks and bonds!"

And she started in to laugh again—and rock her body, her shadow going after her on the wall.

I sat there. She had me. I didn't know what to do with her. Finally I got up and tried to do something, but it was no use.

"Stocks and bonds!" she kept on screeching. "Stocks and bonds!"

I took a look at her. Her hair was coming down. She laughed and laughed. Judas—like a hyena! Every time I tried to speak to her she laughed harder. Finally I got out. I didn't know but what she'd be going crazy on my hands. I dug.

When I left there she sat with that stuff all over the floor—this long lean bony thing, laughing, rocking her old shadow on the wall! But easier a little—running down as it were.

Judas, I was sore! Nothing doing—not a dollar! Out all my time; and that fifteen seventy-five—that bait I fed her, in the bargain! And yet I had to laugh when I thought of it. The way they'd fooled me—about her.

I met that fellow that was steering me after that—when I was just getting out of town.

"Did you ever try that old woman—Almira Coffin?" he asked me.

"I took a look at her," I told him.

"But you didn't get anywhere," he said. "Ah-huh. I knew you wouldn't. She's a regular old miser!"

He stopped.

"Didn't you ever try her out again," I asked him, "after that night?"

"No," he said. "She was sick or something. I couldn't get to her. She was about ready to die, anyhow.

"But I never go by one of those old white country towns now, in the Pullman," he told me, "but what I think of her—and how I got trimmed out of that sale I was going to pull off on her. And my fifteen seventy-five she got from me!

"I know them," he said; "they're all alike—these old towns. In every other house there's some old dame there, sitting hanging on to those old dead stocks—like Zero."

"I suppose so."

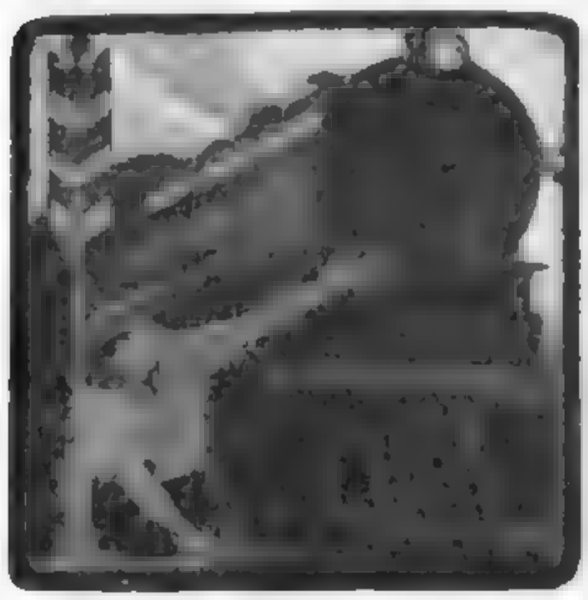
"Old women, almost always!" he said. "Sitting there starving to death; and the neighbors, maybe, calling them misers. Sitting there, telling nobody their troubles, till some of us fellows come along and advise them!"

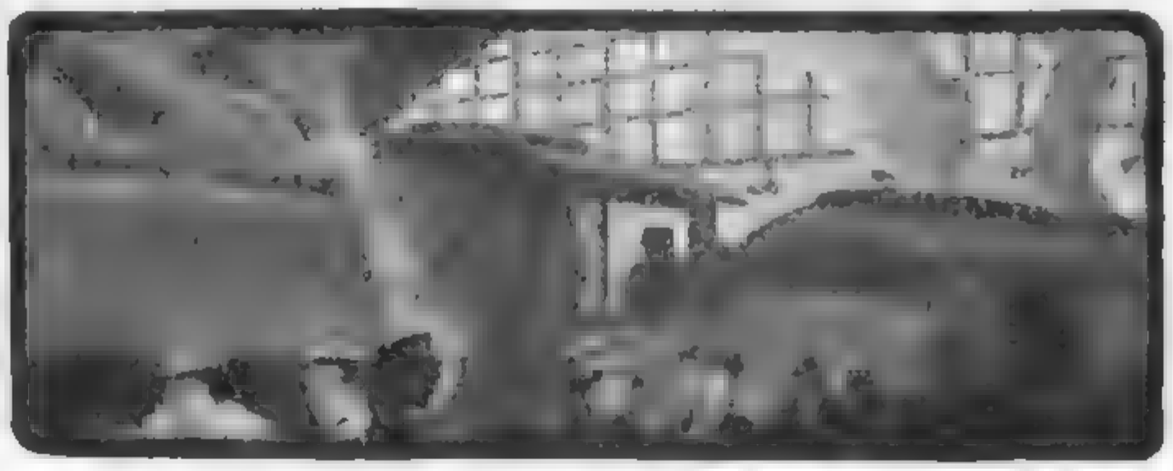
He got up.

"There's nothing much in it for you, though—that's the trouble. A few hundred dollars. It's most all gone when you get there."

He bit into a fresh cigar.

"Well, good-by," he said. "I won't see you again. I'm going out to-night on the sleeper."





Y M C A HOTEL CHICAGO

HERE'S a good hotel for men. The rooms are small, with plenty of fresh air; the beds are good and clean; general toilet room with showers on each floor.

Fireproof building; wholesome, moral atmosphere; no tips. A good place to stay.

Comfortable reading and lounge rooms; good restaurant, barber shop; and a friendly welcome.

You needn't belong to the Y M. C. A. to come.

822 South Wabash Ave., Chicago

1800 Rooms

Rates 30 to 60c a day

Booklet on request

GOLIAH

(Continued from Page 13)

"I ain't doin' right by him, some way," he thought, sitting in his barrel chair by the foot of the platform bed. "He needs better care and better fare; something tasty, to put heart into him. Fresh meat, mebbe."

He sat thinking for a while, then rose.

"Goin' out to git ye some fresh meat," he declared aloud.

"Clos' time, ye tomfool."

"Never you fear," said Goliah; then in open rebellion: "I'm a-goin' out with the old Forehand."

His father tossed under the blanket and snorted.

"Might's well. Tired o' seein' ye round, mopin' and mournin' at me, suckin' your paws."

With this ungracious permission Goliah descended the ladder to the room below and there from its pegs above the fireplace took down the Forehand gun. He chose his cartridges with care.

"Duck, maybe," he considered as he pocketed them. "And pa'tridge shot. An'—yes, by gravy, some buck and ball too! Clos' time or open, I don't care; father hain't to starve to death whether or no."

He mended the fire, shouldered his gun and went out, closing the cabin door behind him.

"No time to be nice-like," he thought. "Deer, moose or caribou, all fresh meat and makes blood."

He looked about him, at woods and river in the fading sunset.

"If I see somep'n good," said Goliah, "I'll weeze a couple o' balls through him."

He departed quietly by a path that led upstream, among hardhack and ferns already moist with rime.

Sunset, a pale yellow light above the fir points, and saffron fire under the black mesh of their trunks, still burned when Goliah reached the ford at Mogasson Rips. Here the stream, which in spring would have roared white with "quick water," now in autumn trickled among bowlders with only one deep channel, no wider than a brook. Goliah stood looking across. The beech grove in which he had halted shone underfoot with light golden leaves; their pleasant yet vaguely sorrowful perfume filled the evening; and from time to time another leaf, broad and pale, fell twirling slowly with a dry "Tsic, tsic" as it struck a twig or joined its carpeted fellows. To avoid rustling them Goliah remained still, and hearkened for a while, his eyes intent upon a hollow field, brimful of shadows, over the border.

His ears were sharp. He heard nothing except leaves and trickling water, whose blended stir going on by day and night wove their customary threads through an unbroken texture of silence. Yet presently he became aware of one near him, watching, behind. Goliah turned and saw leaning against a tree a short dark-clad man, empty-handed, with a dark face and bright eyes, which also by their odd expression seemed empty of everything but distant thought.

"Hello, Francis!" said Goliah.

It was his friend the Indian, Francis Moon; a good friend, though not often met with.

"Two deers a-comin' int' that field," said Moon with a voice quiet as the evening. "Guess ye better let 'em be. To-morrer night. Wait. Mm. Yeah."

The Indian began to pass on up through the sloping grove, as if they had talked a long time and said too much.

"Why?" Goliah called after him.

"How your old man?" replied Francis. "Sick? Mm, yeah. Too bad. Thought so."

He disappeared through trees high along the river bank. It was Moon's way to come and go suddenly. Goliah heard his voice once more, gentle and subdued, out of the darkness.

"Maybe no deer warden round to-morrer," it said. "Mm. You wait."

He was gone, a shadow among shades, who troubled the quiet of the woods so little as hardly to have been there. Afterward Goliah recalled the man's words, and better knew their meaning; but at the moment, then, it seemed only that the Indian had spoken about deer. And as Francis Moon understood the ways of deer, their comings and goings, Goliah cocked his Forehand gun, held it ready, and watched the hollow field across the river—a concave slope now darker than before.

Time passed. The beech grove lost its carpet of light, turning gray and glimmering; the air grew colder. Then gradually among those shadows of the field two black spots moved and went up, faltering, toward the last daylight on the ridge. Goliah knelt, aimed at the leading spot and squeezed the trigger.

Dad's old Forehand roared and blazed. Forest walls bandied its echo back and forth along the river. A broad coal of gun wadding dropped and smoldered among the beech leaves. Goliah stepped on this fire and ground it out underfoot as he ran down to wade the ford.

It was a good shot. Goliah feared a bad, for years ago he had once failed to kill a deer outright, whose eyes haunted him. Now as he climbed with dripping legs through the hillside grass he found near the ridge top a fat buck lying, brown and motionless, fallen asleep.

"Never knowed what hit ye." Goliah drew a long breath of relief. "All right, old buck."

Laying aside his father's gun he squatted, drew his knife and began to work. Evening had now fallen so dusky that the job was troublesome. He had not finished when he heard the sound of a canoe pole in the river—iron clinking dull on sunken rocks.

"Somebody."

Leaving knife and gun in the grass beside the deer, Goliah went down to the ford. It was better, he thought, to be seen there than elsewhere; but once there, he found, in the less obscure light reflected from the water, that his shirt and forearms were all bloody; and, before he could retreat, round the bend glided a gray canoe with a tall man standing up in her and poling.

"Hello!" called this newcomer. "Good evenin'!"

His voice rang out friendly and hearty. But it was a new voice; and Goliah, never rash with strangers, promptly waded into the stream, feigned to stumble, and fell so as to wet his shirt and perhaps disguise the blood.

"Sho!" cried the stranger. "Too bad. You wet ye. Cold, hain't it?"

He swung his canoe alongside the rocky edge of the channel and held her there, leaning on his pole. Goliah clambered ashore, wiped his arms as though to dry them, and with one shy glance meanwhile took in this stranger from top to toe. Heavy, tall, bareheaded, clothed in dingy yellow, girt with a revolver in a belt, the man had a shock of black hair and a great black mustache. His broad swarthy face seemed jovial as his way of talking. He was a black bull of a man.

"Hurt ye?"

"No," said Goliah.

"Out a-huntin'? Fine night for it."

"Yeah," said Goliah.

(Concluded on Page 44)

VINDEX SHIRTS and UNDERWEAR

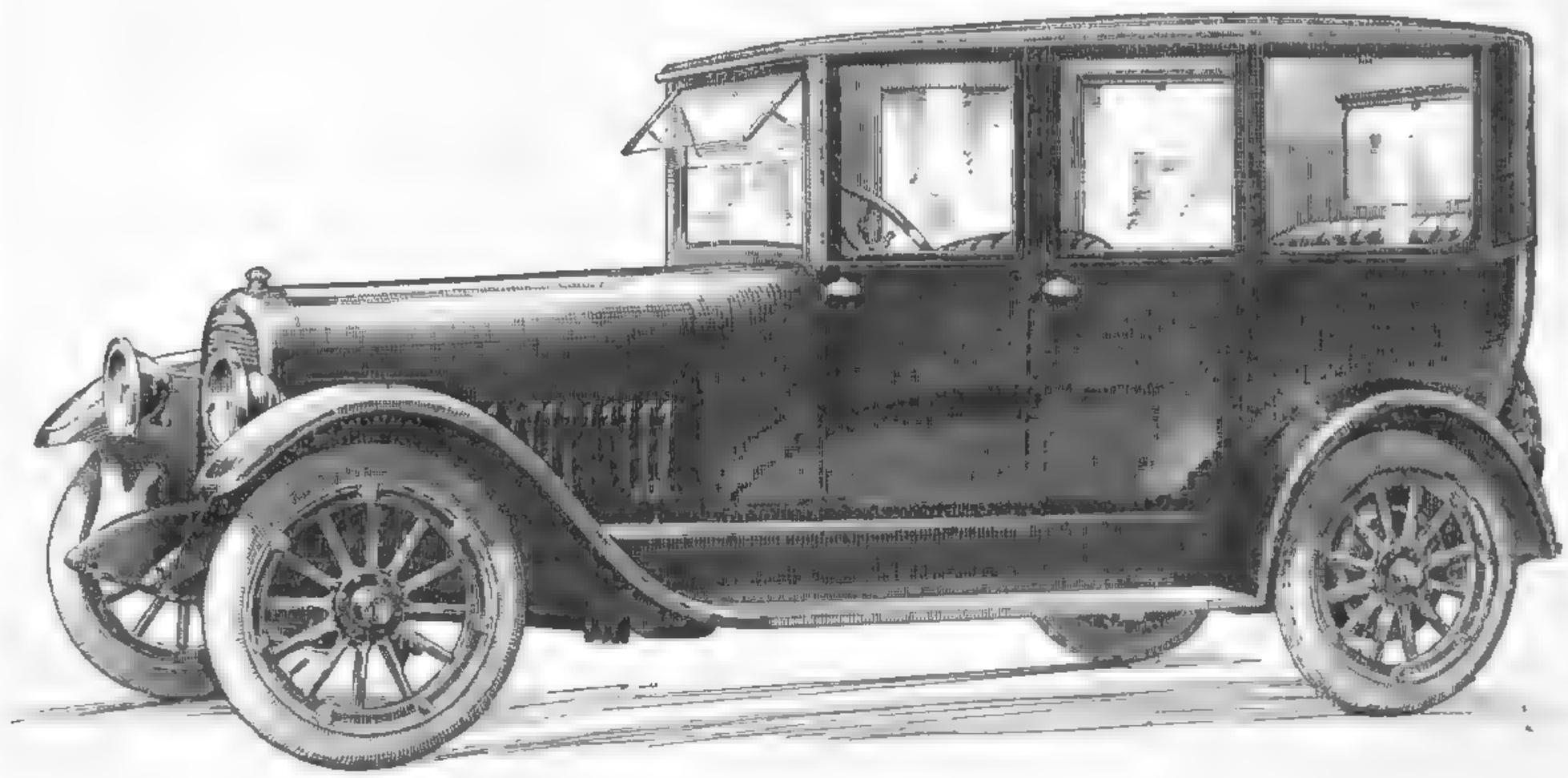
THE judgment of thousands of dealers plus the integrity of the maker is back of every Vindex Shirt and suit of Vindex Athletic Underwear. You can't ask more. You can't get more.

Ask your Haberdasher for Vindex

The Vindex Co., Baltimore, Md.

"There's Been a Murder. Somebody Killed the Game Warden Last Night"

The New Studebaker Sedan



Beautiful in Design—Thoroughly Modern—Mechanically Right

Studebaker

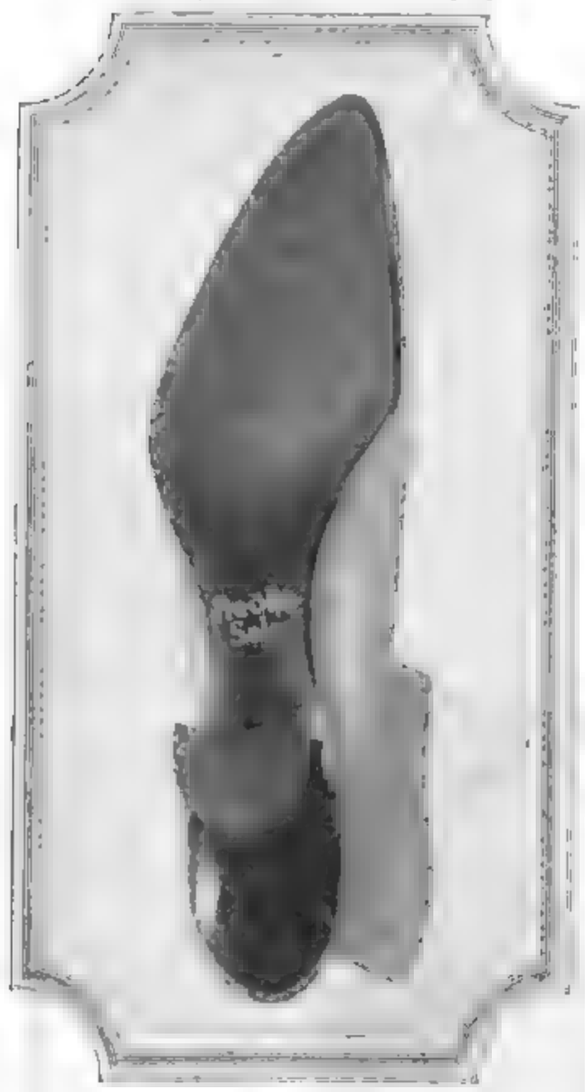
The fine coach work, distinctive design and comfort-giving qualities of the New Series 19 Studebaker Sedan, with its many new and outstanding features, at once commend it to the thoughtful and discriminating buyer.

The LIGHT-FOUR Sedan, $1685 *All prices f. o. b. Detroit—subject to change without notice.* ***The LIGHT-SIX Sedan, $2185***

STUDEBAKER

DETROIT, MICHIGAN · SOUTH BEND, INDIANA · WALKERVILLE, CANADA

Copyright 1918, by
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company



Wear Long
Feel Easy

Neōlin Soles wear so well they make your shoe bills less. And they feel so good they make walking very easy. Waterproof, too.

Neōlin
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Soles

Created by Science—to be what soles ought to be. They come on new shoes of all styles for men, women and children, and are available everywhere for re-soling and half-soling. Always marked: Neōlin

See displays in shop windows

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

(Concluded from Page 42)

He caught the stranger's eyes making a study of him. They were bold black eyes, friendly in their expression; too friendly, thought Goliah, to be true; and something about their look told him that he had blood on his face, the deer's blood.

"Why, now, that's a pity!" exclaimed the other. "As I come polin' up I thought I heard a shot or two this way; and thinks I, 'If somebody's got him a little fresh meat maybe I'm in luck.'"

Goliah returned no answer.

"Ye see," went on the canoe man, lowering his voice in confidence, "clos' time don't matter between old hands like us. Look a-here. I'm guidin' for a rich man down to Tabor's sportin' camp. Now Mr. Tabor he's rich as Creasiss; and only this forenoon he says to me: 'I'd give twenty-five dollar,' s'e, 'for some good deer meat.'"

Goliah said nothing.

"Rich men, they buy their fancies, ye know. This Tabor he rolls in money. Too bad you hain't happened to git ye a deer to-night. Tabor'd pay ye five or ten dollar for the liver alon'. Like rollin' off a log."

The tempter stood leaning on his pole, a dark bovine statue. His face in the deepening twilight seemed careless and kindly, the face of a shrewd brother outlaw who could wink at matters well understood. To know fully the power of his temptation a man would need be poor, poor as Goliah, whose mind now wavered at this sudden golden offer.

"I don' know," began Goliah slowly.

The stranger waited.

"Sure ye hain't seen no game?" he asked persuasively. "We could go git it together. An'thing to keep a rich sportin' man pleased. That's my motto, boy. That's everything I'm a-lookin' for. You could keep all the money yourself."

Whether it was the tone or the words Goliah never knew; but at this speech a cloud of caution, as it were, descended upon him and wrapped him round; and in the cloud there came a flash of enlightenment.

"I know ye now!" he cried. "You're Sol Yorke, the deer warden!"

Immediately the man laid down his pole and stepped ashore, drawing up after him the bow of his canoe.

"Well," said he, chuckling, "what if I be? You got blood, son, on your cheek. Be'n too busy up in that field, hain't ye?"

Goliah shut his fists. A hater of suspicion and a lover of open dealing, he stood erect to welcome this certainty.

"Don't ye lay hand on me!" he said. "I warn ye not to. If I brok' the law to-night, father bein' sick abed, you've brok' her a hund'ed times for spite and meanness. Keep your hands off. I hain't poor little old Enoch Bowden you can bully." As the fellow stepped nearer over the rocks Goliah's wrath blazed up. "Ye cussed shote! Not a man livin', from here to Poke o' Moonshine, but despises ye! If ye knowed what a good mind I got to—— Git back!"

But Sol Yorke, the unjust warden, continued to advance, lumbering forward securely. He trusted in the weapon at his hip, and in two hundred pounds of bulk against the light weight of a stripling. Their match was really more even; Goliah, who looked to weigh about a hundred and forty, had some two score pounds more than that hidden in heavy bone and hard muscle.

"Good mind, hev ye? Guess not, young man." Yorke reached out a hand for Goliah's shoulder. "Quit your nonsense."

The bushes rustled behind them.

"Stand clear," said Goliah, "or ye'll git one for Enoch!"

They spoke loudly. A quiet voice near by joined their discussion.

"He hat to go kick me," it said. "Mm, yeah, other mornin'."

Yorke, in the darkness, thought fit to draw his pistol.

IV

OLD Eben Fearby, alone for the first time in many days and nights, grew tired of lying abed.

"That boy o' mine ain't back," he thought more than once; and the thought gave him distress.

Daylight was never plentiful in the upper story at Hardwood Rolling-Tier; and what little brightness entered the gable window at the head of his platform bed soon went out again. It reddened the strips of old bark on the rafters, then faded, grew brownish, made the delicate web of a wood spider glisten in the peak of the roof like silver lace, and was gone. Eb watched this change and movement as other sick men watch the clock.

"Late," he said when night had closed an hour or two. "The boy's gone wrong. I better git up."

This last proved easier to say than to do. It involved strange aches and, when done, an amount of tottering and dizziness. Fearby clung to the edge of the platform for a time, trying to remember where he was and what direction came next in the dark. At last he found under the bed his winter ulster and a pair of fur moccasins. These he put on, then groped his way to a dim-lighted hole in the corner of the floor, where he knew the ladder head must be.

He went painfully downstairs. The room below was warm, ruddy and full of jumping shadows, for a good fire burned against the backlog in the chimney. Fearby sat down and spread his legs before the hearth.

"He ain't no fool. He thinks." The old man remained there, a hawk-nosed dreamer with one long hand grasping his tawny-gray beard. "Goliah thinks. He made my fire up. When I'm underground he'd ought to go git him a woman and keep house here shipshape and Bristol fashion."

The fire burned low when he was awakened by the sound of the cabin door opening.

Goliah came in with a border of night mist glimmering round him.

"You're late," growled Fearby Senior.

Goliah laid something down on the floor, came forward, hung the family gun upon its pegs and then stirred the fire wearily.

"Huntin'," he said.

His father looked up at him.

"They's blood on ye."

Goliah nodded.

"Not to 'mount to nothin'."

That was all. They went to bed soon afterward.

Next morning in spite of late hours the Fearbys, father and son, had breakfast by sunrise and hearth light, while past their open door the river flowed like a moving windrow of vapor, tinted pink and white, the color of apple blossoms. Goliah had cooked a dish fit for a king. Old Eb sat at table again and ate with appetite.

The meal was only begun when they saw a man appear in the doorway. He was a short dark-clad man with dark face and bright eyes.

"Come in se' down, Moon," said Old Fearby. "They's abundance."

Francis Moon the Indian accepted this invitation, slid into a seat at table, and began devouring twice as much as his hosts.

"Deer liver," he murmured. "Pooty good."

It was not remarkable that he and his friends, though feasting in perfect amity, should have said nothing more; but an observer might have thought it strange that Goliah and the Indian after exchanging one brief look avoided each other's eyes. Perhaps an observer did think so, perhaps not; impossible to tell how much or how little Old Man Fearby saw.

Breakfast had nearly ended when a thumping of wooden gear and a hubbub of voices came rapidly from somewhere up the river. The morning mist had vanished, the water flowed clear brown and tranquil in a glory of autumn sunrise. Into this picture framed by the doorway floated an old gray bateau carrying three men, who swung her alongside the Rolling-Tier and leaning over the gunwale grasped the lower logs.

"Hello, in there!" By their strange clothing and their bright red faces these were city people. They stared up at the cabin with the hot anxious doubt of men driven in haste. "Hello! Look here!"

It was a needless command. The breakfast party sat looking well enough, calmly but intently.

The largest boatman spoke.

"There's been a murder," he said. "Somebody killed the game warden last night."

Silence greeted this news.

"We want a guide to take us down to the landing, quick. I'll pay you well. We're in a hurry."

Moon wiped his lips with his old blue neckerchief and rose.

"I'll take ye, me."

So saying the Indian went out, slouched down to the tier foot and climbed into the bateau. Talking all together in confusion the strangers pushed off. The gray boat slid into the current and disappeared.

Goliah began to clear away the breakfast things. Father sat a long time very still, the bristling eyebrows drawn low over his eyes.

"Pu' down that pot," said the old man at last. "Come you here!"

Goliah came and stood before him.

"This murder—you know who killed Sol Yorke?"

Goliah looked his father straight in the face and gave no reply, neither word nor sign.

Then an unheard-of thing took place, breaking all rules and customs in the cabin at Hardwood Rolling-Tier. Old Fearby asked a question.

"Was it you?"

And then by a transmutation like iron changing to gold out flashed the true nature of the Fearby method in all its splendor—this glum parsimony of speech was a guarding of the truth, so that never a word used ignobly might make a man, as the Greek said, commit offense against the soul.

"No," answered Goliah.

Father sat motionless as before, grasping in one hand his long red-gray beard. None should ever know his torment of past fear or his present joy.

Goliah went down to wash the pot in the river. When he returned he found the old man standing by the doorway; and as he passed in he felt suddenly on the back of his neck the cuff of a bearlike paw. He heard a playful bearlike growl.

"Been a good son to me," said Old Fearby. "You been a excellent good son, Goliah."

There, for the men of Hardwood Rolling-Tier, the matter rested. Certain dwellers in towns, more given to form and ceremony, were less readily satisfied. These ran hither and yon, held inquiry, used many words, even wrote and printed, but discovered nothing except that the forest was full of men who had little to say. One romantic spinster, sitting in her parlor, composed an admirable and touching piece called A Mystery of the Woods. Her facts were wrong, her surmises very wild, but her title did the lady credit.

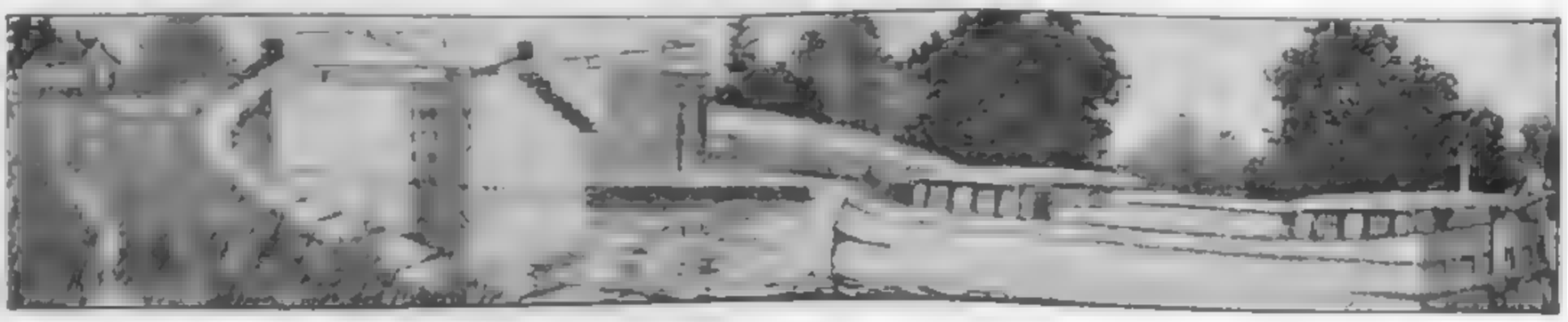
Once a few cronies of the dead man, Yorke, becoming subtle, got the Indian, Francis Moon, into a secret barroom, gave him money, promised to hire him for guide, and plied him with much liquor.

Francis never enjoyed liquor, but on this evening was too polite to say so. He outdrank his gossips, outdid them every way, and left them one and all loudly forgetting the purpose for which they had assembled.

Yet the good cheer and flattery must have warmed him, for when he had stepped forth, sober as an old dog, from Barney Trumble's rum shop, and drawn a breath of the clear frosty air, the Indian was murmuring to himself. A November moon, cold, round and clean-edged, hung above the bare November boughs.

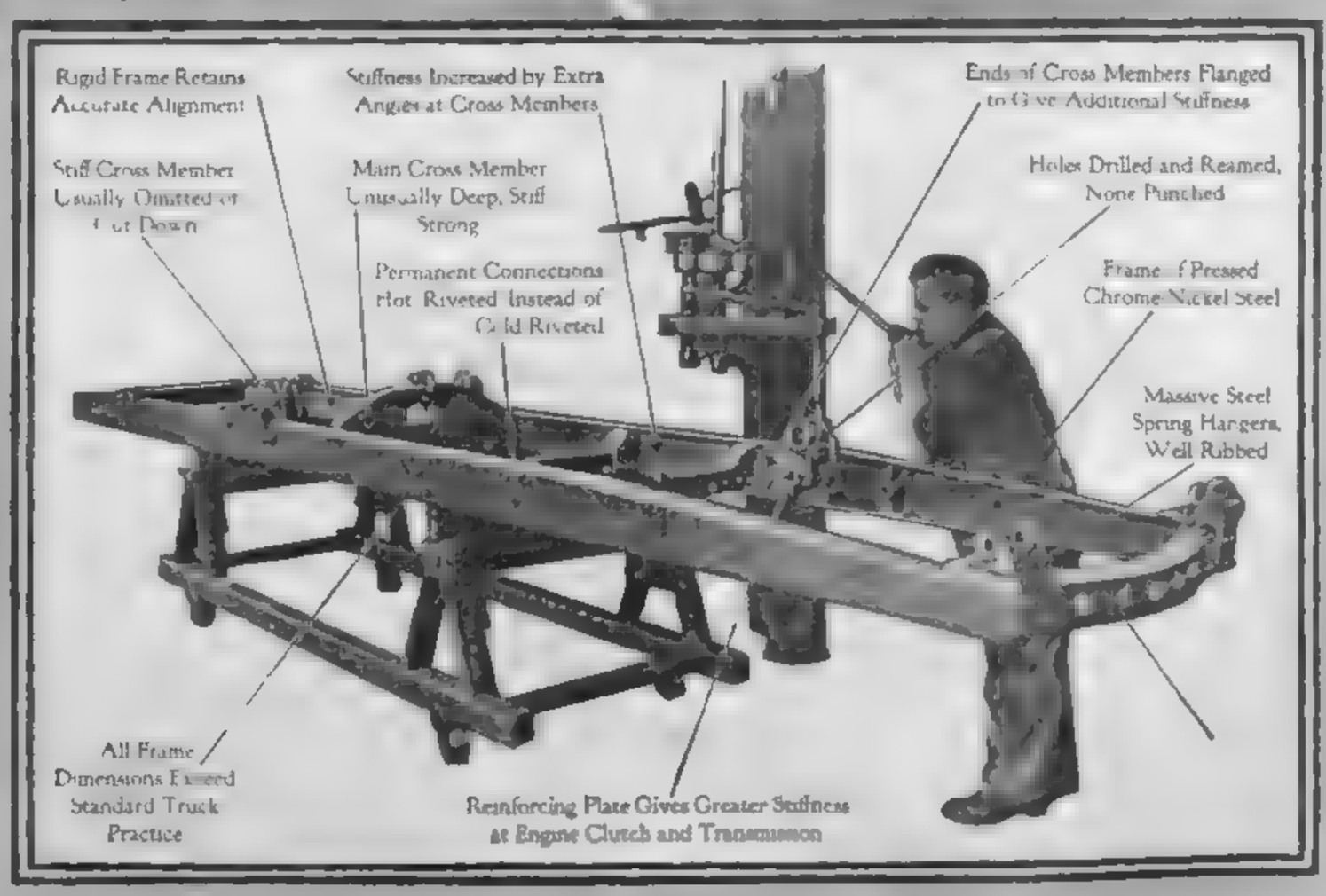
Francis communed with his namesake in the heavens.

"I cod," he told her, "I'll don't fregit Golias, me. Mm, yeah. Golias he stood by me good. Tha's so."



Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY

USE
DEL MONTE
CALIFORNIA CANNED
FRUITS & VEGETABLES
THEY SAVE WHEAT
FATS & FUEL


Rigid Frame Retains Accurate Alignment
Stiffness Increased by Extra Angles at Cross Members
Ends of Cross Members Flanged to Give Additional Stiffness
Stiff Cross Member Usually Omitted or Cut Down
Main Cross Member Unusually Deep, Stiff Strong
Holes Drilled and Reamed, None Punched
Permanent Connections Hot Riveted Instead of Cold Riveted
Frame of Pressed Chrome Nickel Steel
Massive Steel Spring Hangers, Well Rubbed
All Frame Dimensions Exceed Standard Truck Practice
Reinforcing Plate Gives Greater Stiffness at Engine Clutch and Transmission

The unvarying service-quality of the RIKER Truck is due to the unusual methods of design and construction employed by its builders—

THE LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

Write regarding deliveries

WAR AS IT FREQUENTLY ISN'T

(Continued from Page 7)

when an American band played it in a French burying ground at a coast town where the graves of three hundred of our own soldiers were decorated.

It may be that the Frenchman has grown wearied of the sound of his national air, or it may be—and this, I think, is the proper explanation—that in this time of stress and suffering for his land the Marseillaise hymn has for him become a thing so high and so holy that he holds it for sacred moments, to be rendered then as the accompaniment for a sacrificial rite of the spirit and of the soul. At any rate it is true that except on the one occasion I have just mentioned I have yet to hear the French soldier in the field sing the Marseillaise hymn. He much prefers his cheerful chansons, and when an American band plays for him it is a jazz tune that most surely may be counted upon to make him cry "*Encore!*"

As illustrative of the difference in temperament between the veteran and the beginner at war I should like to describe what many times I have witnessed as an incident in the streets of Paris. All through the past spring and the early part of the summer the members of the class of 1919 were holding celebrations in commemoration of the fact that they were about to be called to the service. Their emblematic color for this year is red, and their chosen flower is the poppy, so the youngsters call themselves Coquelicots, which is the French name for the crimson wild poppy that grows everywhere in France. The class of 1918, who went out last year, were Paquerettes—white daisies; and those of 1917 were Bluets, or cornflowers. Every three years the fancy repeats itself in the same sequence and the same cycle, so that the trinity of the national colors may be preserved.

Almost any hour, day or night, one might see troops of those about to be mobilized—schoolboys of eighteen, apprentice lads, peasant youths, cadets of military academies—parading the avenues. They wore all manner of fantastic garbings, with enormous red neckties and red sashes, and battered high hats banded with red, and with poppies stuck in their buttonholes or festooned in garlands about their necks. And always they were singing and skylarking, marching with fantastic jig steps in grotesque queue formations, and playing pranks upon the pedestrians who got in their way. The sight made an American think of college fraternities conducting outdoor initiations. The scene gave color and the sparkle of youthful exuberance to a city where the sad sights are commoner than the happy ones.

Real Pictures That Look Faked

It was inevitable that in every few rods of their progress the youngsters would encounter soldiers on leave, and then the boys, dropping for a moment their joyousness, would gravely salute the veterans, and the veterans as gravely would return the salute. Then the roisterers would whirl off down the sidewalk waving their exaggerated walking sticks and kicking up their heels as is the way with youth the world over, and the soldiers in their stained patched tunics, and their worn leather housings, and with their worn resolute faces—how often I have seen this little by-play repeated!—would exchange swift expressive glances with one another and smile meaning, sad little smiles, and shake their heads in a sort of passive resignation to the inevitable, before they went trudging on in their heavy, run-down, shabby boots. They knew—these war-worn elders did—what the chosen man children of the generation just emerging from the first stages of its adolescence would very shortly be called upon to face; and so they shook their heads in silent but regretful affirmation of the certain prospect of an added burden of woefulness and suffering for the flowered youth of their stricken land. For these men who had trod the paths of glory that are so flinty and so hard could understand what must lie ahead so much better than those stripling lads to whom the road to war was as yet a shining and a golden highway!

Have you ever seen at the movies a film purporting to show an actual scene in the trenches under hostile fire, wherein the men on guard there all faced, with squinted eyes and scowling brows, across the parapets, fingering their weapons nervously, and rarely or never glanced toward the camera, but seemingly so absorbed in their ambitions to pot the foeman across the way they had no thought for anything except the tragic undertaking in hand? Then again, have you ever seen another so-called war reel with a similar setting, which brought before you the figures of soldiers who from behind the shelter of the piled-up sandbags grinned self-consciously in the direction of the machine that was recording their forms and their movements for back-home consumption, and who between intervals of loading and firing deported themselves pretty much as any group of sheepishly pleased young men might while under the eye of a photographing machine and who for the moment appeared to be more inspired by a perfectly normal human impulse to show off than by any other thought?

Now I have seen both these varieties of pictures and assuming that the reader has, too, I put to him or her this question: Granting that one of these films was the genuine article, namely, a view of a section of a front-line trench taken at risk of the operator's life; and that the other was a manufactured thing, with carefully rehearsed supers made up as soldiers posing in obedience to a hired director's orders, which one, in the reader's opinion, was the authentic thing and which the bogus?

Visiting With the Guns

If I have figured the probable answer aright the probable answer is wrong. The picture in which the soldiers behaved in conformity with the average civilian's notion of the way a soldier does behave under fire—to wit, by being all intent upon the job of shooting, with no regard for any lesser diversions—was the imitation; and the film in which you saw the soldiers crowding forward in the narrow trench way in order to be sure of getting into the focus area—the one where you saw the soldiers grinning toward you and winking and nudging their fellows and generally behaving like curious and embarrassed children—well, that was the genuine article.

For the fact of the matter is that once the novelty of his new environment has worn off—and it does wear off with marvelous speed—the soldier in the front-line trench carries on after identically the same patterns that would govern him under ordinary circumstances. The detail that he is in a place of imminent danger becomes to him of secondary importance. Except for the chance that any moment he may stop a bullet his mode of habit resolves itself back to its familiar elements. He is bored or he is interested by exactly the same things that would bore him or excite him anywhere else. To him the shooting back and forth across the top very soon becomes a more or less tedious part of the daily routine of the trench life, but the intrusion into his corner of a moving-picture man with a camera is a novelty, an event very much out of the ordinary; therefore he pays much more attention to the taking of the picture than to what goes on pretty steadily during practically all of his waking hours.

For added qualities of seeming indifference to externals in the midst of great and stirring exertions, see the artillerymen who serve with the heavies. Generally things are fairly lively among those dainty, darling, death-dealing pets that are called the 75's. Under their camouflaging they look like speckled pups when they do not look like spotted circus ponies. It is a brisksome and a heartening thing to see how fast a crew of Frenchmen can serve a battery of these little pintos, feeding the three-inch shells into the pieces with such celerity that at a distance the reports merge together so one might almost imagine he heard the voice of an overgrown machine gun speaking, instead of the intermingled voices of five separate trouble makers. Near Compiègne one day I watched a battery of 75's at work on the Germans advancing in mass formation, I keeping count of the reports; and the average number of shots per minute per gun was twelve.

But the heavies work more slowly, and their crews have a sluggish look about them as befitting men who do their fighting all at long range and never see the foe; though I suspect the underlying reason to be that they have learned to combine the maximum of efficiency and of accuracy with the minimum of apparent effort and the minimum of apparent enthusiasm. Particularly is this to be said in cases where the gunners have become expert through long practice.

On the Montdidier Front on a gloriously beautiful afternoon of early summer I kept company for two hours with three French batteries of 155's. The guns were ranged in dirt emplacements under a bank alongside a sunken road that meandered out from the main street of a village that was empty except for American and French soldiers. The Germans were four miles away, beyond a ridge of low hills. By climbing to the crest of the nearermost rise and lying there in the rank grass and looking through glasses one could make out the German lines. Without glasses one could mark fairly well where the shells from our side fell. But during the time I stayed there no single man among the artillerymen manifested any desire whatsoever to ascertain the visible effects of his handiwork.

Over the ground telephone an order would come from somewhere or other, miles away. The officer in command of one of the batteries would sing out the order to fire so many rounds at such and such intervals. The angles—the deflections for charge temperature, air temperature, barometer pressure and wind—had all been worked out earlier in the day, and a few corrections for range were required. So all the men had to do was to fire the guns. And that literally was all that they did do.

Not all the explosions in that immediate vicinity were caused by "departs," either. Occasionally there were to be heard the unmistakable whistle and roar and the ultimate crack of an "arrive," for the Germans' counterbatteries did not remain silent under the punishment the French were dealing out. But when an arrive fell anywhere within eye range the men barely turned their heads to see the column of earth and dust and pulverized chalk-rock go geysering up into the air. It was only by chance I found out an enemy shell had fallen that morning among a gun crew stationed near the westerly end of the line of guns, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, and had blown seven men to bits and wounded as many more.

Still, this apathy with regard to the potential consequences of being where an arrive bursts is not confined to the gunners. When one has had opportunity to see how many shells fall without doing any damage to human beings, and to figure out for oneself how many tons of metal it takes to kill a man, one likewise acquires a measure of this same apparent nonchalance.

For sheer sang-froid it would be hard to match those whose work I watched that day. In intervals of activity they lounged under the gun wheels, smoking and playing card games; and when one battery was playing and another temporarily was silent the members of the idle battery paid absolutely no heed to the work of their fellows.

When War Has Lost Its Thrill

In two hours just one thing and only one thing occurred to jostle them out of their calm. Something mysterious and very grievous befell a half-grown dog, which, having been abandoned or forgotten by his owners, still lived on in the ruins of the town and foraged for scraps among the mess kitchens. Down the road past the guns came the pup, ki-yiing his troubles as he ran; and at the sound of his poignant yelps some of the gunners quit their posts and ran out into the road, and one of them gathered up the poor beastie in his arms and a dozen more clustered about offering the consolation of pats and soothing words to the afflicted thing. Presently under this treatment he forgot what ailed him, and then the men went back to their places, discussing the affair with many gestures and copious speech. Ten German shells plumping down near by would not have created half so much excitement as the woes of one ownerless doggie had created. I said to myself that if the incident was typically French, likewise it was typical of what might be called the war temperament as exemplified among veteran fighters.

I should add, merely to fill out the settings of the scene, that scarcely was there a ten-minute interlude this day in which German observation planes did not scout

(Continued on Page 49)

Your Club in Chicago
Hotel La Salle
IN the Grill of Hotel La Salle there is a good blending of reserve and informality which reminds you of your favorite Club.
Here may be seen, every day, men whose names are high in national affairs, civil and military. They enjoy the good food, the easy comradeship, the cool comfortable surroundings.
This Grill is one of the many excellent restaurants to be found at
Chicago's Finest Hotel
La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO
ERNEST J. STEVENS
Vice-Pres. and Mgr.
RATES
One person Per day
Room with detached bath $2, $2.50 and $3
Room with private bath $3, $3.50, $4 and $5
Two persons Per day
Room with detached bath $3, $3.50 and $4
Room with private bath—double room $5 to $8
single room with double bed $4, $4.50 and $5
Two connecting rooms with bath
Two persons $5 to $8
Three persons $6 to $9
Four persons $ to $12
1026 rooms
834 with private bath

Ralston

'Tenshun!

We must economize the bumper wheat crop—not use it extravagantly. Strict regulation is still the general order for big and little mouths.

Ralston conserves wheat

because it is a blend of wheat and barley. You can buy as much as you like. *You don't have to buy substitutes with Ralston.*

Ralston utilizes the full value of the wheat. This makes the wheat go farthest, and supplies just those elements needed to build strong constitutions. Children love its delicious wheat flavor. Ralston stimulates the digestive organs and induces normal action, because it is mildly laxative.

The thrift food—one cup makes six dishes of tasty, nourishing porridge. Sold only in checkerboard packages—two sizes—at your grocer's.

We use the whole of the wheat in making our wholesome foods.

Ralston Purina Mills, 876 Gratiot St., St. Louis, Mo.

Purina Branzos

provides the natural laxative properties of the outer bran coat, plus the nourishment of the rich wheat elements. It makes delicious muffins, hurry-ups, porridge, bread, etc. It is especially good when mixed half and half with Ralston. *Not necessary to buy substitutes with Branzos.*

In checkerboard packages —at your grocer's

(Continued from Page 47)

over our lines or French observation planes did not scout over theirs. Sometimes only a single plane would be visible, but more often the airmen moved in squadron formations. Each time of course that a plane ventured aloft its coursing flight across the heavens would be marked by bursting pompons of downy white or black smoke—white for shrapnel and black for explosive bursts—where the antiaircraft guns of one side or the other took wing shots at the pesky intruder. One time six sky voyagers were up simultaneously. Another time ten, and still another no less than sixteen might be counted at once. But to focus the attention of any of the persons then upon the earth below, an aërial combat between the two groups would have been required, and even this spectacle—which at the first time of witnessing it is almost the most stirring isolated event that military operations have to offer—very soon, with daily repetitions, becomes almost commonplace, as I myself can testify. War itself is too big a thing for one detached detail of it to count in the estimates that one tries to form of the whole thing. It takes a charge in force over the top or something equally vivid and spectacular to whet up the jaded mentality of the onlooker.

The Cuckoo's Peace Call

Seeking for the thrills that experience had taught me would nevertheless probably not be forthcoming anywhere in this so-called quiet sector, I went that same day with a young American officer to a forward post of command, which was another name for a screened pit dug in the scalp of a fair-sized hillock, immediately behind our foremost rifle pits. Sitting here upon the tops of our steel helmets, which the same make fairly good perches to sit on when the ground is muddied, we could look through periscope glasses right into the courtyard of a wrecked château held by the enemy. Upon this spot some of the guns behind us were playing industriously. We could see where the shells struck—now in the garden, now near the shattered outbuildings, now ripping away a slice of the front walls or a segment of the roof of the château itself; and we could see too, after the dust of each hit had somewhat lifted, the small gray figures of Germans scurrying about like startled ants.

A mile away, about, were those Germans, and yet to all intents and purposes they might have been twenty miles away; for as things stood, and with the forces that they had at this point, it would have taken them days or perhaps weeks to bridge the gap between their lines and ours, and it would have taken us as long to get to where they were. For you see both forces had abundance of artillery, but each was holding its front lines with small groups of infantry. To sit there and peer into their defenses was like looking into a distant planet peopled by men thinking different thoughts from ours, and swayed by different ambitions and moved by impulses all running counter to those of our breed.

Nevertheless, I must confess that the sensation of crouching in that hole in the ground, spying upon the movements of those dwellers of that other small world, while high above us the shells passed over, shrieking their warwhoops as they traveled from or toward our back lines, very soon lost for me the savor of interest, just as it had lost it a month before when I did the same thing in front of Noyon, or two weeks before near Verdun, or as afterward it was to do when I repeated the experience near Rheims.

So after a bit my companion and I fell to enjoying the beauties of the day. In front of us lay a strip of gentle pasture slope not badly marred by shell craters, and all green except where lovely wide slashes of a bright yellow flower cut across it like rifts of fallen sunshine. The lower reaches of air were filled with the humming of bees, and every minute the skylarks went singing up into the soft skies as though filled with a curiosity to find out what those wailing demons that sped crisscrossing through the heavens might be. Presently from a thicket behind us sounded a bell-like bird note with a sort of melodious cluck in it. I had never heard that note before except when uttered by wooden clocks of presumably Swiss manufacture, but I recognized it for what it was.

"Listen," said my companion: "that's the second time within a week I've heard it. A French liaison officer was with me then, and he said that for three years now the cuckoo had been silent, and he said that the French country people believed that since the cuckoo had begun calling again it was a sign the war would soon be over—that the cuckoo was calling for peace on earth."

"I wonder if he was right," I said.

"Well, he was right so far as he personally was concerned. This war for him was nearly over. Night before last he was riding back to division headquarters in a side car, and a shell dropped on him at a crossroads and he and the driver were killed."

We sat a minute or two longer and nothing was said.

"Well," he said at length, "if you've had enough of this we'll be getting back. It isn't very much of a show, once a fellow gets used to it, and I guess the major will have supper ready for us pretty soon. Ready to go?"

We got up cautiously and put our helmets on the proper ends of us and started back through the shallow communication trench leading to the village.

"Being where you can look right across and down into the German lines makes a fellow wonder," I suggested. "It makes a fellow wonder what those men over yonder are thinking about and what their feelings toward us are, and whether they hate us as deeply as they hate the British."

"I guess I can figure out what one of them thinks anyhow," he said with a quizzical sidewise glance at me. He flirted over his shoulder with his thumb. "I've got a brother somewhere over yonder ways—if he's alive." He smiled at the look that must have come across my face. "Oh, you needn't suspect me," he went on. "I judge I'm as good an American as you are or any man alive is, even if I do wear a German name. You see I'm a youngest son. I was born in the good old U. S. A. all right enough, but two of my brothers, older than I am, were born in Germany, and they didn't come to America when the rest of the family migrated. And one of them, last time I heard from him before we got into the mess, was a lieutenant in a Bavarian field battery. Being a German subject I suppose he figures he's only doing his duty, but how he can go on fighting for that swine of a Kaiser beats me. But then, I don't suppose I can understand; I'm an American citizen. Funny world, isn't it?

"Say, listen! That cuckoo is calling again. I wonder if there is anything in the superstition of the French peasants that peace will come this year. Well, so far as I am concerned I don't want it to come until Uncle Sam has finished up this job in the right way. I only hope the next time I hear the cuckoo sing it'll be in the outskirts of Berlin—that is, providing a cuckoo can stand for the outskirts of Berlin."

A Home in Ruins

I reminded him that the cuckoo was a bird that stole other birds' nests—or tried to.

"That being so, I guess Berlin must be full of 'em," said he.

The major's headquarters—he was a major of artillery—was in the chief house of the little town. Curiously enough this was almost the only house in the town that had not been hit, and two days later it was hit, and in the ruins of it a friend of mine, another major, was buried; but that is a different story, not to be detailed here. It stood—the house, I mean—in a little square courtyard of its own, as most village houses in this part of France do, being flanked on one side by its stable and on the other side by its cow barn and by its chicken houses. There was a high wall to inclose it along the side nearest the street, with rabbit hutches and pigeon cots tucked up under the wall. In the center of the court was a midden for manure. It had been a cosy little place once. The dwelling was of red brick with a gay tiled roof, and the lesser buildings and the wall were built of stones, as is the French way. Even the rabbit hutches were stone, and the dovecot and the cuddy for the fowls. Now, except for American artillerymen, it was all empty of life. The paved yard was littered with wreckage; the doors of the empty cubicles stood open.

I sat with the major and his adjutant on the doorstep of the cottage waiting for the orderlies to call us in to eat our suppers. Through the lolled gate in the wall an old man, a civilian, entered. He was tall and lean like one of the lombard trees growing in the spoiled vegetable garden at the back of the house, and he was dressed in a long frock coat that was all powdered with the white dust of the roads. He had a grave long face, and we saw that he limped a little as he came across the close toward us. Nearing us he took off his hat and bowed.

"Pardon, 'sieurs," he said in Norman French, "but could I look through this house?"

"No civilians are permitted here now," said the major. "How did you get here?"

"I was given a pass to return," he explained. "Your pardon again, m'sieurs, but I am—I was—the mayor of this town, and this is my house. I mean, it was my house. The Germans came upon us so rapidly we had to leave on but two hours' notice, taking with us very little. Not until to-day could I secure leave to come back. I wished to see what was left of my home—I always had lived here before, you know—and to gather up some of my belongings, if I might."

"Where did you come from?" asked the major.

"From ——." He named a town twenty-two miles away.

"And how did you get here?"

"I walked." He lifted his shoulders in an expressive gesture. "There was no other way. And I must walk back to-night. There is no shelter nearer except for soldiers."

He looked past us into the main room of the house. Its floor of tiles was littered with dried mud. A table and three broken chairs that had given way beneath the weight of heavy and careless men were its only furniture now. The window panes had been shattered. It was hard to picture that this once had been a cozy, comfortable room, clean and tidy, smartened with pictures and ornaments upon the walls and with curtains at the casement openings, which now gaped so emptily.

The Soldier's Perspective

"Not much is left, eh?" said the old man, his face twitching. "Well *c'est la guerre!*"

"I'm afraid your home is rather badly wrecked," said the major. "Since I came here my men have tried to do no more damage to it than they could help, but Algerians were here before us; and the Algerians, as you know, are rough in their habits and sometimes they loot houses. Do you wish to enter? If so, go ahead. And if you are hungry I would be glad to have you stay and eat with us."

The stranger hesitated a moment.

"No, no," he said; "of what use to go in? I have seen enough. And thank you, m'sieur, but I do not wish any food."

He bowed once more and turned away from us; but he did not go away directly. He went across the court to his barn and tugged at a door that was half ajar. From within came the grumbled protest of a Yankee gunner lying just inside on a pile of straw, and indignant at being roused from a nap.

The man who owned the barn backed away, making his apologies. He picked up a hay fork that lay upon the dungpile, and near the gate, under the shadow of the wall, he stooped again and picked up a broken clock that someone had tossed out of the house. Then, after one more glance all about the place as though he strove to fix in his mind a picture of it, not as now it was but as once it had been, he stepped through the gate, and with his pitiable salvage tucked under his bony arms he vanished up the road.

When that night I summed up my experiences the memories of the day that stood out clearest in my mind were not of the guns nor the aëroplanes nor the bursting shells nor yet the sight in the German lines, but of the mistreated dog that howled and of the cuckoo that fluted in the thicket and of the old man who had trudged so far, over perilous roads, to look with his eyes for the last time, surely, upon the sorry ruination of his home. And I felt that I, a man whose business it is to see interesting things and afterward to put them down in black and white, was acquiring in some degree the perspective of the soldier, whose mental viewpoint is so foreshortened by the imminent presence of the greater phases of war that he comes after a while to regard the inconsequential, and so looks on the incidental phases of it as of more account than the complexities of its vast, hurrying, overdriven mechanism.

For the point I have been trying, perhaps clumsily, to make clear all along is just this: As a general thing it may be set

Wear a "Vanity V"

WIDENING CIRCLES

Throw a pebble into still water, watch the ripples spread until they reach the furthest shore.

Every Vanity Hat sold in a town starts an ever-widening circle of influence for correct appearance. Its style and finish sell another Vanity to the wearer's friend—to his friend's friend—these in turn sell others.

Vanity Hats have satisfied a real demand for a soft hat made on honor, reflecting good taste, smartly finished, and wearing perfectly.

To Dealers:

If you did not accept our invitation last year to apply for the Vanity Agency, we will be pleased to hear from you, although we can no longer promise exclusive representation, especially in the larger cities.

The Titan
A Fifth Avenue Hat You Can Buy In Your Own Town

NONAME HAT MFG. CO.
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
Plant at Orange, N. J.
Since 1883

Buy W.S.S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT Buy

Henry Tetlow's
Famous
Swan
Down
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
For the Complexion
has proved its excellent qualities to millions of particular women during the past half century.
Every box of Swan Down bears the name of Henry Tetlow—a positive assurance of face-powder satisfaction.
If you haven't tried it, get a box and learn why millions of women continue to prefer Swan Down.
It is so smooth, transparent, adherent, and so pleasantly perfumed, we know you will like it.
Five Shades—White, Flesh, Pink, Cream and Brunette. At all drug and department stores.
Trial Package Free on Request
HENRY TETLOW CO.
Established 1849
Dept. J. Philadelphia, Pa.

Vogan's
CHOCOLATES
From The Land of Milk and Honey
A pound of Vogan's Chocolates is very, very nourishing. It has more calories of food-value than a pound of steak. If you wish to forego your share of Vogan's, send it to your soldier in the training camp. He craves it!
VOGAN CANDY CO.
PORTLAND, OREGON
Dealers wanted
VENUS PENCILS
17 Degrees—All Perfect
Set the standard by which all pencils are judged
WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOKS ON PATENTS
MUNN & CO.
620 Woolworth Bldg., NEW YORK
625 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.

down that except for those infrequent occasions when there is a charge to be made or a charge to be repelled, or except when some freak of war, new to the trooper's experience, is occurring or has just occurred, he in all essential outer regards is exactly the same person that he was before he went a-soldiering, with nothing about him to distinguish him from what he was then, barring the fact that now he wears a uniform.

Spiritually he may have been transformed; indeed he must have been, but it is a shading of spirituality that but rarely betrays itself in his fashion of speech or in his physical expression or in his behavior. Doing the most heroic things he nevertheless does them without indulging in any of the heroics with which the fiction of books and the fiction of stagecraft love to invest the display of the finer and the higher emotions of mankind.

Living where death in various guises is ever upon the stalk for him he learns to regard it no more than in civil life he regards the commoner manifestations of a code of civilized procedure that ethically is based upon a plan to safeguard his life and his limb from mischance and ill health. The habit of death becomes to him as commonplace as the habit of life once was. He gets used to the incredible and it turns commonplace. He gets used to the extraordinary, which after it has happened a few times becomes most ordinary. He gets used to being bombed and is bored thereby; gets used to gas alarms and bombardments; to high explosives, spewing shrapnel, and purring bullets; gets used to eating his meals standing up and taking his rest in broken bits. He gets used to all of war's program—its impossibilities and its contradictions, its splendors, its horrors and its miseries. In short he gets used to living in a world that is turned entirely upside down, with every normal aspect in it capsized and every regular and ordained phase of it standing upon its head.

For a fact it seems to me that in its final analysis the essence of war is merely the knack of getting used to war. And the instantaneous response of the average human being to its monstrous and preposterous aspects is a lesson to prove the elasticity and the infinite adaptability of the human mind. Because people can and do get used to it is the reason why they do not all go mad in the midst of it. Getting used to it—that's the answer. After a while one even gets used to the phenomenon that war rarely or never looks as you would think war should look—and that brings me by a roundabout way back again to the main text of my article.

Real War Makes Poor Copy

Troops traveling in numbers across country do not present the majestic panoramic effect that one might expect. This in part, though, is due to the common topography of France. Generally speaking, a given district is so cut up with roads threading the fields that the forces, for convenience in handling, are divided into short columns that move by routes that are practically parallel, toward a common destination. The sight of troops going into camp at night also is disappointing. In France, thickly settled as it is, with villages tucked into every convenient dip between the hills, the men are so rapidly swallowed up in the billeting spaces under house and barn roofs that an hour or even half an hour after the march has ended you might traverse a district where, let us say, twenty thousand soldiers are quartered, and unless you know the correct figures the evidence offered to your eyes might deceive you into assuming that not one-tenth of that number were anywhere in the vicinity.

It is this failure of war, when considered as a physical thing, to measure up to its traditional impressiveness, that fills with despair the soul of the writing man, who craves to put down on paper an adequate conception of it in its entirety. Finally he comes to this: That either he must throw away the delusions he himself nourished and content himself by building together little mosaics with scrape gleaned from the big, untellable, untranslatable enigma that it is, or for the reader's sake must try to conjure up a counterfeit conception, which will correspond with what he knows the average reader's mental vision of the thing to be. In one event he is honest—but disappointing. In the other he is guilty of a willful deceit, but probably turns out copy that is satisfying to his audience. In either event, in his heart he is bound to realize the utter impossibility of depicting war as it is.

It is one of the cumulating paradoxes of the entire paradoxical procedure that the best place to get a reasonably clear and intelligible idea of the swing and scope of a battle is not upon the site of the battle itself, but in a place anywhere from ten to twenty miles behind the battle. Directly at the front the onlooker observes only those small segments of the prevalent hostilities that lie directly under his eyes. He is hedged in and hampered by obstacles; his vision is circumscribed and confined to what may be presented in his immediate vicinity.

Of course there are exceptions to this rule. I am speaking not of every case but of the average case.

A fairish distance back, though, he may to an extent grasp the immensity of the operation. He sees the hammered troops coming out and the fresh troops going in; beholds the movements of munitions and supplies and reserves; observes the handling of the wounded; notes the provisions that are made for a possible advance and the preparations that have been made for a possible retreat. Even so, to the unmitiated eye the scheme appears jumbled, haphazard and altogether confused. It requires a mind acquainted with more than the rudiments of military science to discern purpose in what primarily appears to be so absolutely purposeless. There is nothing of the checkerboard about it; the orderliness of a chess game is lacking. The suggestion is more that of a whirlpool. So it follows that the novice watches only the maelstrom on the surface and rarely can he fathom out the guiding influences that ordain that each twistiwise current moves in its proper channel without impairment or impediment for any one of the myriad of related activities.

Heroes With No Heroics

Being a novice he is astonished to note that only infrequently do wounded men act as his fictional reading has led him to believe they would act. To me the most astounding thing about this has been not that wounded men shriek and moan, but that nearly always they are so terribly silent. At the moment of receiving his hurt a man may cry out; often he does. But oftener than not he comes, mute and composed, to the dressing station. The example of certain men who lock their lips and refuse to murmur, no matter how great is their pain, inspires the rest to do likewise. A man who in civil life would make a great pother over a trivial mishap, in service will endure an infinitely worse one without complaint. If war brings out all the vices in some nations it most surely brings out the virtues in others. I hate to think back on the number of freshly wounded men I have seen, but when I do think back on it I am struck by the fact that barring a few who were delirious and some few more who were just emerging into agonized consciousness following the coma shock of a bad injury, I can count upon the fingers of my two hands the total of those who screamed or loudly groaned. Men well along the road to recovery frequently make more troublesome patients than those who have just been brought to the field hospitals; and a man who perhaps has lain for hours with a great hole in his flesh, stoically awaiting his turn under the surgeon's hands, will sometimes, as a convalescent, worry and fret over the prospect of having his hurts redressed.

Among certain races the newly stricken trooper is more apt to be concerned by the fear that he may be incapacitated from getting back into the game than he is about the extent of his wound or the possibility that he may die of it. As an American I am proud to be able to say, speaking as a first-hand witness, that our own race should be notably included in this category. The Irishman who had been shot five times but was morally certain he would recover and return to the war because he thought he knew the fellow who had plugged him has his counterpart without number among the valorous lads from this side of the ocean whose names have appeared on the casualty lists.

While I am on the subject of unusual phases of modern warfare I should like to include just one more thing in the list—and that thing is the suddenness with which in France, and likewise in Belgium, one in going forward passes out of an area of peacefulness into an area of devastation and destruction. Almost invariably the transition is accomplished with a startling abruptness. It is as though a mighty finger had scored a line across the face of the land and said: "On this side of the line life shall go on as it always has gone on. Here men shall plow, and women shall weave, and children shall play, and the ordinary affairs of mankind shall progress with the seasons. On that side there shall be only death and the proofs of death and the promises of yet more deaths. There the fields shall be given over to the raven and the rat; the homes shall be blasted flat, the towns shall be razed and the earth shall be made a charnel house and a lazar pit of all that is foul and loathsome and abominable in the sight of God and man."

For emphasis of this sharp contrast you have only to take a motor run up out of a district as yet untouched by war into the scathed zone of past or present combat. By preference I should elect for you that the trip be made through a British sector, because the British have a way of stamping their racial individuality upon an area that they take over—they Anglicize it, so to speak. Besides, a tour through British-held territory partakes of the nature of a flying visit to an ethnological congress, seeing that nearly all the peoples who make up the empire are likely to have representatives here present, engaged in one capacity or another—and that adds interest and color to the picture.

Let us start, say, from a French market town on a market day. From far away in the north, as we climb into our car with our soldier driver and our officer escort, comes the faint hollow rumble of the great guns; but that has been going on nearly four years now, and in the monotony of it the people who live here have forgotten the threat that is in that distant thundering. Pippin-cheeked women are driving in, perched upon the high seats of two-wheeled hooded carts and bringing with them fowls and garden truck. In the square before the church booths are being set up for the sale of goods. Plump round-eyed children stand to watch us go down the narrow street, which runs between close rows of wattled, gable-ended stone or plaster cottages. Most of the little girls are minding babies; practically all of the little boys wear black pinafores belted in at their chubby waistlines, with soldier caps—always soldier caps—on their heads, and they love to stiffen to attention and salute the occupants of a military automobile.

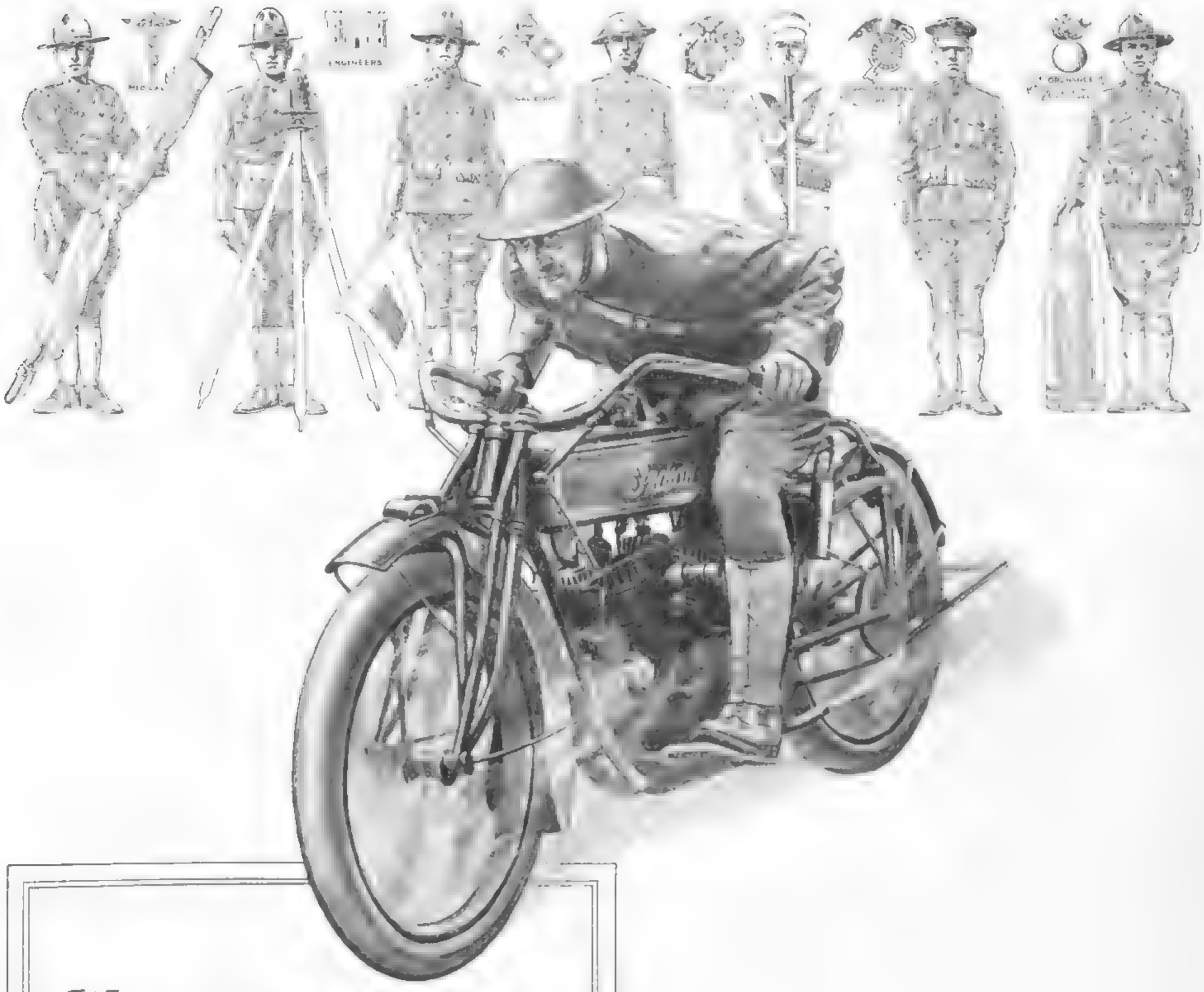
There are but few men in sight, and these are old men or else they wear uniforms. The houses are tidied and neat; the soil, every tillable inch of it, is in a state of intensive and painstaking cultivation. On all hands vineyards, orchards, pastures and grain fields are spread in squares and parallelograms. The road is bordered on either side by tall fine trees. Chickens, geese and turkeys scuttle away to safety from before the onrushing car, and at the roadside goats and cattle and sheep and sometimes swine are feeding. Each animal or each group of animals has its attendant herder. Horses are tethered outside the hedges where they may crop the free herbage. The landscape is fecund with life and productivity.

French Villages Anglicized

It is a splendid road along which we course, wide and smooth and well-kept, and for this the reason is presently made plain. Steam rollers of British manufacture, with soldiers to steer them, constantly roll back and forth over stretches where broken stone has been spread by the repair gangs. These mending crews may be made up of soldiers—French, British, Portuguese or Italians; and then again they may be drafts of German prisoners or members of labor squads drawn from far corners of the world where the British or the French flag flies. Within an hour you will pass turbaned East Indians, Chinamen, Arabs, Nubians, Ceylonese, Senegalese, Bengalese, Afridi, Moroccans, Algerians. Their headdresses are likely to be their own; for the rest they wear the uniforms of the nation that has enlisted or hired them.

Despite this polyglot commingling of types the British influence is upon everything. Military guideposts bearing explicit directions in English stand thick along the wayside, and in the windows of the shops are cruder signs to show that the French

(Concluded on Page 53)



Why we are behind on orders for Indians

Since Great Britain sent her first expeditionary force to Belgium, the motorcycle has been gaining in importance as a military necessity.

It has been found useful in so many ways that, since 1914, many thousands have been placed in the service of the Allied Armies.

The flexibility of the *Indian* and its unusual freedom from motor ills have made it a necessity to our own army. And our factories are working night and day to supply the needs of Uncle Sam.

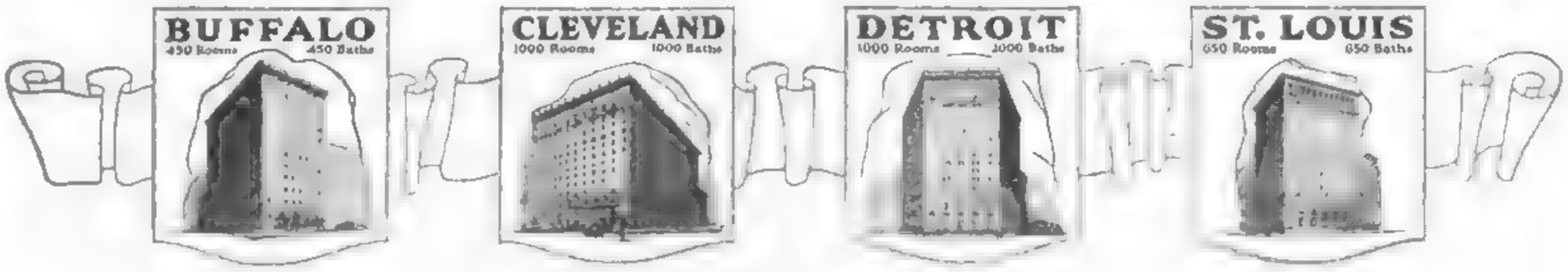
We feel sure that our civilian customers who have suffered delay by this condition will be patient until such time as we can resume our regular deliveries.

HENDEE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASS

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

Indian Motocycle

Hotels Statler



These four hotels still pledge—and deliver—your full money's worth, just as they always have.

Most of the Statler rooms are the same price today as before the war. All the characteristic Statler comforts are there, too; and the Statler policies are unchanged.

Remember, when you are to be in a Statler city, that you can't buy more or better in hotel accommodations, whatever your buying habits and whatever your standards of comfortable living.

And in *quality* of accommodations—

In *location*—

In surroundings and *"atmosphere"*—

In thoughtful *service*—

In all that makes for your *comfort* and *convenience* when you're away from home—

You get *more than your money's worth* at a Statler Hotel.

Rates are from $2 up (more than 60% of the rooms are $3 or less). Every—*every*—room has private bath, circulating ice water and other unusual equipment-features that add to your comfort and save you time, annoyance and money.

A morning paper is delivered to every guest-room without charge, of course. This is typical of the kind of service Hotels Statler provide.

Club breakfasts are served in all restaurants.

Statler Hotels go the limit to please you, because they stake their continued growth and success on the way they take care of present business.

Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City

Now Building—To be Statler-operated
Opens in December, 1918.

Hotel Pennsylvania will be the largest hotel in the world (2200 rooms, 2200 baths); and in appointments, service and character worthy in every way of America's first city, our greatest railway system and her most prominent hotel district. Opp. Pennsylvania Station, Seventh Ave., 32nd to 33rd Sts.

(Concluded from Page 50)

proprietors make a specialty of catering to the wants of Britishers.

Alongside the highway, settlements of wooden or iron huts increase in number and in proportions. Hospitals, headquarters of various units, bathhouses, punishment compounds, motor stations, supply depots, airdromes, ordnance repair plants, munition warehouses, Y. M. C. A. huts, gas test stations, rest barracks, gasoline depots and all the rest of it show themselves for what they are, both by their shapes and by the notice boards that methodically mark them. Here is cluttered all the infinitely complicated machinery of the war-making industry, with its accessories and its adjuncts, its essentials and its incidentals, but so far there is no actual evidence that the rude and disturbing hand of war has actually been laid upon the land. Rather is it a spectacle to make you think of a thousand circus days rolled into one, and mixed in with all this, traveling caravans, gypsy encampments, Wild West shows, horse fairs, street carnivals and what not.

Of a sudden the picture changes. There are no civilians visible now, only soldiers; and not so many soldiers, either, as you encountered just behind you in the intermediate zone, because as a general thing the nearer you come to the actual theater of hostilities the fewer soldiers in mass are you apt to see.

The vista stretching before you wears a bleak and untenanted look. There is a village ahead of you, but it is a village without roofs to its houses or dwellers within its breached and tottering walls. It is a foul and messy nightmare of a ruin. It is as though a tornado had blown a cluster of brick kilns flat, and then an earthquake had come along and jumbled the fragments into still greater and more utter confusion.

Protruding from the flattened rubble about it there uprears a crooked spindlelike pinnacle of tottering masonry. It may have been a corner of the church wall or of the town hall. Now it is like a beckoning finger calling to heaven for vengeance. Upon it is set a notice board to advise you that you have reached the "Alert Zone," which means your gas respirator must be snuggled up under your chin ready for use and that your steel helmet must be worn upon your head and that you must take such other precautions as may be required.

You ride on, then, at reduced speed along a camouflaged byway for perhaps fifteen minutes. You come to where once upon a time, before the jack-booted, spike-headed apostles of Kultur descended upon this country, was another village standing. This village has been more completely obliterated out of its former image—if such a thing is possible—than its neighbor. It is little else than a red smear in the grayish-yellow desolation, where constant bombardment has reduced the bricks of its houses to a powder and then has churned and pestled the powder into the harried earth. There remain for proof of one-time occupancy only the jagged lines of certain foundations and homely mounds of mingled soil and débris.

Up from beneath one of these mess heaps, emerging, like a troglodyte, from a hole that burrows downward to a hidden cellar there crawls forth a grimed soldier who warns you that neither you nor your car may progress farther except at your dire risk, since this is an outpost position and once you pass from your present dubious shelter you will be in full view and easy target range of Brother Boche. You have advanced to the very forward verge of the battle line and you didn't know it.

One rather dark night, traveling in an unlighted car, three of us were trying to reach an American brigade headquarters where we expected to sleep. Our particular destination was a hamlet in a forest just behind and slightly east of the main defenses of Verdun.

We must have taken the wrong turn at a crossroads, for after going some distance along a rutted cart track through the woods we came to where a deep ditch—at least it seemed to be a deep ditch—had been dug right across the trail from side to side. By throwing on the brakes the chauffeur succeeded in halting the car before its front wheels went over and into the cut. We climbed out to investigate, and then we became aware of an American sentry standing twenty feet beyond us in the aforesaid ditch.

"We are correspondents," said a spokesman among us, "and we are trying to get to General So-and-So's headquarters. Can't we go any farther along this road?"

Being an American this soldier had a sense of humor.

"Not unless you speak German, you can't," he drawled. "The Heinies are dead ahead of you, not two hundred yards from this here trench."

Without once suspecting it we had ridden clear through a sector held by us to the front-line defenses alongside the beleaguered city of Verdun.

It's just one paradox after another, is the thing we call war.

THE ROAD TO HEALTH

(Concluded from Page 9)

afterward for the much-needed cheer, but all through its gayety his lips kept taking the shape of the arguments with which he should have put down Susie, and before the last act calamity was upon him—his head had begun to ache.

He hurried home. Presently Marion, wakened by sounds in the sitting room, opened her door and peered out. Herbert stood before the open window, earnestly engaged in touching his toes. On the table was a large tin of bicarbonate of soda. The explosive motions of a jumping-jack followed; then Herbert laid himself down on a rug and solemnly lifted his legs toward the ceiling. Marion closed her door and stole back to bed. Herbie was absolutely right to maintain his health; she could not have explained why she felt a little mortified. Perhaps it was his expression.

Herbert was too sweet-natured to harbor resentment, and he brought home no more packages; but he quite simply and pleasantly took to dining downtown. Susie had not been prepared for that. And this new move of Herbert's wiped all the dawning relief from Marion's face.

"Of course, I adore the plain food, Susie; but restaurants cost more," she said.

And so they bought good things for Herbert, and the two women tried not to eat them, and once more care brooded over the little household. Herbert, the unconquered, seemed in perfect spirits, but perhaps he was conscious of the charged atmosphere, for one night he came home radiant with a happy idea. He would take his vacation now, while Marion had her work to absorb her and Susie's company at night. Later Marion could go to Aunt Susan's farm as usual, and he could come down over an occasional Sunday. Privately Herbert loathed the farm; there was insufficient plumbing, and you fumbled to bed by candle light, and the drinking water contained lime, and Aunt Susan, who had never heard of a balanced ration, expected you to begin the day on doughnuts and end it on baked beans.

"But where will you go, Herbie?" The shadow of anxiety lay heavy on Marion's brow. "What will you do? Summer hotels cost so," she had to add.

"Oh, it wouldn't be much for two weeks," Herbert reassured her. "And when you think what a man's vacation means to his whole year's work! A small, quiet room and bath ——"

Marion cried over the bath—actually broke down and cried. It was a rare phenomenon, and Herbert, disturbed, tried in vain to make her take a broader view; she only sobbed every time the word "bath" was spoken. For the first time in their married life she was not playing fair. If you cannot answer an argument it is manifestly unfair to keep on crying.

"This confounded office work!" Herbert exclaimed. "It's getting on your nerves. Susie or not Susie, you ought to stop."

"It's the one comfort of my life, and I won't stop," Marion sobbed. "And if you're going to stay at summer hotels and take bridal suites, the b-b-babies have got to get jobs too! I can't bear it!"

She spoiled his dinner and his night's sleep, and he went off heavy-eyed and aggrieved in the morning, prepared for sorry consequences. Marion, too, set out joylessly, and all day long her hidden trouble churned and churned. When she got home that night she came straight to the kitchen, where Susie was broiling Herbert's steak.

"Herbert is a good man," she said, a jerk in her voice. "He loves his home and his babies; he hasn't a vice; he is always kind. And he makes me so unhappy that I wish I were dead! What can I do?"

It was her first spoken admission of trouble, and Susie was careful not to frighten her back into hiding. "You might inherit a million dollars," she said vaguely. "I doubt if it would be enough, though."

"You can't leave a man because he takes a room and bath." Marion's tragic eyes, for once, hid nothing. "And he is so good, so sweet—why, I love him, Susie! But I'm coming to the breaking point."

"Why don't you let him worry about the debts?"

Marion's eyes filled. "I can't!"

"I know you can't." Susie turned the steak with a slap. "Well, I thought I could help you, but I've only made things worse," she admitted. "I discipline him and he ducks, I insult him and he forgives me. I'd better go back to my job."

"But your arm, Susie!"

"Oh, that didn't bother me after a week," was the weary answer. "I thought I was being useful. I'm a fool. Everybody's a fool." And she banged the dishes on the table.

And then Herbert came in, shining with good news. He had felt so seedy, thanks to last night's storm, that he had gone in to see Doctor Austin—it did not pay to consult the lesser men when it was a question of health—and the doctor had suggested that Herbert run down to his sanitarium at Ridgehurst for two weeks. He would have the most luxuriously comfortable of quarters in beautiful country, and he need pay only a modest sum for board. The doctor and he had often discussed hygiene, and had formed an odd sort of friendship over canals and colons. The place was not very full just now, and Herbert's cheerful presence would be welcome. And so he was going off first thing in the morning; he had already bought his ticket and a seat in the chair car.

"Going that way, in decent comfort, I can begin to rest on the way down," he urged; and in her relief Marion gave him the assenting "Yes, dear!" of his heart's desire.

Two quiet, rather sad weeks went by. Susie had not the heart to take from Marion the precious salary, and pretended new concern for her arm, and the two women lived as women will when there is need for economy. And then one afternoon Susie saw a taxicab stop at the door of the apartment.

"Daddie's home," she said to the babies with an irony that they missed.

Herbert was beaming with health and happiness and goodness and loving-kindness to all men. He was so refreshed, so joyous, that Susie felt a primitive desire to hurt his feelings, and refrained only because she was not his wife. That was Marion's job. So she set about getting dinner in grim endurance, and privately hoped that the little sister would come in sufficiently fagged to hit hard. And then she had to bear the spectacle of Marion bursting in and rushing into Herbert's arms. Her talk was a shower of fragments:

"Herbie, it's wonderful! Yes, Doctor Austin told me about the position. I went there in the noon hour. Oh, I'm wild to have you take it! He said you were so useful, that you found a hundred ways to make the place more comfortable—Herbie, he's crazy about you! He says you're the superintendent he's been looking for for twelve years! And he showed me a picture of our darling cottage ——"

"Heat and electricity and hot water from the sanitarium," Herbert broke in.

"And the good salary—and the lovely country for the babies! Why, Herbie, Doctor Austin says you have more ideas about comfort and ease and well-being than most doctors, and you're to do that all day long! The thing you do best! You know what he said to me?"

"What, darling?" Herbert's voice sang.

"That the way you said 'What is expense compared to health!' would in itself be worth five hundred a month to any sanitarium. Oh, Herbie, it's wonderful, the way he appreciates you!"

Susie, unheeded in the kitchen, sat limply down on the nearest chair. She was very glad for Marion, of course; but there was something wrong somewhere. She had a feeling that divine justice had miscarried.

THE Florsheim Shoe proves its worth in these days of higher prices and varying quality. Pay the price and get the satisfaction that only good shoes can give.

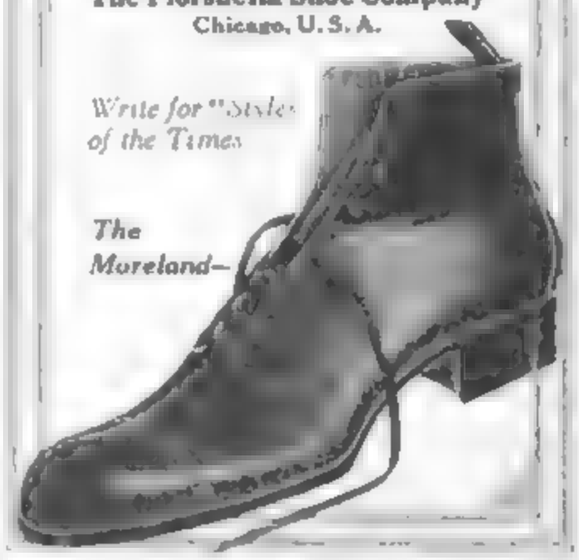
Nine Dollars and up

Florsheim quality is economy. Look for name in shoe.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago, U. S. A.

Write for "Styles of the Times"

The Moreland—



Every soldier, hunter, fisherman, motor ist and lover of the great outdoors needs this double-duty

CEEBYNITE COMPASS

[illegible] night as by day. Floating dial [illegible] in a wind) night to get direction)

$3.50 at dealers or postpaid
(Gold Filled Case $6.50)

A dependable, faithful guide in daylight or darkness in unfamiliar country, at all times. A high grade compass of unerring accuracy backed by a responsible manufacturer.

Other Taylor-Made Compasses

[illegible] $1.50 [illegible] $1.75 [illegible] $2.50 [illegible] $3.00 [illegible] $4.00 [illegible] plete, handsome "Made-in-Am[illegible] Line

Accept no substitute. Order direct from us if dealer will not supply you the genuine Taylor Compass.

Descriptive folder on request

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

American Achievements

The Aëroplane and Johnston's Quinette Assortment

BIG MONEY

(Continued from Page 22)

from a tour of many of the more distant plants interrupted to say that in some cases he had found that a little extra heat or rain would boost the figure to fifty per cent.

"If every common laborer would work six days a week," said the employment manager, "we would have no shortage of labor. We are not short of man power at all, but we have had to deal with a tremendous disinclination to work regularly since wages have gone up so much."

This same man pointed out that absenteeism was one of the chief factors in magnifying the house problem. Such houses as there are, he insisted, were not being used from the viewpoint of full efficiency unless men worked regularly. A welfare worker in one of the big steel mills stated as his deliberate opinion, which is shared by others, that the laboring man is not so much spending his money or saving it as he is maintaining his old normal standard of living by working only a few days a week where formerly he had to work six. In a number of coal mines where a bonus system has been inaugurated as an incentive to more regular work it has been found that the earnings of a few very good men increased enormously, but that the average tonnage showed no increase, which would indicate that beyond a certain point the bulk of the men in these mines did not respond to the incentive of larger earnings.

The Industrial Tourist

Nor must it be supposed that the chance of adding to the family earnings through the increased employment of women, girls, boys and old men is always taken advantage of. Not far from one of the great Virginia powder plants lives an old Southern family whose cook for the first time in many a day failed to show up. They sent someone to see what had happened, and the worthy lady was found stretched on a gorgeous flowered sofa, evidently a new piece of furniture, dressed in an elaborate silk kimono.

"My man's got a good job in the powder works," she explained, "and I jus' come to the conclusion I'd let him spend his money on me, 'cause if he didn't he'd spend it on some other gal."

Another formerly faithful cook was found, when searched out, to be making tea on the front porch. She had given up cooking, she said, and explained that her "ole man" had a good job at the powder mill. Then she added: "I allus wanted to be a lady, and I'm trying it out."

I have recently talked with many employers in various parts of the country who honestly believe that the very large increases in wages have actually been a bad thing for the workman. "Sudden riches," said the treasurer of one company, "have, as we know, proved harmful to many a millionaire's son. Why shouldn't they prove just as harmful, relatively speaking, to the workman?"

One very intelligent employer advanced the theory that a moderate increase in wages is a good thing because the worker is always planning what he will do with it, since a moderate increase is being hoped for and often expected even in normal times. But extraordinary increases have not been anticipated and digested, they are not what the worker had considered an attainable ideal, and therefore are far more likely to be dissipated. So much of an enormous increase is velvet, unexpected and unstudied, that it is likely either to be wasted or to lead to fewer working days.

An extreme statement of the same view was that recently made by an English bishop who, referring to the fact that many of the boys who worked at the Woolwich Arsenal were making more than his suffragan bishop, said: "They are earning far too much money. They easily get into bad company and go to the devil as fast as they can."

Frankly there seems to be very little if any evidence that munition workers in this country are using their high wages to "go to the devil." Even the most intolerant of employers here do not take that view. The American employer does not see so much danger of bad habits or even of extravagance as the result of high wages as he does the certainty of absenteeism and shifting from one job to another, the constant "turning, turning, turning" as the manager of one munitions plant expressed it.

There is not the slightest doubt that much of the enormous labor turnover in the munition plants, shipyards and other distinctly war industries has been due to high wages. The Herculean efforts that the Federal Government is making to standardize wages so that there will be less incentive for workers to migrate from one place to another will lessen the evil. So undoubtedly will the centralization of employment under the Department of Labor. Nor is there any doubt that turnover is less of an evil in many places now than it was a few months ago.

But as late as the end of July I visited a great munitions plant whose manager said that between two and three hundred were leaving every day—eighty per cent of their own volition—though the scale of wages was almost unbelievably high.

"Why do they go?" I asked.

"Wanderlust," was the disgusted reply. "Wanderlust and the almighty long green. They hear that wages are higher at another plant and they go there. Then they hear they can get more in the shipyards and they gothere. Alwaysturning,turning,turning."

Not only do high wages make for turnover, but the exaggeration of high wages, inevitable in a period of enormous expansion and inflation, makes the situation still worse. Just as the most impossible stories abound in the stock market when prices are mounting rapidly, so do the workers exaggerate their compensation in conversation with one another far more when the compensation is really high and mounting higher than they do when it is stable and moderate. Testimony that such exaggeration is rampant throughout the land comes not from the employers but from state labor-bureau officials, men who were themselves formerly in the workers' ranks, and from others who come in direct and sympathetic contact with the workers.

Of course, a floating, migratory, restless element in the labor world does not make for forethought, prudence, thrift and financial independence. The more frequently and uneasily labor turns from job to job the less it saves, and the less it gains in intelligence, power and real freedom.

The floater, the industrial tourist, usually loses three to five days between jobs. It is estimated that a very considerable proportion of the common labor of the country is losing one-fifth of all its time in migration. This huge economic loss to both the individual and the nation is not, of course, by any means wholly due to the innate cussedness of labor. No doubt much of it is due to real shiftlessness and lack of moral fiber. It is a natural instinct of human nature by no means confined to the laboring classes to expect in a vague sort of way to get ahead of the game in a new job. The lawyer is sure he would save more money if he were only an author, and the author is equally certain he would increase his savings if he were a lawyer.

More Workers Than Houses

This common, this almost universal feeling is especially strong among the workers because they more often than other classes get into the clutches of the installment salesmen and so are constantly behind. The tendency to seek a change has of course been intensified since the war by general knowledge of high wages, by the fact that transportation from one place to another is paid by the employer or employment agency, and by the ability of workmen to get an advance from the new employer to pay for meals and lodgings for the first few days. As a common laborer usually shows up at a new job without any reserve fund the knowledge that he will be taken care of tends to drive a man from job to job.

But on the other hand the laborer is not responsible for the bidding of one contractor against another, and even of government departments against each other. Obviously when Detroit advertises in Pittsburgh for laborers, and Pittsburgh advertises in Detroit, the blame for industrial unrest and the evils that follow cannot be laid wholly at the door of the worker.

Many of the big munition and shipbuilding plants have entirely outrun their housing facilities. It is impossible to attract a steady class of employees, especially the married men, if there are no available houses. I visited one great munitions and shipbuilding center where thirty thousand workers are engaged in these industries, and yet there are no houses nearer than half an hour by train. It is true that forty-five special trains a day are run to one plant alone, but the element of permanence, which alone makes men provident, cannot be expected unless there are some houses in the vicinity.

The manager of one great plant, who despairingly showed me his labor turnover with its startling totals of daily departures, said that he was sure his labor problems would be almost solved if twenty-five hundred good houses could be built overnight in the neighborhood.

"Why, the beds are never cold in the nearest town," he added; a saying, by the way, which seems to apply to several different munition centers. "They are occupied in three shifts of eight hours each. As fast as one man gets out another gets in."

There are industrial centers where the moment you step off the train you feel the atmosphere of the mining town or boom town that has struck it rich. There are places where strikes, industrial unsettlement of every kind and I. W. W. seem to go hand in hand with a regular money jag. There are other places where by force of circumstances or by wisdom on the part of the employers there seems to have been no unsettlement, no particular extravagance or disturbance.

Developing Latent Help

One of the most interesting experiments is that being tried by a big machine-gun, rifle and cartridge factory. This concern with its twenty thousand hands is of course by far the largest employer in the city, and has at least twice as many workers as before the war. When government orders began to pile in the manager called upon the other large employers and said in effect, if not in these words:

"One of three things will happen here: I will bring in thousands of workers from the outside and upset the industrial situation. There will be a shortage of housing and eating facilities. Rents will go up and other prices will rise in proportion, with all kinds of profiteering. The police will have additional work and the city will be in a turmoil.

"Or I can take away your help. I can do it perfectly well because my contracts are on a cost-plus basis, and I can afford to pay whatever wages may be necessary to get the workers, more than you can with your private means.

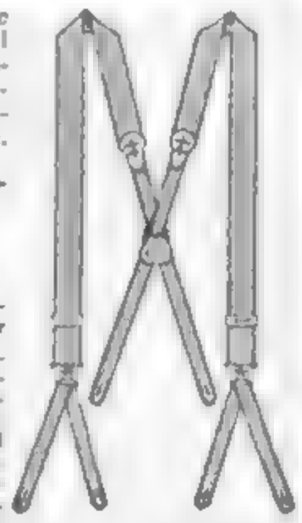
"Or finally we can develop the latent help here in town. I believe we can find, by a campaign of education, enough people who are willing to work in the munitions factory who have never worked before to avoid bringing in much outside labor or taking away from yours."

The other employers and such organizations as the Chamber of Commerce and various manufacturers' associations were not slow in seeing the point. A newspaper advertising campaign was started to break down the prejudice against factory work in itself and to create a patriotic desire to work in the munitions plant. Organizations like the Daughters of the American Revolution were appealed to, and a number of women came in who work only half time as a regular thing. It is said that one "society" woman who has three servants at home, and a minister's wife are among those who have entered the plant. Of course society leaders and ministers' wives are distinctly the exception and not the rule. But enough latent help has been brought to the surface to avoid the usual wartime migrations in and out of the city of hordes of strangers.

There is not the slightest doubt that the chaotic conditions that have characterized one of the country's largest war industrial centers were due primarily to mistakes of management at the start. The result of these managerial blunders was a complete destruction of any sort of morale among the workers. It became the fashion to strike merely for the amusement of the thing. Men preferred to strike rather than work. Following a reorganization of the largest company in the place and extended efforts on the part of the Federal Government and other agencies to compose labor

(Concluded on Page 57)

After you have once experienced the real comfort of Kady Suspenders, you will always insist upon getting them in the future.



KADY
Suspenders
with the famous, comfort-insuring Double Crown Roller
that causes Kady Suspenders to adjust themselves to every movement of the body. Your dealer will refund money if you are not satisfied. Look for name Kady on buckles. 75c at leading dealers.

THE OHIO SUSPENDER CO.
MANSFIELD, OHIO

600 Shaves From One Blade

Yes, and more. That is our record of many repeated shaves. For all Safety Razors we have always for life with wonderful, new
Rotastrop
10 Days Free Trial
Burke Mfg. Co., Dept. 200, Dayton, O.

THE HOUSE OF DAVOL

STARTING very modestly away back in 1874, this great institution has won its way to leadership through its steadfast determination to produce rubber goods that would stand the severest tests of Quality and Service. This fixed policy plus the discriminating judgment of the American people have made the tremendous growth of this organization possible.

For almost half a century the House of Davol has satisfied the best jobbers, retail druggists and, above all, the great American public, that Davol Products stand pre-eminent in the rubber goods industry.

You don't have to buy rubber goods on chance—simply insist on the Davol trade-mark and you are fully protected. The name "Davol" stands for better rubber—thick, soft, flexible rubber—built by the most modern scientific methods into indispensable rubber necessities by expert American labor. Davol Rubber Goods cost no more than the ordinary kind, so buy the best and avoid disappointment in emergencies. Look for frequent window displays of Davol Rubber Goods in the best drug stores.

DAVOL RUBBER COMPANY

DAVOL
"Household"
Rubber Goods

It never pays to buy rubber goods on price alone. You can't judge durability by looks, so be sure by insisting on Davol Rubber Goods. On the left are shown No. 682 Water Bottle; No. 210 Breast Pump; No. 672 Fountain Syringe; No. 147 Anti-Colic Nipple; No. 8 Invalid Air Cushion

Established 1874

Executive Offices and Factory

Providence, R. I.

New York - Chicago - Boston - San Francisco

"Heat and Cold"

Every Home Should Have This Booklet

Written by a well-known physician, it tells about the timely use of hot and cold water in the treatment of many ailments and bodily discomforts.

Sent free on request

DAVOL
"Superservice"
Rubber Goods

A super-quality line made of red, thick, pliable, velvety rubber, extremely durable. On the right are shown No. 400 Fountain Syringe; No. 40 Nasal Douche; No. 50 Infant Syringe; No. 100 Ice Cap; No. 250 Water Bottle. The Superservice items are always sold in orange-colored packages with blue ribbon and gold seal impression

DAVOL
QUALITY SERVICE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

RUBBER GOODS

Goes farther— lasts longer.

You can paint your house properly with a smaller quantity of *Certain-teed* Paint than you would need if you were to use ordinary paint. *Certain-teed* Paint covers more surface per gallon because it contains a large proportion of finely ground lead, mixed with strictly pure and refined linseed oil.

Furthermore, you do not need to repaint so soon, because the correct proportion of zinc is used to produce a fine, smooth surface that assures long wear.

The Certain-teed Policy:

To make every ***Certain-teed*** product from the best quality of materials; to use modern methods and machinery in manufacturing; to employ skilled experts; to manufacture on a scale that insures minimum costs; and to sell in such volume that ***Certain-teed*** prices are possible. Under this policy we always have made and will continue to make ***Certain-teed*** Roofing. Also under this policy ***Certain-teed*** Paints and Varnishes can be made to sell at such reasonable prices. Paint makers usually charge the same for each color. Some colors cost less to manufacture than others. ***Certain-teed*** prices vary for each color, according to its manufacturing cost. You, therefore, obtain in ***Certain-teed*** Paints the very highest quality at a worth-while saving in cost

Certain-teed Products Corporation

Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities of America

Manufacturers of

Certain-teed Paints—Varnishes—Roofing

(Concluded from Page 54)

troubles, conditions are now settling down. But the point is that the original difficulty lay as much with the employers as with the employees, perhaps more.

Probably no worker has been more lamented over, pleaded with and denounced because of his tendency to work only part of the time than the coal miner. But I have the word of two coal company presidents that the fundamental cause lies in the nature of the industry. For years it has been the custom, at least in the bituminous fields, to operate only part time. One always finds a few frank-spoken men in every line, and here is what the former president of a railroad operating in the bituminous field had to say on this subject:

"The railroads in order to get cheap coal for their own use encouraged in every way the opening of coal mines. The result was that any number of ill-fitted operators went into the business—men who could not succeed. Naturally they ran only part time."

For several years before the war the bituminous coal trade was one of the most unprofitable industries in this country. Mines rarely operated more than two hundred and twenty to two hundred and forty days a year. Is it any wonder that the miner learned to work only part time? Then in 1914 and 1915 the shortage of railroad equipment was an important factor. Indeed even last winter full production was held up by lack of cars, and in fact at intervals for many years shortage of equipment has been a factor in making both the operator and the miner a part-time man.

Men Who Save the Most

"In view of these facts," said one coal-company president, "it is difficult to make the miner see the advantage of working six days a week. He cannot change all at once in order to lay up money to tide him over a dull period in the future, for the reason that conditions in the past have forced him to be a four or five day worker and ingrained the habit in him."

To a very large extent the waste of both time and money that has gone with the present era of inflated wages has been due not to the high wages themselves or to the innate lack of providence among the workers, but to the class of work that has been under way and that is now fortunately decreasing. I refer specifically to the fact that workers in regular manufacturing industries are a more thrifty lot than those in construction jobs. Much of the riotous expenditure that has been associated with war industries has had its root in the feeling that such work was temporary.

The fact that a man is getting temporarily high wages may seem all the more reason why he should save while he can, but human nature does not operate that way. Fixed surroundings, a fixed and settled community, stable, permanent employment—these are what lead to savings. I had understood this in theory but was astonished to discover how as a matter of course both the employers and employees accept it in practice all along the line of war industries. The vice president of a great engineering, construction and public utility operating firm, which has recently entered the shipbuilding field, stated that his firm's operating men as a rule save far more than the construction men, even though the latter earn twice as much.

In a little local union headquarters near the Delaware River water front and close to the great shipyards I asked two machinists whether in their opinion the workers were blowing in money or saving it. They hotly denied any spendthrift tendency on the part of their fellows, and I said: "But I have heard there is a lot of extravagance among the men at ——"

"Of course there is," replied the machinist scornfully. "They have cigar makers, barbers, ice-cream men down there—everything; down where we work"—naming one of the oldest shipyards in the country—"the boss don't see a new face every morning. He knows his men."

But the improvement in shipbuilding plants, particularly at Hog Island since it has changed from a construction to a manufacturing proposition, has been remarkable indeed. To build the vast shipyard, especially under the adverse conditions of winter weather, required tens of thousands of construction men gathered together as rapidly as possible. Gradually as the actual manufacture of ships took the place of construction work the class of workers improved. The riffraff and Bolsheviki were weeded out. More married men came. Even those who had never been in shipbuilding work settled down as, under training, they gradually became skilled riveters.

At one time the workers entered more than three thousand complaints a week, mostly about each other. But this summer conditions gradually settled down to a point where less than one hundred and fifty complaints a week were made. In the last two weeks in July only eleven arrests for drunkenness were made in a total working force of nearly thirty thousand. With every step toward placing the largest shipyard in the world on a manufacturing basis the personnel improved and the stories of riotous expenditure grew fewer and less definite. To-day a typical Hog Island street, where the workers live, is a quiet place where men sit on their front porches with their wives and children all the evening.

For more than a year the country had numbers of gigantic construction jobs under way—cantonments, powder plants and shipyards. In the construction trades employment is nomadic, recently on a more exaggerated and hectic scale than ever before. The married men often have to keep up an establishment at home and pay their expenses on the road as well. The men live in temporary barracks and boarding houses and the life as a whole is one that does not appeal to married men, older men and naturally steady men, the class that does most of the saving.

But by far the most serious impediment to saving in the building and construction trades is the fact that regularity of saving is prevented by constant moving about. In all the industrial sections from Boston to Pittsburgh I find first-hand evidence that the greatest obstacle to keeping the masses of the people steadily at their Liberty Loan payments is the shifting from job to job. The paymaster of one plant with eighteen thousand men told me that nineteen out of twenty men who fell down on their payments did so because they were leaving the plant and would not take the trouble to transfer their accounts to their new employers.

The only way to save is to make regular payments at fixed and regular times and places. The mere physical difficulties of paying up for anything if one moves from place to place are almost insurmountable. Everywhere I found evidence that among native Americans the older men and the married men were the most consistent savers. I found one brass worker who had bought two thousand dollars of the Third Liberty Loan, paying one thousand dollars in cash and the rest in weekly payments of twenty dollars out of his wages of forty dollars to forty-five dollars a week. But he was a man nearly sixty years old, who had been with the company for many years.

The High Cost of Experience

In the Pittsburgh district there is a large corporation whose plants are engaged in war work and one of whose higher officers is a young man of the newer and more enlightened type that is not afraid to face all the facts, no matter whom they hit. The company had a very costly strike several years ago, before which labor conditions in some of its plants had been far from ideal. Many of the employees were considered to be a low type of foreigners, much given to drink and disorder.

"The strike cost us half a million dollars," said the young employer, "but it was worth it. We hadn't known before that our men were human. We know it now, and it was worth the bitter cost to learn that lesson. We are getting the results from that experience now too."

By results he meant that the improved working conditions following the strike were bringing a better class of citizenship, less drinking, more saving, more home buyers and a more wholesome situation all round. That such has been the result I confirmed from sources much closer to the workers than the corporation official quoted.

In any well-balanced estimate of what becomes of high wages it must be emphasized that some employers appear to have a veritable genius for keeping their workers contented to a degree where large savings and even actual prosperity result. Such is markedly the case with a very old concern, the older portions of whose plants are in the heart of one of the great industrial centers and have been there for something like half a century. It is a curious, old-fashioned place, with its dingy president's office and directors' room right next to the noisy shops. One's first impression on entering the offices, with their atmosphere of Dickens' London, is of a possible inefficiency and dry rot; but that feeling is quickly dispelled.

There are none of the new wrinkles of "industrial relations," "welfare work," "personnel" or anything of that kind. But the company is always just about two laps ahead of any labor troubles, and its pay roll of more than fifteen thousand probably contains a larger number of workers who are positively well-to-do than any other large-scale factory. Frequently old employees of the company who have never been anything but shop workers die, and to the surprise of the officers leave several pieces of valuable real estate to their families.

The superintendent, a large, fat, plain-spoken person with a keen knowledge of human nature, said that what he called the lifeblood of the plant, by which he meant the regulars or stand-bys, were not wasting their money but saving more than ever before. This was because the "standard men"—another name he gave them—"are always loyal, never desert us, would rather work for us for nothing than leave."

A Tendency Toward Thrift

With most employers this would seem hyperbole, possibly a pardonable exaggeration of smooth labor conditions. But anyone who knows the works of which I speak would confirm the statement.

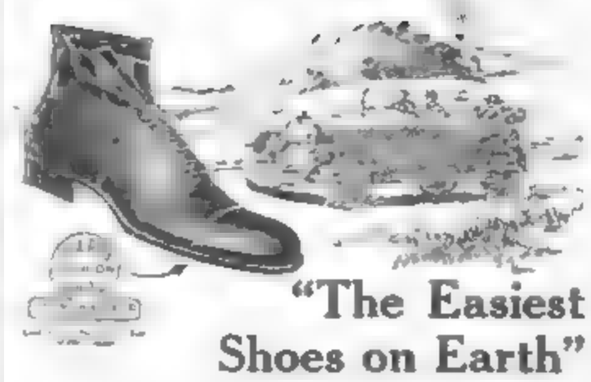
I asked the superintendent why this was so and he said: "There is a close personal relation between the officers and men here. We do not go outside to fill executive positions. The officers come from the works. Some employers look upon their men as canaille. The employers' attitude is: 'We are the favored few; the workers are just rabble.' We don't have colored flunkies round here showing visitors through a dozen antechambers to get at the officers. Any workman in this plant who wants to see me knows I am accessible and always ready to see him."

This plant, of course, has a tremendous advantage in handling war business because it already had one of the country's largest and oldest organizations of skilled mechanics. In some of the mammoth new shipyards it is impossible for the employers to know all the men, gathered together as they are suddenly from all corners of the country. Yet even in the shipyards it is possible to try teamwork rather than autocracy. One young contractor who has entered the great shipbuilding game calls the thirty foremen in the shipyard together every Monday morning and consults with them as to policies. He keeps telling them that teamwork is the only way to win, except autocracy, whose day in industry he insists is nearly over, and he believes that by giving the men responsibility they will accomplish far more than if all the drive comes from above.

Taking the country as a whole, or at least those districts where wages are high, the preponderance of evidence points to a leveling up of the working classes in every respect. It is quite true that the worker is taking much pleasure out of his high wages as he goes along and is spending freely on both necessaries and luxuries. It is also true that a considerable minority are working shorter hours or floating about from job to job.

The majority of the more highly paid workers are taking advantage of the situation to lay aside a small nest egg. Those who by nature saved before are saving more than ever now, and there are millions of new savers, whose numbers increase with each Liberty Loan and War Savings drive. Each campaign is increasing the size of the helpful and thrifty majority. Each campaign finds on the part of the workers less reluctance to save and invest. Even the most pessimistic observers with singularly few exceptions agree that the tendency is markedly in the right direction.

However great the shock of declining wages after the war may be, and despite the suffering that will fall upon the thoughtless and careless, the number of those who will be partially prepared to meet changed conditions is far greater than at any previous time in the country's history. That this should be brought about among the laboring classes is one of the really helpful issues of the war, and its details form a story in themselves.



"The Easiest Shoes on Earth"

Attractive, stylish, all-leather shoes distinguished by careful workmanship and providing extra comfort at no extra cost. Such are

The Original and Genuine

Dr. A. Reed CUSHION SHOES

J.P. SMITH SHOE CO.—JOHN EBBERTS SHOE CO.

Makers of Men's Shoes — Makers of Women's Shoes

Chicago — Buffalo

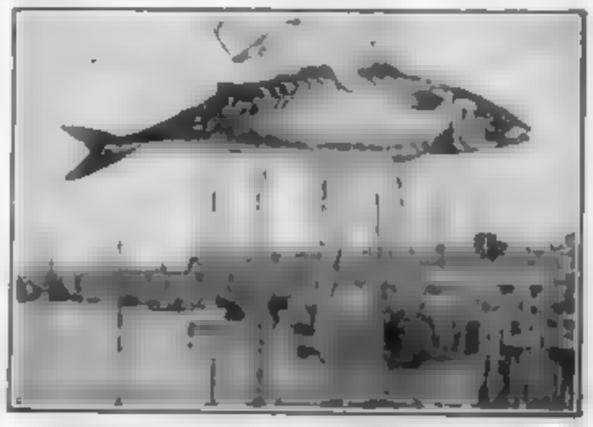
This famous cushion inner sole absorbs the jolts and jars sustained by walking in ordinary shoes. From the first day you wear Dr. A. Reed Shoes it's just like walking on velvet, for they need no "breaking in."

If there is no dealer in your city, write us.

Salt Mackerel

CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER

RIGHT FROM THE FISHING BOATS TO YOU



FAMILIES who are fond of FISH can be supplied DIRECT from GLOUCESTER, MASS., by the FRANK E. DAVIS COMPANY, with newly caught, KEEPABLE OCEAN FISH, choicer than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT, sending by EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME. We PREPAY express on all orders east of Kansas. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want YOU to try some, payment subject to your approval.

SALT MACKEREL, fat, meaty, juicy fish, are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in [illegible] and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH, as we sell it is ready for the pot. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat, at a much lower cost.

FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water our lobsters are boiled and packed in PARCHMENT-LINED CANS. They come to you as the purest and sweetest lobsters you can buy and the meat is as tender and delicious as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS is a delicious hearty dish that your whole family will enjoy. Nowhere else is one like that of [illegible] we get fresh from the shore.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, SHRIMP for [illegible], CRABMEAT for Newburg or deviled, SALMON ready to serve, SARDINES of all kinds, TUNNY for salad, SANDWICH FILLINGS and [illegible] all these packed ready or almost ready can get [illegible] right on your pantry shelf for [illegible] emergency use.

With every order we send BOOK OF RECIPES for preparing all our products. *Write for it.* Our list tells how each kind of fish is put up, with the delivered price so you can choose just what you will enjoy most. Send the coupon for it now

FRANK E. DAVIS CO.
61 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

Frank E. Davis Co.
61 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.
Please send me your latest Fish Price List.
Name
Street
City State

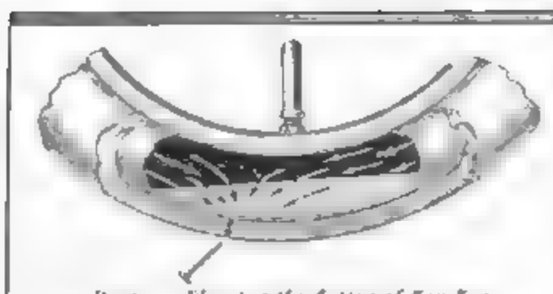


Diagram Showing the Action of Kor-Ker

KOR-KER is a compound boxed in powder form. Mixed with water, is readily installed through valve stem. KOR KER is forced into the puncture by the air pressure, compressed into a cement plug and becomes part of the tube Same action occurs in sealing slow leaks.

Before Kor-Ker Punctures were unavoidable

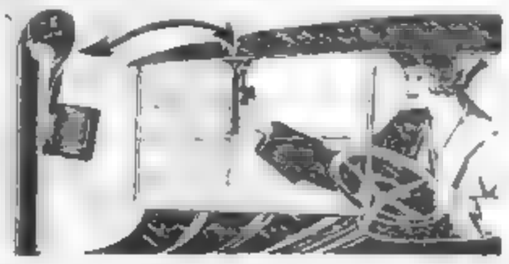
But for over six years thousands of motorists have been *free of punctures and slow leaks* and have increased their tire mileage by using

KOR-KER Tire Treatment
Preserves Rubber,—positively beneficial. Not a filler.

Seals punctures — *stops* slow leaks—*reduces* blow-outs to a minimum. Maintains *normal inflation* These are absolute facts which can be verified.

3 or 3½" tires $8.00 for set 4 tires
4 or 4½" tires $10.00 for set 4 tires
5 or 5½" tires $14.00 for set 4 tires

Price includes Installation Device. *If there isn't a Kor-Ker dealer near you write us direct.* We will send you detailed facts and figures



Just One Easy Motion Across and the

KLEAR-SIGHT WINDSHIELD CLEANER

gives you a clean dry glass. Clings firmly to the shield. Ready for instant use. Made of sturdy steel with rubber squeegee. Handsome and durable. Heavily Japanned. **Draw spring steel insures uniform contact over all.** **$2.00**

ALCEMO MFG. CO., 5 Bridge St., Newark, N.J.

Some open territory for live representatives

"Good Sense" Is Still *Good Sense*

It's been over a half-century since the first Coward "Good Sense" Shoe was made. Human feet haven't changed in shape during that time. So "Good Sense" then is "Good Sense" now with the added refinements that modern shoemaking has brought. It is a shoe of dignity and comfort - foot-shaped, friendly, conforming. It clasps the heel and instep gently, giving each toe its needed space. Made in most agreeable leather for men, women and children. Address Dept. G for descriptions

James S. Coward
262-274 Greenwich Street, New York
(Near Warren St.) Sold Nowhere Else

The Coward Shoe

HOW IT HAPPENED

(Continued from Page 11)

"Stanifer," said he in a cautious voice, "I believe I hear something."

I listened, but no sound reached my ears for a while except the beating of our own hearts. Then I caught a muffled thud-thud like feetsteps on a sidewalk in a silent street.

"The enemy," I whispered back.

"'Tis well. Lead on, Stanifer," said the captain sternly.

Well, we advanced warily, Ed, and pretty soon bumped alap into their wire. That gave the captain pause. He was in a quandary, but I was equal to the occasion.

"Follow me, sir," I said.

"We'll go wherever you say the word, Stanifer," was the reply.

So we shook hands and plunged once more into the inky blackness. For a plan had flashed into my brain. I knew there was a tunnel under the German wire, because some of the boys had been talking about it and how the Boches used this tunnel to sneak out at night on patrol. They had the entrance camouflaged with grass and stuff, but I figured that if they used it much there would be some sort of a trail wore from the mouth and it was in this hope that I led forward my gallant band.

All of a sudden a dog barked right in front of us, you might say. I tell you it made some of them jump.

"Down on your stomachs for your lives," I whispered, and they did so.

We waited, but nothing transpired. The dog continued to bark and growl, but evidently the enemy thought it was a false alarm, for they did not challenge or come near us.

And right there another idea hit me. Putting my lips to the captain's ear, I told him to remain where he was while I went forward to reconnoitre.

"Alone?" he asked, and I nodded.

"You are a fearless fellow, Stanifer," he said. "If I had ten thousand like you I'd take Berlin. Goodbye and God bless you."

Well, I left them there and snuck forward on my hands and knees. The dog was not visible to the naked eye, but he was growling now to beat the band and I could guess from the sound about where he stood.

My plan was exceedingly simple, but liable to be highly successful for that very reason. It was to steal up on the beast, strangle him without a sound, and then explore the ground for the tunnel.

So far, so good. I crept forward and the noise the canine made grew louder every second. It was a marvel to me that nobody paid him any attention, but perhaps the enemy were asleep or had gone off somewheres.

And then, all of a sudden I rounded a little bush and there was the dog ready to leap at my throat, but he was tied, Ed, and couldn't make it.

Now or never, I thought to myself! Play the man, Roy Stanifer! The lives of your comrades depend on your coolness!

With these thoughts coursing through my brain, I got out my trench knife, tested its edge with my finger, and finding it satisfactory, projected myself through space against my hairy antagonist.

The struggle was short but bitter. He gave one deep growl and then a whimper of pain, for I got him by the neck as I dove and plunged the knife into his throat. The dog now lay inert in my grasp. He was dead.

What to do next was the question. Well, Ed, I must close for today. Here comes chow and unless I eat it quick, it will be all cold.

July 8.

IT'S twenty-four hours since I wrote that last and you will want to know what happened after I deceased the dog.

You remember I left my comrades waiting back a piece while I reconnoitred. Well, it occurred to me that I had best make sure all was safe before they advanced any further Better far to lose one life, no matter how valuable, than sacrifice the lives of many.

No sooner said than done. I left the dog there on the ground and crawled on, feeling the way with my hands. All of a sudden I discerned a blotch in the darkness close beside me and turned towards it. With my hand stretched in front, I felt to find out what the object was, but it was not an object. It was a void, you might say. It was the mouth of the tunnel, Ed.

Should I go on and explore its mysterious depths, risking total annihilation every second, or should I return to my comrades? For a moment I debated the matter. My sense of duty drove me forward, even while caution whispered "Back! Back, Roy Stanifer!"

The mental struggle was over in a shorter time than it takes to tell. Duty won, as she always must win with a soldier.

I did not hesitate, but plunged into the tunnel. It was so dark that my eyes smarted in the effort to penetrate its impenetrable gloom and I speedily decided that the best course to pursue was to go on my hands and knees, as I had come. Two reasons dictated this decision. First, it would give me the edge on any of the enemy I might bump into, as I could rise up under, or between, their legs; and second, there would be less risk of falling into a hole, or getting lost.

Luckily there had been no rain for many weeks, so the ground was dry. The tunnel went around considerable and was very narrow, for which I was thankful because it meant that only one enemy could come at me at a time.

But where was the enemy? That was the question. The tunnel seemed to be empty. When I stopped to listen, no sound reached my straining ears. All was silent as a tomb.

Well, I kept going for quite a spell, Ed, and then all of a sudden the tunnel quit. Before I knew what had happened, I was out in the open, you might say. Anyhow, it was the open air and I could see a streak of sky with millions of stars in it.

Where was I? A brief examination established my position in less time than it takes to tell. I was in the enemy's trenches. Yes, I had penetrated into the Boche lines all alone.

For a second I was appalled by the discovery, for it was one that might well make the stoutest heart beat faster. Then I grew cool. And on top of that I came to a grim decision.

The decision was this, not to go back for my comrades, but to explore the enemy positions all alone and, if possible, grab a prisoner. Why expose the entire party to death or capture when I might possibly swing the job by myself?

No sooner said than done. I could see nobody, I could hear nobody. Taking a deep breath, and with my trusty trench-knife between my teeth and a bag of grenades tightly gripped in my hand, I snuck forward, guiding myself along the trench by the sense of touch.

All of a sudden I descried a blotch in the darkness just ahead and instantly determined it must be the entrance to a dugout. The psychological moment had arrived. Now or never!

Some men might have wavered, but I have always held that a bold stroke wins where a feeble one would fail, so I did not pause. Letting out a blood-curdling yell, I charged for the door of the dug-out, my trench-knife in one hand, a bomb in the other. If a sentry stood there to oppose me, I would kill him as I had killed the dog -like the dog he was, you might say.

Well, Ed, there was no sentry there. There wasn't anybody there at all. I flung a grenade down the stairs of the dug-out and leaped back. A terrific explosion, and a cloud of dust floated out, but no cries or shrieks of pain or rush of feet followed.

"Surrender, you cowards," I yelled down the hole. "It is I, Roy Stanifer!"

No response. The silence was uncanny. What was the matter? Where the tarnation were they, anyhow? Was it a dream? I pinched myself to make sure I did not sleep and this was all a nightmare. But no, I was there in the trench, and still no sign of a squarehead.

And then a madness came upon me, you might say. I forgot all sense of fear and cast discretion to the wind. A species of exaltation seized me, so that I was lifted out of myself and became superhuman for the nonce.

If the dastardly enemy would not come out and fight, I would drag them forth. I ran along the trench, calling upon them to surrender. Only the echoes of my own voice replied.

All of a sudden I came upon another dug-out. Perhaps there were Boches in this one. I stopped and saw to the edge of my trusty trench-knife and the bag of bombs. Then I stepped to the entrance and stuck my head inside.

What words I used I cannot now recall, for I admit that I was excited, Ed. But I know I dared the whole gang to come out and fight. I defied the whole German army.

And then I stepped back, prepared for the worst. Well, they came. They came a-running.

The first guy up the stairs got outside the door before I could land on him, and made a jab at me with his bayonet. I felt a peculiar, sharp, burning sensation in the shoulder, but that did not daunt me. Just as I was reaching for his throat, he turned around and beat it along the trench. But the poltroon could not escape my just vengeance in that fashion. You know how I can throw a ball. Well, I let fly with a grenade and got him square on the bean and he never so much as gave a grunt—just went Blewey! in all directions. Sunk without a trace, you might say.

However, the diversion he created enabled the others to emerge from the dug-out and they were now in rear of me. I sprang at the first one just as he was fixing to shoot me with his rifle, and ended his infamous career with one blow of the knife. A second emitted a howl of rage at the sight and charged straight at me with his bayonet leveled at my breast.

Taking careful aim, I fired my pistol and down he went. That was three.

"Remember the Maine!" I shouted, and commenced to hurl hand grenades into their middle.

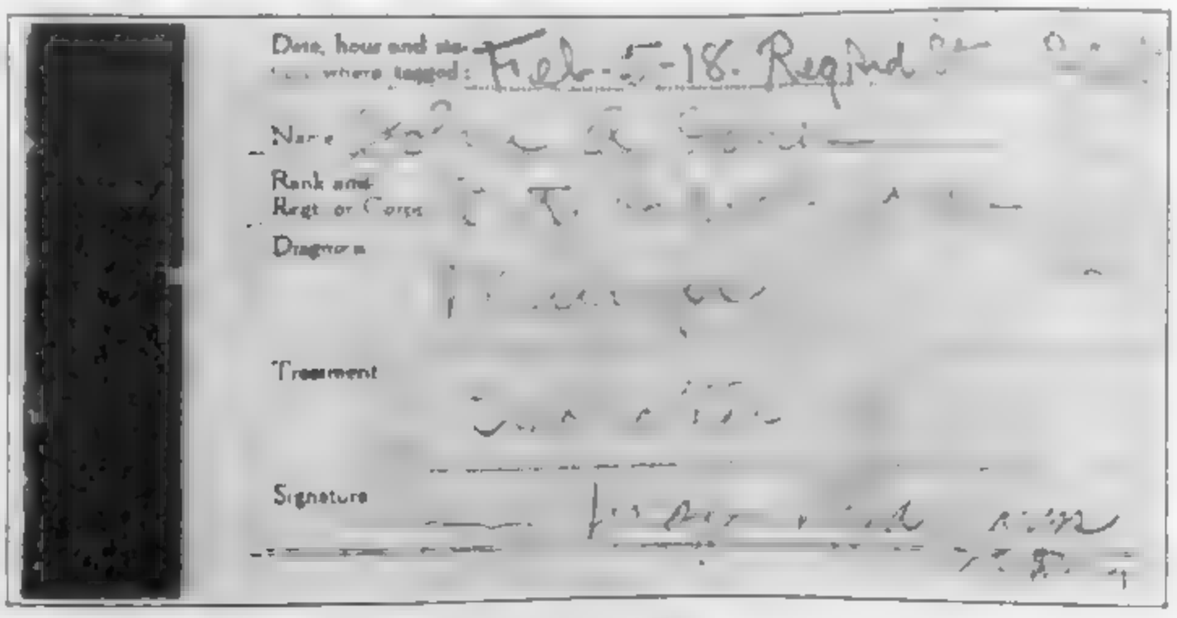
That ended the scrap. The Hun can't stand punishment, Ed, like we can. They began to yip and roar, and next second the whole crowd were in full flight, with me in hot pursuit. For I was not minded that they should escape so lightly. Besides we needed prisoners.

They were fleet of foot, however, and might have gained the shelter of their second line had not a strategem occurred to me. It was this: The trench wound all about like they usually do, turning whichways in all directions. Well, why not take a short cut and head the scoundrels off at a bend?

No sooner said than done. I leaped nimbly out of the trench and sped across to a point that would put me in front of the fleeing Boches.

They did not discern the manœuvre.

Continued on Page 61



The Hospital Tag

KAHN · TAILORING · CO.
OF INDIANAPOLIS U.S.A

BEHIND America's herculean effort in this war, silently and certainly holding up his end of the burden, "fifty-fifty" with his brothers in khaki, stands the sacrificing un-uniformed citizen. His is a role of compulsion—not of choice. He would far rather be on the firing line—but his government has decreed otherwise.

Meanwhile, that man must still wear clothes.

He knows that the best way to conserve the insufficient supply of wool is to use it sparingly, but in unadulterated and unalloyed form. He knows that mixing wool with other materials is the surest way of impairing its wearing qualities. He knows, too, that it is necessary to insist on good-fitting, well-tailored garments—because they *wear longer*.

Hence the popularity, in this economic crisis, of Kahn Tailored-to-Measure clothes.

"Buy seldom—but buy WELL" is the true answer to the clothes-economy problem.

There's a Kahn dealer in your town ready to take your measure. Cultivate him.

Kahn Made-to-Measure uniforms for U. S. Army Officers are sold in 26 Army Camps and war centers and by all Kahn dealers.

CIVILIAN AND MILITARY TAILORS

VICTORY in war, as achievement in commerce, depends largely upon care in attention to details.

Legend has it that for want of a horse shoe nail a battle was lost. In a present-day naval action the "horse shoe nail" might be a fuse. A poorly operating, inaccurately rated fuse might seriously hinder the work on a man of war at a critical moment. The U. S. Navy is keenly awake to this fact.

ECONOMY Renewable FUSES

have for years safeguarded electrical circuits of our Navy, ashore and afloat, against the fire and accident hazards of overloads and short circuits.

A new contract was recently awarded for another year's supply.

If your business is of such proportions that you have highly trained electrical engineers to investigate and specify equipment, no doubt you use ECONOMY Renewable FUSES, as do the leaders in most branches of industry. If you buy fuses for plant or home, insist on getting "Economy"—be assured of safety at least cost.

For thousands of users, large and small, ECONOMY Renewable FUSES effect a reduction of approximately 80% of the fuse maintenance cost where one-time fuses are used, because an inexpensive "Drop-Out" Renewal Link instantly restores a blown Economy Fuse to its original efficiency.

Order by brand,
from your electrical jobber or dealer

ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO
Kinzie & Orleans Sts. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sole manufacturers of "ARKLESS"—the Non-Renewable Fuse with the "100% Guaranteed Indicator"

Economy Fuses are also made in Canada at Montreal.

This is a sectional view of an ECONOMY Renewable FUSE with a section of the heavy gray fibre shell cut away to show the "Drop Out" Renewal Link. Economy Fuses are made in all commercial capacities, in knife blade and ferrule types.

(Continued from Page 58)

All unsuspicioning, they came thumping along, treading on one another's heels and emitting cries of panic like "Deutschland Uber Alles." With folded arms I waited for them. Yes, I waited for them at the next turn, with a grim smile curving my lips.

What a start they must have received when I stepped out in their path and confronted them. I guess they figured that the Americans had them surrounded. Anyhow, when I held up my hand and shouted "Surrender!" they all stopped in a heap and began to bleat "Kamarad!" And that is how I took nine prisoners, Ed.

Well, to make a long story short, I marched them all back and through the tunnel to where the captain and my comrades were waiting. You can imagine their surprise and wonder and delight.

"You are a noble fellow, Stanifer," said the captain. "Not another man in the regiment could have done it. Well, let's go."

The return took quite a while, but we made it o. k. and that's how I got my wound and captured nine prisoners. But don't give any of this to the newspapers, for the army will not allow us to write about what we are doing at the front. However, maybe the censor will let this much pass.

Will now close. How is the world treating you, and are you still on the old job? Stick to it, Ed. Everybody doesn't make a soldier, but you can all help behind us fighting men.

Goodbye till next time. Say Hello for me to all the gang.

The doctor just looked in to ask if I was writing a novel. He is a fine man and all the patients love him on account of his kindness and thoughtfulness.

yours truly ROY.

[This letter also was passed by the medico who attended Private Stanifer.]

FIELD HOSPITAL NO.——
SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, July 10, 1918.

DEAR LILY: I guess this address will surprise you, but do not be worried, because the doctor says that I will probably pull through after all unless I have a relapse. The danger point is about past and the doctor says he hopes to save my sight, too. He says that all I have got to do is lay still and not exert myself unnecessarily, and in time my rugged health will return to me

But I know you are anxious to hear how it happens I am in a hospital. Well, I will tell you, little girl.

I got gassed. Now do not faint or anything, for the worst is over. But I bet you will say I was lucky to escape with my life when you hear the whole story, Lil.

It happened in a very peculiar way. I guess you know I am not in the aviation, darling, and yet it was in an aerioplane that all this came about.

Just where we were the censor will not allow me to say for fear it might leak out and give valuable information to enemy spies, and there have not been any pieces in the newspapers about it because the French are in control of this area and they surely do put the lid on.

Well, my regiment was en repose in a village back of the lines. Perhaps you don't know it, but after we have been holding the front trenches for eight or ten days, they let us out for a rest and another regiment goes in, but all the rest we get is cleaning up for inspection and mending roads and doing a lot of jobs they had ought to have labor units for, instead of fighting men.

The Old Man drifted by one day and said to the captain—"Well, Captain, how goes it? Getting a good rest? And our captain said—"We want to get back into the front lines for a rest, sir." What do you know about that, Lil?

My billet was in a hay-mow on the edge of the village, and it belonged to a family who lived in the house next door. The whole place was built around a courtyard and there was a big pile of manure in the middle. Only the mother and one daughter and two little boys remained at home, because the father and grown-up son were in the army.

The daughter was a beautiful girl, about eighteen years of age. She used to hang around me a lot—the French girls do that wherever I go, Lil, perhaps because Americans are very popular over here—and she used to fetch me things to eat and she wanted to do some mending for me, but I never let her get very far. Because while I am over here fighting for my country in the mud and the wet and cold, with the constant threat of death hanging over me, I never forget you, little one, or your sweet face. I can see it all the time and it spurs me to play the man.

Many a time when worn out by fierce hand-to-hand fights with the Boches and the awful strain of seeing comrades fall around me, I have grown homesick for you and the safety and luxury of my former life. But thoughts like those are weakness and I soon snap out of them, because I am a soldier and a soldier considers nothing but his duty, you might say.

Well, we were en repose and there was nothing much doing except an air-raid every night. The enemy would come over around half past ten and drop a few in our town, and Blewey!—but what did we care? A soldier quickly learns to despise danger and I have gotten so now that I hardly pay any attention at all to shells and bullets or bombs, you might say.

One nice, bright evening I started for a walk over to the next village. That is the way we soldiers always do. If a soldier lives in one village, he wants to go over to the next one every night and the guys there come over to his. A soldier always wants to be where he isn't.

O. K. It was a fine, sunshiny day and the birds were twittering in the fields. Everything looked as calm and peaceful as could be except for a couple of big holes in the ground that a Boche airman had made with his bombs the night before.

All of a sudden a huge shadow flitted past me and, glancing up, I saw a big machine. It was traveling to beat the band and so close to the earth that I wondered what was up. Well, while I was staring, what did he do but hit the ground—not hard, you might say, but with a bump all the same. Then the aerioplane skidded along quite a ways and finally came to a halt.

"Aha! What have we here?" I thought.

Even while the question was forming in my brain, the driver jumped nimbly out and walked around to the back seat, where there was another man sitting all crumpled up. He helped him out and in the same moment discerned me.

"Where is the aid station in this place, Buddy?"

I told him and then, between the two of us, we assisted the injured man towards the village. He had a wound through the chest and was breathing painfully. It seemed like they had been scouting over the enemy lines and a Boche flier took after them. A short, sharp fight ensued, from which the Americans emerged the victors, but in the engagement the observer received a bullet in the chest and then the pilot hit for the nearest landing he could see.

"And we didn't get those photographs," he said anxiously. "I have just got to get them. They are vital."

Well, it was none of my business, you might say, but with a soldier anything is his business that will win the war. So I stepped forward and volunteered to go with him as observer. To say that he was amazed is to put it mildly, Lil.

"Ever been up in a machine before?" he inquired.

"Not exactly, but I have had some experience," I replied. Which was true, because while I had never made a flight, I had often gone with Ed on the back seat of his motorcycle.

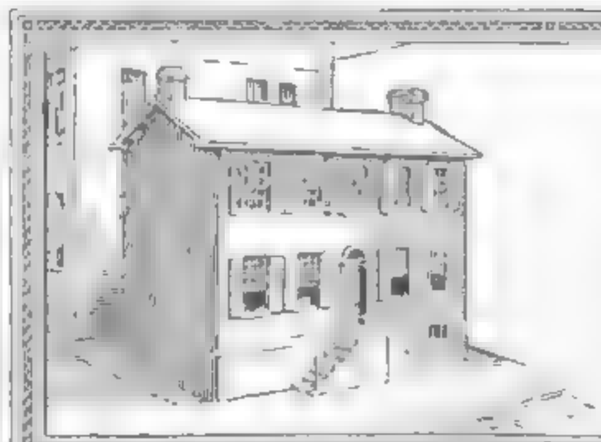
Then he wanted to know whether I could use a camera and how much I knew about operating a machine-gun. That was easy. My answer was that I was thoroughly proficient in both.

Well, to make a long story short, he thought a long while and at last he said—"O. K. Get in. Let's go. You are a fearless fellow, Stanifer. Who knows but we may have luck?"

No sooner said than done. I put on the observer's coat and goggles, climbed into his seat and strapped myself securely, and in less time than it takes to tell, the earth had faded from under us and we were soaring towards the sky.

It would take too long to tell you of that wild flight above the clouds, darling. Suffice that we went up and up and up, while the wind howled in my ears, and the roar of the engine was as a thousand thunders. Once I glanced downward. There was the country far below, looking like a beautiful checkerboard in the way it was all so regular and evenly divided.

And then we were amid the clouds, and I could see nothing at all except the vague outline of our machine. I was not a whit



THIS little house, where Heinz began nearly fifty years ago, is now surrounded by huge Heinz buildings, speaking eloquently of the American housewife's appreciation of right principles in preparing foods, relishes and condiments for her table.

HEINZ
OVEN BAKED BEANS

Foods are high in price.

A dollar doesn't go as far as it used to, but the family must have food that satisfies the appetite and nourishes the body.

Everybody likes Heinz Baked Beans—one of the most popular of the 57 Varieties—because they look good, taste good and *are* good. It was the "baking" that made baked beans a national dish. Heinz Beans are baked—baked in ovens—baked through and through.

That accounts for part of their superior flavor. They are baked in four ways to suit every taste, to please every whim or fancy.

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston Style
Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat (Vegetarian)
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

For what ails your legs!

SLIP a pair of Ivory Garters around your legs if you want to know what it means to be free from those dull pains, from unconsciously agitated nerves caused by "garter bind."

Ivory Garters *can't bind!* They gird the legs so gently you wouldn't realize you had garters on only your socks are so perfectly held up. That's because Ivorys have the scientific "direct hold" which eliminates pull and bind.

No metal in Ivory's make-up to rust or start skin irritations; no pads! Ivorys are feather light, yet clasps and buckles are strong and pliable and stand hard service. Garters fit either leg—no rights or lefts.

Sold everywhere you buy men's goods. Popular colors. Mercerized and silk, 35c to 70c.

IVORY GARTER CO.
New Orleans, U. S. A.

Banish Dust
Don't Scatter It.

In modern households you don't find the ancient feather duster or ordinary dust-rag. These old timers just swish dust from place to place—scatter it over a larger surface where it "isn't noticed." But it's there, germs and all. Up-to-date housewives keep furniture and floors spick and span and germ free this easy, sanitary, 3-in-One way.

Make a 3-in-One Dustless Dust Cloth

Pour a little 3-in-One on cheese cloth or any soft cloth. Let the oil permeate throughout and you have a perfect dustless dust cloth. Go over furniture the usual way. Every particle of dust and dirt clings to the cloth and can be shaken outdoors. Dust quickly

Make a 3-in-One Polish Mop

Cut strands of ordinary twine mop about four inches from handle. Pour [illegible] and let stand until it is evenly distributed. Then go over your hardwood and painted floors, oilcloth and linoleum. Every bit of dust and dirt is removed, surface scratches and scars obliterated. New look returns. Finish is preserved.

To restore the original lustre of piano, all fine furniture and woodwork, pour a few drops of 3-in-One on a cloth wrung out in cold water. Wipe small surface at a time. Then dry and polish with dry cloth, rubbing with the grain of the wood. Surface scratches, dirt, finger marks vanish. Furniture shines like new.

3-in-One is a pure oil compound, free from grease, acid or other injurious ingredients. Has over 30 uses in every home. 3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 50c, 25c and 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE A generous sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses. A postal brings both.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 165 EUH. BROADWAY, NEW YORK

88

nervous. Perhaps that will surprise you, but I had no time to think of peril. It was a time for action.

All of a sudden the nose of the aerioplane dipped sharply and we began to descend. I caught my breath. Did you ever come down in a fast elevator, Lil? Well, our machine seemed to drop just like that. And then, before I could gather my wandering wits, there was the countryside again and the pilot had turned his head to watch me.

I knew what that meant. We were over enemy territory and he was trying to tell me to get busy.

No sooner said than done. I saw to the smooth working of our trusty machine-gun, and then tested the camera. O. K.

And nowwe were over the Boche trenches. I could see them plainly with the naked eye. The machine was still descending in spirals, and I began to wonder how low my comrade intended going.

But aha, what have we here! A violent concussion disturbed the atmosphere not far to our right, and the aerioplane rocked and teetered like a stricken bird. Another and another followed, but they burst below. The enemy was shooting at us with his anti-aircraft guns. Yes, Lil, the Boches were hot on our trail

Just then I glanced down through the glass in the floor under my feet, and behold the trenches, plain to view! Instantly I seized the camera and snapped a picture. Just as rapidly I prepared for another. With shrapnel bursting above and below and all around us, and while our machine circled and dipped, I snapped the camera again and again.

Next thing I knew there were no more trenches and I was staring straight up into the blue dome. What had happened? The answer is simple, little girl. The machine was looping the loop.

But why, why? That was the question. I was soon to learn the reason.

For, even as I was putting the camera away, I descried, out of the corner of my eye, a dark object swooping towards us. An enemy aerioplane come to attack!

For an instant my heart seemed to stand still. As in a dream, my whole past life flashed before my mental vision, you might say. I thought of you and all the good times we had had together. Would I ever hold my little girl in my arms again? Would I ever feel her cuddle against my shoulder for protection?

But it was no time to indulge in thoughts of love, or useless repining. The enemy was upon us, and I had to snap out of it to beat off his assault. Shaking myself free of these disturbing memories, I grabbed the machine-gun and waited for my opportunity.

Meanwhile the Boche flier was shooting at us to beat the band. His bullets whistled past my ears and I saw some of them tear holes in our wings.

Perhaps he thought we would fall an easy prey, but if so, he reckoned without his host. For even as he dashed at us to administer a finishing stroke, my pilot did another loop which brought us underneath the enemy. Glancing along the sights, I perceived that I had a perfect bead on him.

Rat-tat-tat-tat! A stream of fire leaped from my trusty weapon straight at Heinie. I saw him turn loose his grip; I saw a jet of flame spurt from his gasoline tank. And then, all of a sudden he was gone. He was gone, Lil, and we were alone, high up in the blue vault of heaven.

Gazing down over the side, I could make out his course. He was turning over and over like a dead leaf, and his machine was on fire. Even as I watched, he crashed to earth. I had brought down my first aerioplane, you might say.

At that I was filled with a wild elation, but it did not last long, for something was wrong with our own machine. It rocked and swayed dizzily and when I peered ahead to see what ailed the pilot, there he was, sort of huddled up in his place. At the same instant the aerioplane tilted downward and we were rushing towards the ground out of control. The pilot had been hit. He had passed out.

What to do now was the question. Our situation was precarious in the extreme and I had need of all my coolness and resource. Another minute and we would strike the earth, and then there would be nothing but our charred remains to show our sad fate.

In this supreme moment, I thought of you. It seemed to me that you were near, watching over and protecting. I could see you beckoning me forward, darling, and the sight spurred me to fresh strength.

Lifted out of myself for the nonce and rendered superhuman, you might say, I undid the strap around my waist and started to climb down to the pilot's seat. Yes, although we were hurtling head down through space at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, I climbed from my dizzy perch along the body of the machine and laid hold of the controls. How I accomplished it I don't know, but it was done.

Just in time. The earth seemed to be leaping up at us, but when we were still about a thousand feet from the ground, I got her flattened out, and now we were sailing above a line of trenches.

Where we were I did not know from Adam, but I would have kept on going had not an unforeseen accident occurred. The engine stopped. It quit cold on us without so much as a pop. There we were, little girl, a thousand feet above the earth and utterly helpless.

There was only one thing to be done, and I did it instantly. The pilot was still senseless, so I started to volplane. Around and around we spun in a wide spiral, all the time getting closer to good Mother Earth. And just when it seemed that I could hold out no longer, and my strength was utterly exhausted, we landed with a bump and skidded along quite a ways.

All of a sudden we stopped. I sat back, and then my heart gave a great leap, for I discerned that we were right on top of some trenches. Worse than that, Lil, they were Boche trenches! One look was enough to establish that.

But even as I hesitated what to do, there rose sounds of cheering and "Vive l'Amerique," and a long line of blue-clad figures swept up from behind, and surrounded us. It was wonderful. I never heard of anything like it before.

To make a long story short, we were in the midst of the French. The colonel of the French regiment that held this sector had seen our predicament, and he charged across No Man's Land with his men to his allies' rescue at the very moment when we were like to be taken prisoner. They captured the whole front line from the enemy on a front of a mile and a half, and of course we were saved.

Well, that is how I became a patient in this hospital, little girl. The pilot was not killed, but only wounded in the thigh, and all our pictures were safe.

"You are a dauntless fellow, Stanifer," said the commander of the aviation. "I will report your heroism to the proper authorities."

Well, I must close for this once because I am very tired. Write to me often and don't ever forget who has a mortgage on you. Ha ha!

And listen, Lil—best not show this letter to anybody. The army is down on soldiers who write about what they are doing at the front, so I would not like this thing to get into the newspapers. Besides, it happened in a French sector, and they won't let us say a word about anything that comes off in their area. But these are the facts.

Maybe the censor will let this letter through. The doctor here is a fine man, and all the patients love him on account of his kindness and thoughtfulness.

Well, goodbye for the present, little girl. Write to me often. A soldier likes to get letters from home in the midst of the carnage and the shells screaming night and day.

yrs truly
ROY STANIFER.

P. S. I got gassed when we landed on top of those trenches. The French threw some gas shells just before they charged, and I had no mask on me.

[This letter was censored and passed by the medico who attended Private Stanifer. The only portion he deleted consisted of some fifty-odd crosses at the foot of the last page, whose significance he seems to have taken for a code.]

I have been unable to secure any official report of Private Stanifer's exploit beyond the bald statement on the tag he wore when he was brought to the hospital, which read as follows:

Date, hour and station where tagged: June 26, '18. Reg. Aid Sta., —— Infantry.
Name: LeRoy Stanifer.
Rank and Regt. or Corps: Pvt., Signal Corps.
Diagnosis: Mumps.
Treatment: Isolation.
Signature: Garcia, Major Med. Corps, U. S. Army.

The Unbroken Line of Communication

BETWEEN the battle-fields and the folks back home, **Parker SAFETY-SEALED Fountain Pens** are recording messages of love and good cheer. Hundreds of thousands of Parker Pens with the boys over there encourage them to write often.

The **Parker SAFETY-SEALED Self-Filler** is used by officers and men in all branches of the service because it has certain distinctive features which render it particularly adapted for military use.

The Parker is the only fountain pen that is SAFETY-SEALED; in event of injury to the self-filling mechanism, it is transformed into a non-self-filler, without interruption of service. There are no openings in the wall of the barrel ink can't leak out to soil uniform or person.

Another exclusive feature is the **Parker Washer Clip,** *held in place like a washer*—not slipped on, not riveted on. It holds top of pen on a level with top of pocket—the cap does not protrude or prevent buttoning the flap.

School Time Is Parker Pen Time

Start the school year with a Parker, every student needs one. The same features which make the Parker the pen of military efficiency make it the most efficient pen for use in school, home and office.

Parker Ink Tablets, dissolved in water, make 1 full bottle of ink. Box of 30, 10¢

For sale by dealers everywhere. Catalog on request.

Parker Pen Company, 90 Mill St., Janesville, Wisconsin

New York Retail Store, Woolworth Building

PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
SAFETY-SEALED
FOUNTAIN PENS

GRUEN

Verithin and Wrist

WATCHES

MASTERPIECES OF SWISS CRAFTSMANSHIP

Made and sold under the management of an American organization

THE Gruen movements, famous among horologists for their precision time-keeping, are made under American ownership in Madre-Biel, Switzerland, by a modern guild of that country's best craftsmen.

The movements are then brought to the Guild Workshop in America, at "Time Hill," Cincinnati. Here the beautiful Gruen cases are hand wrought and in them the movements adjusted and timed.

When you own a watch with the name "Gruen" on the dial, you own the finest modern example of Swiss watchmaking art—with the complete service of an American organization behind it.

The Gruen Watch is obtainable only through one of 1200 Gruen jewelry agencies —the best in every locality—to whom the sale is confined. Duplicate repair parts may be had through these agencies at all times

How the Gruen Pat. Wheel Construction [illegible] watch thick. The [illegible] of steel makes watch more durable.

FIXED PRICES

Gruen Verithins	$ 40	to	$ 1[illegible]
Very Verithins	4[illegible]	to	2[illegible]
[illegible]	22[illegible]		[illegible]
[illegible] Gruens	60	to	7[illegible]

[illegible] prices are subject to change [illegible]

GRUEN WATCHMAKERS' GUILD, Dept. B-3, "Time Hill," Cincinnati, Ohio

Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1874. Canadian Branch: Toronto, Canada

J—No. [illegible] Masonic Shape. White gold [illegible] gold case [illegible] set with AAA [illegible] $[illegible].

K—No. 1514G. Enamel Dial. Green [illegible] Gruen Verithin model [illegible] $[illegible] to $[illegible].

M—The Parisian [illegible] Pair of the latest. Solid gold $[illegible] to $80.

Headquarters of the Gruen Watchmakers' Guild. Workshop "Time Hill," Cincinnati, U. S. A.

THEY THAT TOIL NOT

By William H. Hamby

AT THE first streak of light over the sand hills Hugh Franklin got out of his berth and went to the dressing room. They would be in the mountains directly and he did not wish to miss any scenery.

The last man in the Phœnix Pullman that he would have expected to be up this early was already in the dressing room—the chap who wore silk shirts and patent-leather shoes and had a smudge of black mustache.

Hugh had an impulse to return to his berth and wait until this fellow, whom he had heard someone call Burrill, was out, but forced himself to go in. Burrill made him feel uncomfortable. He was the only man on the Pullman Hugh had not spoken to during the two days from New Orleans.

"Good morning. You are up early."

Hugh had the friendly blue eyes and approachable smile of the man who wishes every boy had a circus ticket and no woman need cry. It was embarrassing for him to be round another human being and not appear civil.

Burrill, looking into the glass and carefully brushing the coal-black hair straight back from his forehead, made no reply. He had sleepy black eyes and a rather sallow complexion. On the third finger of the soft, pliant left hand with which he was smoothing back the hair after the brush was a heavy ring with a black seal.

"Going to get off?"

Hugh ventured another civility as he hung up his shirt and collar and prepared to wash. Perhaps his first salutation had not been heard.

Burrill was polishing his nails. His eyes ignored Hugh, but did not fail to take in that fifty-cent tie and rumpled dollar shirt on the hook.

"When I get to my destination."

The reply came two minutes after the question as Burrill put on his coat and carefully settled the collar and brushed a bit of lint from his sleeve. The tone was a distinct rebuff and implied that the place for a crude, dollar-shirted, small-town man like Franklin was in the tourist car—or the day coach.

Hugh, stooping over the lavatory, felt the back of his neck getting red to the roots of his hair, but it was more anger than mortification. He had confessed to himself that a man with less than a hundred dollars between him and the pick-and-shovel line did not belong in a Pullman, but this fellow's rudeness was uncalled for—unpardonable. Moreover, there was a letter in the pocket of the coat hanging there that might open the eyes of even this snob—the letter from Jack Gardner.

"I wonder," Hugh asked himself as he struggled with his collar—the tie never would slip right—"what he is up so early for?"

He had the room to himself now, for which he was glad, as the collar came unbuttoned and the tie stuck more irritatingly than common. "Wonder," he added, "if she'll be up early too?"

Most of the time Burrill had spent on the rear platform of the observation car, sunk in a lassitude of boredom, his left silked ankle across his right knee, and an eternal cigarette between his lips or his fingers, his sleepy black eyes half shut—oblivious of everybody on the car but the obsequious colored porter and the girl who had got on at Houston wearing a blue hat.

Hugh had wondered a good deal about this girl. She had a stateroom and a secretary, and was so obviously a person of some sort of distinction that most of the passengers seemed rather in awe of her. But she had a very human mouth, and intelligent brown eyes in which Hugh had several times seen a twinkle that made him want more to speak to her than to any other woman he ever saw.

It was too early for breakfast. Hugh went back to the observation car. It was empty and he had the rear platform to himself. They had passed El Paso in the night and were getting into the mountains now.

The crisp morning air sent Hugh's blood pumping and his spirits bubbling. His spirits had been bubbling anyway for days—ever since he got that letter from Jack Gardner.

Of all messages that could have possibly come to him it was the best. Just at the right time too. For seven years he had pinned his faith to Jack Gardner and put every dollar he could save into that desert land. Then just when he needed money most painfully, just when he was getting uneasy about the whole thing, had come the letter from Jack saying he had a buyer for the land at ten dollars an acre—it had cost only four—and he would send the papers to be signed in a few days. That would be a little fortune to Hugh, and in his exuberance over the good luck he had wired Gardner "Am coming in person to sign papers" and had caught the next train West.

"It's lovely early in the morning, isn't it?"

The girl of the blue hat had come out and slipped into a chair.

"I like it." Hugh's heart was racing like the train now. She had spoken to him. "But that does not mean much, for I like most everything."

"Lucky man," she smiled. "One who likes the morning doesn't usually find the noon so hot."

"Hah—up already?" It was Burrill in the door, and his black eyes opened wider and looked appraisingly at the cool, trim figure of the girl. Without a word of apology or excuse he took the chair between them, crossed his legs and lighted a cigarette.

"I was just thinkin', Miss Gussie," he locked his hands round the back of his head and spoke lazily, "of our discussion about the lilies. Even the Bible confesses that they have the best of it. They that toil not always have and always will have the best of it. 'Let George do it' is my motto—and then I'll do George."

He laughed with the conceit of exclusive admiration.

The train had stopped at the junction, the door of the observation car slammed open, and a young man with a telegram book stood before the three.

"Either you gentlemen's named Franklin?"

"Yes."

Hugh reached for the book and signed with sudden misgivings.

The telegram, forwarded from his home address, was of all the messages that could possibly have come to him the worst.

Don't come; deal off; no sale for land.

JACK GARDNER.

He held the telegram for a full minute without moving. When he looked up Burrill was gone.

Hugh got off the car and walked the platform miserably. The brakeman said the train would be there twenty minutes; so he took a turn round the station and along the cheap, odorous block that faced the depot.

He stopped in surprise as he saw Burrill enter a saloon. His entering the saloon was not the surprise, but his looks and movements and the man with him. There was nothing languid and dandified in either his step or the positive gesture of his arm. And the man to whom he talked was a rough, heavy fellow with short neck, red face and big ears.

Hugh walked past the door of the saloon as the two were putting their feet up on the rail at the bar; and he heard Burrill say: "Thompson, you get to Phœnix Thursday, and show up at Jack Gardner's office."

II

THE road wriggled in the glittering sun up the mountain side through a welter of sharp black rocks and demented cactus. The driver ahead, with red eyes and stubby beard, lashed at his sweating mules viciously. The Mexican behind called down on his team violent maledictions in a soft, musical voice.

Hugh sat on the stiff board seat, his feet braced, the lines held with a grip that made his arms ache to the shoulders. He was not used to driving six mules; and there were places in this road where a minute's lack of caution might render all caution unnecessary. He was so coated with dust that only his eyes showed their natural color, and the sweat ran down his back, for the Arizona sun is still hot in October. The harsh, screaking clank of the sheets of corrugated iron in the wagon seemed a sort of demoniac accompaniment to the pronged cactus that reached out from the evil black rocks like devils' whips.

They were three days out of Phœnix and another to go before they reached the dam.

Necessity is the mother of a good many things besides invention—investigation, for one thing. When life runs smoothly with a man so he does not come into conflict with the less admirable traits of human nature, he may go on for years knowing little of the motives, the schemes and plots of those who try to get round want and work by following the crooked road.

Hugh Franklin had always taken things about as he found them, and liked them first-rate. He had done whatever came along; had liked most people and trusted them. They had elected him county clerk at twenty-four, the youngest county clerk in the state. He never knew quite why they did. And he was still more puzzled, four years later, when they did not. He never knew that he had been elected in the first place because nearly everybody liked him; and defeated the next time because the secret plottings of two or three who disliked him outbalanced the open good will of ten thousand.

It was from the salary of his four years in office that he had invested eight thousand dollars, everything he could save, with Jack Gardner in Arizona land. Gardner had gone West from the home town, and assured Hugh all that was required to make a fortune was to invest with him—and wait. Franklin had believed him—and done both.

The insolent snobbishness of Burrill on the Pullman; the kick of the telegram; the shock of finding himself stranded in the Far West practically broke—set Hugh's mind to questioning. He did not call on Jack Gardner the morning after his arrival in Phœnix. He had decided instead that first he would find out what Gardner had done with the eight thousand dollars he had sent him, and what chance he had of getting it back; what the insolent Burrill had to do with Gardner; what schemes, if they had any, were on foot. And, too, Hugh hoped he would learn more about the lovely girl with a blue hat. Hugh had gone to work because he had to have the money, and he liked work anyway. But he had picked jobs that aided his investigation.

That he had kept his presence unknown to Gardner was evidenced by Jack's still writing him jollying letters, which were being forwarded from back home.

In the two months he had learned a good deal—quite a good deal. He discovered that Jack Gardner instead of charging him five per cent commission for investing the eight thousand dollars, as he professed, had bought the desert land at a dollar an acre and sold it to Hugh for four; that instead of having a contract to sell the land at ten, as he wrote, he had a signed option on record for a sale at twenty dollars—and two thousand had been paid on the option. Moreover, that option was still in force when Gardner had sent the telegram telling Hugh not to come, for the deal was off.

Yes, he had learned a good deal about Jack; but he had not learned what Burrill had to do with it. He had seen Burrill and the long-eared Thompson about Phœnix several times, and twice he had seen Burrill with Jack Gardner. There was something on foot, he was sure, and it must be something big to interest the indolent Burrill. The girl, too, of the blue hat, he had seen twice. She was registered as a tourist at the Adams Hotel—"Miss Arnett and companion." Hugh did not believe she was a tourist.

The three teamsters made Apache Grove for camp that night. Here were water, a patch of grass, a store and a wayside eating house. They built a fire and cooked their supper—or rather the Mexican built the fire and Hugh cooked the supper. Jim Brock, the fellow with the stubby beard and red-rimmed eyes, sat on a rock and cursed the various jobs he had had. It seemed they were all bad, but this was the damnedest one of all. Jim said any company that would send a man out driving a bunch of mules like that, and with a wagon loaded like that, and harness mended like that—ought to be shot. Brock also objected to the rocks in the road, the looks of the country—it was a hell of a country anyway.

There was only one job over which he could laugh. He had been a night watchman once at St. Louis. And one gink would give him five dollars to watch extra careful, and another would come along and slip him ten not to watch at all. That was a snap.

Brock ate his supper without troubling to wash—and afterward stretched out on the grass.

"I'm goin' to quit you fellows at the dam," he announced.

"Who'll take your team back?" demanded Hugh.

"How do I know?" There was boastfulness in his indifference. "Nothin' to me. Hell, what do I care about their old mules and wagon? They don't care nothin' about me. I just took the job to get up to the dam without walkin'. Got two days' pay in advance besides. And I'm goin' to beat it up to the copper mines, where there is somethin' doin'."

Two automobile parties had stopped at the grove for supper, one going up and the other coming down from the dam.

The chauffeur from one of the machines sauntered out to the teamsters' camp.

"Hello," he said, "where do you birds think you are going?"

As he stood in the edge of the firelight Hugh saw his big ears and short neck, and recognized him at once as the man who had entered the saloon with Burrill at Desert Junction. The chauffeur and Jim Brock were of the same flock, and Thompson speedily had Jim telling of his various flights and how he had done various bosses that wanted to make him work like a damn slave.

Hugh stayed out of the conversation—also out of the firelight, for he had seen Burrill come from the little eating house and saunter languidly down the stream toward them. Immaculate, as though immune from the dust and rumple of travel, Burrill drifted into the edge of the firelight, lazily

(Continued on Page 69)

Are you
or a
YOU
where
in busines
T
Buy clothes only when yo
clothes made to wear a lo
"Prep" men will like
Hart Sc
Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes
Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx 1918

a clothes saver
clothes waster?

nen who have been helping on the farm or else-
:—under fighting age; you older men helping
is—you can all serve even in clothes buying

he way to be a clothes saver

u need them; take care of what you have; when you do buy, get
ng time; good style and good tailoring; satisfaction guaranteed

the new military models Style Book on request

haffner & Marx

From the painting by Samuel Nelson Abbott

"It's the Flexweev Texture"

TRIM snugness at the ankle—a lasting elasticity—is characteristic of EVERWEAR Flexweev. It gives an added touch of neatness that has comfort and durability value as well.

Combining elegance with wearing qualities, EVERWEAR is true to today's spirit of sensible economy.

It is practical for every-day wear, though dressy enough for any occasion.

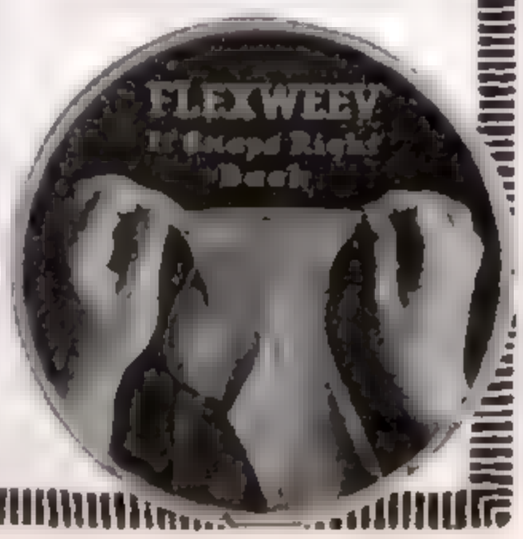
Everwear TRADE MARK Hosiery

is so soft and sheer that its wearing qualities are a pleasant surprise. They are inbuilt, however, as a glance at the special reinforcement of all wearing points will show.

EVERWEAR is a wise choice for the whole family. It is inexpensive without cheapness.

You can get EVERWEAR Everywhere. It is made for men, women and children—in silk, lisle and cotton—at a wide range of prices.

Probably your dealer has it.



EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO.

172 Fifth St., Dept. 109, Milwaukee, Wis.

Be sure the next hosiery you buy bears the thrift stamp "EVERWEAR"

(Continued from Page 65)

sat down on a chunk of wood, leaned over and drew out a burning twig at which to light his cigarette.

He had not spoken, but his black eyes made a casual, quick circuit of the camp. Of Hugh he could see little—for he lay stretched on the grass outside the firelight.

Burrill's lazy, amused, taunting gaze rested on Jim Brock as he remarked: "Hard way to serve the Lord, isn't it, boys?"

"You're damned right it is!" Jim never failed to register response to any call for kickers.

"Funny, isn't it, how things are divided up?" Burrill's eyes, half closed, were looking speculatively up into the night in the direction of the drifting cigarette smoke. "Now, I never worked a day in my life—never expect to; yet I've got money to burn, while you poor devils sweat your hides off for two or three dollars a day—or is it five? I suppose"—he took the cigarette from his mouth and looked at the ashes on the end of it meditatively—"it is a difference in brains—or luck. About once in two years I do a little thinking, while you mule skinners never do."

Burrill got up, yawned lazily and drifted off toward the inn.

When the chauffeur went back to his machine the red-eyed Brock followed, and returned a half hour later with a breath that covered a rod of the night.

"That gink is goin' to give me a ride up to Globe from the dam to-morrow night," he announced triumphantly. "And a twin six has got a mule wagon skinned to hell and back."

III

HUGH had delivered his load of corrugated iron, and early in the evening he walked out upon the huge dam and stood looking over the edge down into the gorge below. The building of this dam had been a gigantic task. All this material had been hauled by wagons over that interminable mountain road. It had taken many, many months to pour this great wedge of concrete between these rock walls of the narrow gorge.

For four years now the lake had steadily risen, reaching farther and farther—five, ten—now fifteen miles back between the wooded mountains. Slowly the water had crept up the face of the great dam until it was within twenty feet of the top. One more good winter's rainfall and it would be full—and there would be water enough to cover a three years' drought.

There was the soft swish of a woman's clothes and Hugh turned. A girl had come out from the hotel and stood looking at the lake, dark blue under the clear mountain stars.

In a moment she asked over her shoulder: "Do you work here?"

"No," he replied; "I'm a mule skinner."

"What is that?"

She turned her face toward him, and he crossed over and leaned on the ledge near her. It was the girl of the blue hat. He knew her at the first sound of her voice. He was glad it was dark so she had no chance to recognize him—even if she had remembered.

"Oh, a teamster who drives mules," he replied.

"I suppose it is hard work."

Evidently from the tone she had some sort of interest in people who work.

"Oh, yes. Most work is. But I'd rather work hard and not be a fool than to have an easy time and be one. I want to know what is happening before it is all over with."

It rankled with Hugh that he had been so easily deceived in the past.

He saw her nod understandingly.

"You want to know the reason why."

"That is it," he said eagerly; "and I want to know it without waiting to be told after the funeral."

Her laugh puzzled Hugh as she turned back to the starlight on the lake.

"You seem to be quite a philosophical mule skinner—Mr. Franklin."

"You have a good memory."

He was startled but pleased by her speaking his name.

"For voices," she assented. "Once I overheard two men in the dark plotting to blow up my father's factory. For two days I sat in a room adjoining my father's office and listened to the voices of his workmen as he called them in one at a time. I identified both of the men; and when the police went to their rooms they found the bombs."

"What does your father manufacture?" he asked.

"Automobile tires—the Cross Country tire, you know."

Then she was the daughter of Warren Arnett, the big tire manufacturer. Every hamlet and crossroad in America knew the Cross Country tire.

The conversation had begun and continued so naturally that it did not occur to Hugh there was anything unusual about it.

"Mr. Burrill thinks all the fine things of life come from leisure," she remarked in a quizzical tone. "What do you think, Mister Mule Skinner?"

"I think Burrill's leisure would give the devil a vacation," he blurted, and then felt instantly regretful. Burrill was her friend, possibly more.

Her laugh was unaffected amusement.

"One reason why I was interested in hearing you talk with the other men on the Pullman," she said, "was that you expressed your opinion just as you would hit at a ball with a bat."

"But a fellow fans out an awful lot of times that way," he said lugubriously.

"Until he learns to hit sure as well as quick; then he is in the big league, isn't he?"

"There is a lot of water here," Hugh remarked at a turn in the conversation. "They say the lake will be full in another year."

"Yes"—the girl spoke as one with definite information—"and then the Government is going to extend the water district to take in about fifty thousand acres more of the desert in Salt River Valley. I'd think, Mr. Franklin, this would be a good time for a man to buy some land down there."

Evidently she was her father's own daughter in business foresight.

On his return trip to Phœnix Hugh was to stop at the valley cotton gin and bring back some old machinery that had been replaced.

The manager of the gin, seeing Hugh's interest in the cotton, grew enthusiastic. Taking a bit of the lint he pulled it to show the length and silkiness of the fiber.

"The Agricultural Department in experimenting with Egyptian cotton in Arizona has produced a new variety that is the finest long-staple cotton in the world. Its fiber averages one and a half inches long; this sample I am showing you measures one and seven-eighths inches and is very silky. The best cotton tester in Manchester says our Sacatone is superior to Sakellaridis, the best grade of Egyptian cotton. And we sold forty bales yesterday at fifty-two cents a pound. Ordinary cotton is fourteen cents."

"Why is it so much more valuable?" Hugh showed a keen interest.

"Limited production and increasing demand. Sea-Island, for a long time the only long-staple cotton grown in America, can be raised only in the sea islands off South Carolina, and in a few scattering counties south of there into Florida. The production is less than one per cent of the total cotton crop. The Nile Valley in Egypt produced the rest until this experiment in Arizona. They are trying it out over in the Sweet Water Valley in Texas also; but it is not doing so well as here. A fellow named Burrill, who owns a lot of land over there, was here yesterday and he admits this is better cotton than they can raise."

"What has caused the increased demand for long-staple cotton?" Hugh was glimpsing the possibilities for wealth in the Salt River Valley.

"Automobiles. They are beginning to use it in manufacturing automobile tires."

Hugh drove on to Phœnix through the fields that had been turned from desert into luxuriant gardens and orchards—grapes and apples and peaches and oranges—fields of alfalfa and lettuce and potatoes and cotton.

"It is a rich land," he said; "and mine would be like this with water. It is time to see Jack Gardner."

IV

JACK was so glad to see Hugh that he slapped him on the back three times—and offered him two chairs.

"Who'd ever thought you'd blowed in like this?" he kept saying in surprise. Hugh was rather noncommittal as to enthusiasm.

"And I've got good news for you," said Jack. "That is, pretty fair news. I've sold your land after all."

"You have?" Hugh was feeling the air suddenly sultry.

"Yes; sold it yesterday for seven dollars an acre."

Hugh's expression was very different from the good-natured look of confidence and fellowship he had given Gardner seven years ago, when he turned over his first thousand dollars to him.

"What about that twenty-dollar option on record?" The tone was controlled but ominous.

Jack got red and wriggled in his chair.

"It fell through," he explained with a burst of glibness; "you see, Hugh, that was the sale I thought I had for you when I wired."

"Did the two thousand paid down on it fall through also?"

"Well—that was my commission."

"Now look here, Jack Gardner"—there was fight in Hugh's face—"you are not going to sell my land for seven dollars an acre."

Gardner lifted his upper lip and the tip of his nose defiantly.

"I've already done it."

"No, you haven't," said Hugh. "You mean you intend to buy it from me for seven and sell it for twenty. But you won't. After twenty-nine years' practice I've resigned the job of being a fool."

"You are a nice grateful friend," said Gardner aggrievedly. "I invest eight thousand dollars for you, and make you six thousand dollars clear, and then you come beefing round accusing me of being dishonest."

"You invested eight thousand dollars for me—and took six thousand on it," said Hugh bitingly; "and now you want to clean up thirty or forty thousand more."

Gardner reached into his desk.

"Do you remember that?"

He held a paper up for Hugh to see, but kept it out of reach.

It was an agreement given by him to Jack Gardner a year ago authorizing him to sell the land for seven dollars an acre. He had forgotten to cancel it.

"I've sold your land under this contract of sale." Gardner nodded clinchingly.

Hugh saw he was caught.

"Have the deed ready and fourteen thousand dollars, within an hour, and I will sign it."

Hugh rose and left the office. Fifty minutes later, when he returned to Gardner's office, Burrill sat lazily collapsed in a chair, his silked left ankle over his knee, smoking that eternal cigarette.

"This is the man who is buying your land."

Gardner waved affably at Burrill, whose half-closed black eyes glanced as indifferently over Hugh as though he had been a harmless bug that had ambled across the doorsill.

Hugh, ignoring Burrill, who had not so much as nodded in recognition, turned to Gardner.

"Is the deed ready?"

It was; and Hugh noticed it was not made to Burrill but to J. L. Thompson.

Hugh took the certified check for fourteen thousand dollars, deposited it in a bank and went out and bought the best suit of clothes he could find.

He engaged a room with bath at the Adams Hotel, where Miss Arnett stayed. He had discovered that no one about the hotel knew who Miss Arnett was. They knew her name, but merely considered her a rich tourist from somewhere back East who wore good clothes and was uncommonly nice to the help.

Hugh went to his room and sat down at the writing desk and proceeded to piece together what he had discovered the last two months. It convinced him that his conclusion was right. Something big was about to happen in the valley; and only Burrill and Jack Gardner and he knew of it.

Hugh took out his bank book and looked with satisfaction at the new entry, "$14,000."

"Not so bad," he said. "And now that I know what is going on I'll get my part in it."

He called Miss Arnett's room on the telephone.

"Yes?" There was a charming interest and courtesy in her rising inflection.

"Miss Arnett, this is Franklin, the mule skinner. Might I see you a few minutes in the parlor?"

She came at once, and shook hands with him. There were both amusement and admiration—he missed the admiration—in her eyes as she noted the change in his appearance and bearing.

"You don't look much like a mule skinner, Mr. Franklin," she laughed.

"I've quit the mules," he said as he led her to a secluded corner where they would not be overheard.

"Miss Arnett"—he leaned toward her in his earnest concentration—"I've discovered that the most valuable information usually comes by accident or unexpected frankness. I have got some by accident; I wonder if you'll supply the rest by frankness?"

He smiled a serious, winning smile. His eyes were very blue and his hair thick and unruly.

She waited for him to go on, her brown eyes studying his face intently.

"Your father's company is planning to raise cotton for its tires. It is going to buy up large tracts of land—preferably land not now under irrigation, and raise its own cotton. Now what I need to know is: How much land is wanted, and how much the company is willing to pay for it?"

She gave a little gasp, but her eyes twinkled.

"Can't you discover that by accident also? I'm not a member of my father's company, you know."

He nodded. "The story you told me at the dam showed me you were interested in your father's business; and your alert intelligence convinces me you know a lot about that business. I will not misuse the information. On the contrary, I will make it to his advantage. As it is now, the man or men preparing to handle this land are rascals. I have the best of reasons for knowing. Now I know your father—if he is a bit like you, and he must be—will want to pay what the land is worth, but no more. These men are trying to get it away from the original homesteaders and purchasers for much less than it is worth—and will try to sell it to your father for more than it is worth. If I can find on what basis to figure I will go out in the field and beat them and will see that everybody gets a fair deal."

Miss Arnett bit her under lip a moment and puckered her eyebrows.

"I trust you, Mr. Franklin," she said directly; "and since you know so much I guess it will be better for you

(Continued on Page 73)

Actual photograph of the three-ton Mack unit of the Goodyear Akron to-Boston fleet making forty miles an hour on Goodyear Cord Tires

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Motor Hauling At Forty Miles An Hour!

A MOTOR truck of appreciable tonnage, traveling at eighteen miles an hour or thereabouts, is a sight both formidable and inspiring.

Picture, then, what a spectacle a fully loaded three-ton carrier must be, careering through the country at forty miles an hour!

This feat actually has been accomplished, without discoverable damage to the truck or its contents, on a 20-mile stretch between Tuscarora Mountain and Chambersburg, Pa.

It was wholly made possible by the speed, cushioning power and traction of the Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Tires with which the truck was equipped.

In everyday hauling it is of course neither safe nor practical to operate trucks at the speed we have mentioned.

The important thing for the truck user in this performance cited is the advantages it demonstrates in pneumatic truck tires.

They do allow swifter speeds, over enormously increased areas, with greater safety and less truck depreciation than otherwise is possible.

They do magnify gasoline and oil mileages, permit heavier loads on lighter chassis, and afford the utmost protection to the truck and its cargo.

These qualities in Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks have been proved beyond question in heavy truck duty in more than 250 American cities.

They are one of the reasons why our government has chosen these tires as equipment on so many of its active service trucks.

They have enabled our own transports in Akron-to-Boston service to maintain an average round-trip schedule for the 1500 miles of less than 8 days.

Their relation to the motor truck's future is of an importance and consequence that no truck maker or user can afford to ignore.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

DTA Co

1902-1918

Time Demonstrates Ability

It is not an occasional success, a set of axles that now and then makes an astonishing record, that demonstrates ability.

It is the long record of many years of steady reliability—anticipating all the changes in axle types and designs and maintaining unbroken leadership for sixteen years.

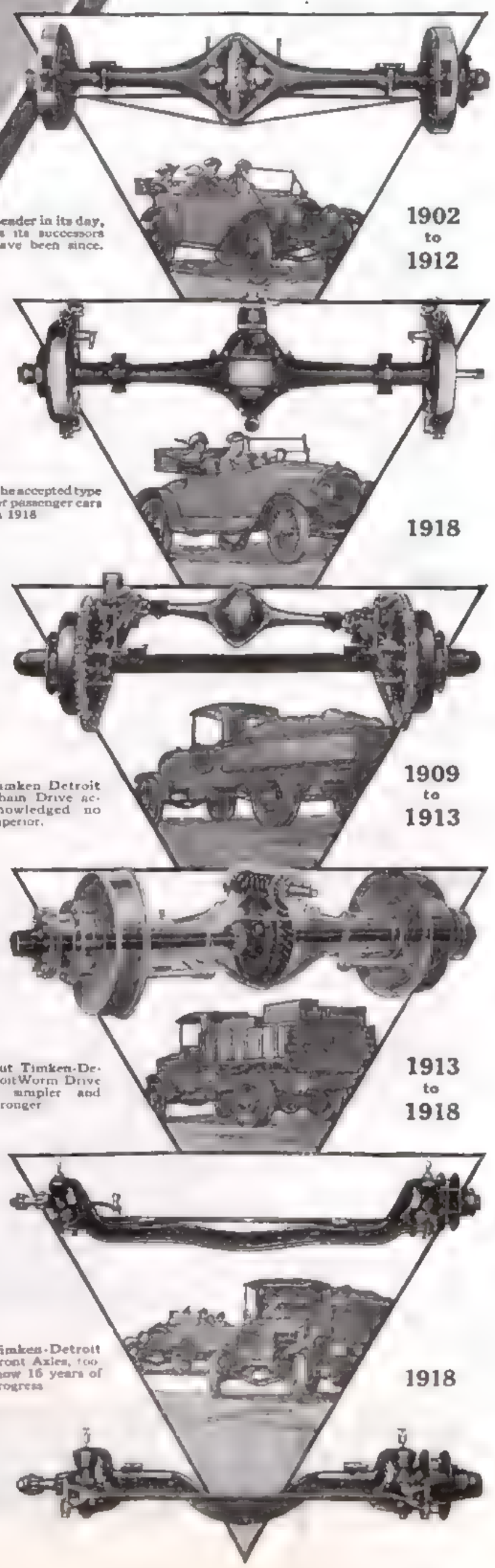
Every time the Timken-Detroit mark is placed on an axle it increases Timken-Detroit responsibility; for it expresses our recognition of the fact that this past record must be maintained.

And it is your assurance that the axles under your car are built upon all that the experience of the past can contribute to the needs of the present.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Oldest and largest builders of front and rear axles for both motor cars and trucks

TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES


Leader in its day, as its successors have been since.
1902 to 1912
The accepted type for passenger cars in 1918
1918
Timken Detroit Chain Drive acknowledged no superior.
1909 to 1913
But Timken-Detroit Worm Drive is simpler and stronger
1913 to 1918
Timken-Detroit Front Axles, too, show 16 years of progress
1918

(Continued from Page 69)

to know more. I'm not my father's agent in any sense—I'm not a real business woman—but he does put a good deal of confidence in what I see and say. He asked me to spend a few months here—and find out all I could with a view to doing what you outline. I did not know anyone knew it except Mr. Burrill, who is—a friend, and has offered father a large tract in the Sweet Water Valley. But if there is someone else who knows it, and he is dishonestly getting hold of the land, your assistance might be valuable. There is nothing definite about it yet. But father estimates that he can pay an average of twenty dollars an acre for unimproved, unirrigated land that has possibilities for irrigation. For land under cultivation he would have to pay the usual price; but he wants unirrigated land that he can develop in a body—and he would buy twenty to thirty thousand acres. Of course, some land would be worth more—perhaps thirty-five dollars for the best; and some of the poorest ought to be bought for ten or fifteen dollars. But round twenty or twenty-five will be the average."

He rose and held out his hand.

"I should not have told you this." She smiled a little dubiously. "You see, I really am not a business woman; I don't see why father trusts me with big things. I did not intend for anyone to know who I really am, but it slipped out that night I talked with you on the dam before I really thought. But as you have kept that—I'm sure I can trust you to keep the rest."

"I am sure you can." He gave her hand a frank, grateful pressure. "And I hope the time will come when I can show you how much I appreciate it."

V

AS HUGH FRANKLIN had left the office Burrill's lazy black eyes turned indignantly upon Jack Gardner. "What in the devil did you tell him I bought the land for?" he demanded.

"Oh," replied Gardner with a shrug, "had to tell him somebody bought it. He's a friend of mine, and I didn't want him thinking I bought it."

Burrill had resumed his cigarette and curled the smoke slowly from the corner of his mouth. "We ought to get thirty thousand acres at less than ten dollars an acre."

"It can't be done," said Gardner, shaking his head. "Why, man, I actually got a fellow to take an option on that two thousand acres at twenty dollars an acre. Got two thousand down on it—still have it." He winked wisely. "But land is going up everywhere. I might get twenty thousand acres at twelve-fifty, but I doubt it."

Burrill lazily smoked on for several minutes. "Well, see what you can do. Get all the options under fifteen; and do not pay anything down on them—not for me. Make all the options to Thompson."

"All right, I'll start out next week and begin to feel round," said Gardner. "We have to move cautiously. If they once get a hint that something is up they'll jump the price on us clear over the moon. I'll take them one at a time sort of casual like as they come to the office."

Five days later a big touring car passed what appeared to be a farmer on horseback on a cottonwood-shaded road beside an irrigation ditch. A short-necked, big-eared man was driving the car. Burrill and Miss Arnett were in the back seat. The machine passed, leaving a swirl of dust. If either Burrill or the girl had noticed the rider there was no sign of it.

That evening Burrill said to his chauffeur: "Thompson, did you see that yahoo on horseback?"

The red-faced chauffeur nodded.

"Go out and see what he is doing; and if it is anything he ought not to be at drop him in the irrigation ditch."

Burrill went to Jack Gardner's office.

"I'm something of a lily of the field myself," he remarked sarcastically, "but when it comes to toiling not you have the strongest monopoly I know. That alleged friend of yours has been out prowling round that land over there—and it is about time you learned what he is doing."

Next morning Jack Gardner was out in his car interviewing owners of desert land. The first hour he discovered what Hugh Franklin had been doing—and every hour after that he discovered more of what he had been doing, until at two o'clock he returned to town the worst chagrined man in Phœnix.

And to think trusting old Hugh had done him like that!

Gardner dreaded to break the news to Burrill. He was afraid of Burrill. Somehow in the presence of that half sleepy, lazy insolence one felt on edge—as though something was about to break.

Gardner did not have long to fidget uneasily in his chair. Almost immediately Burrill sauntered in, dressed in spotless white flannel, smoking a cigarette, and his sallow face wearing a provocative smile.

"Well?" He lifted his black eyebrows as he slipped into a chair.

"Well," said Gardner with a slippery man's gift at shifting the blame, "there is a nigger in the woodpile somewhere. Somebody has given the thing away. That blunderer has gone out buying options right and left—offering fifteen, twenty, even twenty-five and thirty dollars for unwatered land. He's signed up over twenty thousand acres. He thinks he'll hold somebody up. I don't see how he found out. You suppose Thompson could have given it away?"

Burrill rubbed the ashes from the cigarette on the edge of his shoe, and his half-closed black eyes looked languidly out of the door, as though it was scarcely worth while to answer this fellow at all.

"Gardner"—there was an edge to his drawl when he did speak—"the most damning evidence against the intelligence of the human race I ever found is the fact that you have made money. When a man with as little brains as you have can make money off the rest—what fools the rest must be! The Cross Country Tire Company trusts you to handle a commission that would have meant a hundred thousand dollars to you, but"—he waved his left hand with languid indifference—"you let a mule skinner beat you to it. I don't want any of the options you have taken. I don't want the two thousand acres you bought."

He rose and strolled out of the office, leaving Gardner gasping like an overheated frog. Burrill crossed the street to a drug store, bought three cigars and talked a few minutes over the telephone.

VI

HUGH switched his horse into a gallop as he turned the Three Forks and headed for town. He had wanted to finish his work but he must see Miss Arnett to-night and tell her of what he had already done. He had managed it well and accomplished a big task in a very short time. He believed she would be glad on his account as well as on her father's. It was early evening. The wind sang in the cottonwood trees by the road; the green alfalfa had the sweet earth smell of newly watered fields. An orange grove and a row of palms were on the left. And the buttes far beyond the green fields glowed in the soft radiance of early twilight.

"Isn't it great?" Hugh said it aloud, throwing back his head and slapping his horse's shoulder with his open hand.

It was eight o'clock when he got to the hotel. He asked the clerk if Miss Arnett was in.

"I saw her come out of the dining room a few minutes ago," said the clerk. "Think she went up to her room. Believe she is going out to-night."

Hugh started for the stairs. Her room was on the second floor, and he did not bother about the elevator. Burrill was standing by the cigar stand, his elbow on the glass case, smoking the eternal cigarette. They saw each other at the same time; and Burrill's eyes looked straight at Hugh. There was no indifference in them now; he was no longer a bug to this man. Instead, the black eyes thrust into his consciousness threateningly.

Hugh met the look without flinching for an instant, then turned and hurried up the stairs, a grin on his face.

He paused halfway up. She was coming down from the mezzanine floor—in a light evening dress and the loveliest pale-blue hat. She was more beautiful than he had ever seen her.

"Miss Arnett," he said eagerly when she was on the step above him, "I have great news for you."

She gave him the briefest possible glance, but in its coldness was contempt, and she passed on without even an inclination of her head. He turned in bewilderment and watched her. The look of disdain changed to a blazing anger that burned scarlet on her cheek and neck as she went on down the stairs.

Hugh did not go to his room, but dropped into the first chair he came to on the mezzanine floor.

"Well, I'll be smashed!" he said, puzzling for a reason. He looked doubtfully down at his feet. "Great Scott!" He still had on his rough clothes, his guise as a farm hand.

"I wonder if that was it?"

But he shook his head directly. "No; she is not that sort."

So much of our happiness in our achievements depends on somebody else's being glad over them that Hugh's pleasure in his big prospects was mostly spoiled by the incident on the stairs. Why had she acted the way she did? What was the matter?

The evening paper lay sprawling on the floor near his chair, where someone had flung it. He reached over and picked it up and began looking at the headlines as a sort of habit—his mind still troubled and puzzled by Miss Arnett's action.

But the third headline, a double-column head, galvanized him into attention.

BIG COMPANY TO COME HERE

CROSS COUNTRY TIRE COMPANY TO BUY VAST COTTON ACREAGE IN SALT RIVER VALLEY

The Evening Record has learned early this afternoon, through a telephone message from Mr. Hugh Franklin, special representative of the Cross Country Tire Company and intimate friend of the Arnetts, that this great concern is to grow cotton for its own tires. They have selected Salt River Valley as the best cotton land in America; and Mr. Franklin is closing options on twenty or thirty thousand acres of land for that purpose.

"I see." His hands clenched until they wadded up the paper. "That's Jack Gardner."

Hugh got up and took the paper with him to his room. "That was evidently done to stop my getting options. He did it figuring it would cause the price to jump out of my reach. But what will Gardner get out of it? If the land goes up so I can't get it, how can he?"

That part of it puzzled him. Anyway, he would go back to-morrow and continue his work. This would not hurt him so much as Gardner thought, for he had not been working as Gardner would work. He had dealt frankly and fairly with every man.

"There is a company that I think I can sell a big parcel of land to if I can get it together. I believe I can get you fifteen dollars an acre for this land. I want two and a half dollars' commission. But I'll add that to the price I ask them. I will pay you fifty cents an acre for a three months' option at that price." Most of them were delighted with the terms. And though in many cases he had given them more than they asked, even after adding two and a half dollars an acre as commission, the twenty thousand acres he had secured would cost the tire people an average of only eighteen and a half dollars an acre. That would save them thirty thousand dollars—on the lowest price they had estimated.

His plan was making money for everybody.

Gardner and Burrill had planned to get it for seven dollars an acre, as they had Hugh's, and sell it for thirty dollars. But now what was their scheme?

Maybe, it occurred to Hugh, this fake article was to make enmity between him and the Arnetts, so they would not deal with him. He had already invested ten of his fourteen thousand dollars in options, which would not be worth a cent unless he could put the deal through with the tire company.

There was a knock at his door. He jumped and turned round—and grinned at himself for being on such a tension.

"Come in," he called.

Jack Gardner entered.

Gardner tried as hard to appear facetiously casual as an after-dinner speaker at a high-brow banquet. But inwardly he was badly flustered. It took an awful lot of gall to make this call; but it had to be done. Burrill had thrown him down and left him with that two thousand acres on his hands. And Jack needed badly the fourteen thousand dollars he had dug up with which to pay for it. Now that Burrill was out of it Gardner had not the slightest faith in the deal's going through with the tire people. He must unload the land at once, and not believing in the burned-child proverb he had come back to the man who bought it first.

Jack tried to revive talk of the good old days, but Hugh did not rise to the back-home sentiment worth a cent. Instead, Gardner had an uneasy sense that Franklin might rise up at any time and kick him out of the room.

"By the way," said Gardner, as though just remembering, "you seemed dissatisfied with the price I got for your land. The fellow who bought it was in this evening and said if he could get a small profit on it he would resell it to you."

"Is that so?" Hugh spoke dryly and avoided looking at Gardner.

"Yes, he says if he can get fifteen dollars an acre—to sell.

"A trifling profit of about one hundred and fourteen per cent," commented Hugh. Though he kept an air of sneering indifference, his heart was pounding like that of a hunter who sees big game. This two thousand acres was really the best land of all the unwatered tracts in the group.

Jack argued a while, telling how the price of land jumped at sudden good news—it was part of the game—the same sort of game Hugh was playing. The land was worth twenty—twenty-five.

Hugh waited until his visitor was through. He knew that for some reason Jack was anxious to unload that land.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Hugh came suddenly round facing Gardner. "I'll give you seven dollars and fifty cents an acre for that land—that is, I'll take an option on it for three months; pay you one thousand dollars down to hold the option."

Gardner did not hesitate more than a minute and a half. It meant getting out from under—and a profit of a thousand dollars. Not bad!

Hugh moved his chair to the writing table and filled out a blank option and passed it over to Gardner.

"I'll have the party sign this," said Gardner.

"Need not mind about that. Just sign it yourself. J. L. Thompson retransferred the land to you the next day."

Gardner tried to cover his embarrassment with a laugh as he signed:

"Well, I'll be damned, Hugh, you've become a regular old sleuth. When did you get your eyes opened?"

Hugh was writing a check for one thousand dollars and did not reply. As he handed it to Jack he remarked: "You seem to be making a pretty good living selling options on my land. I guess that is all. Good night."

(Continued on Page 76)

Cashing In On Increased

When the machinist and the foreman get together on production there are no regrets either from the standpoint of wage or output where Robbins & Myers Motors are the driving force behind both.

The work ticket tells its own story of the efficiency of the operating equipment. And the foreman well knows that equipment efficiency reflects itself in the attitude of the front office.

The R&M advantage is fourfold: to the workman, the house, the product, the customer. Each cashes in on production.

For twenty-one years Robbins & Myers have been making quality motors for the factory, office, home and store. They range from 1-40 to 30 horsepower. Whatever the motor need in these sizes, there is just the Robbins & Myers Motor that meets it.

The line also includes specially built motors for electrically-driven devices such as vacuum cleaners, addressing machines, coffee grinders, washing machines, etc. A big demand for R&M Motors is met among builders of the better electrically-driven equipment. These concerns know the advantage of matching a quality device with dependable operating equipment.

Thus, to be Robbins & Myers equipped has come to be a sure sign of unusual worthiness throughout. People seeking the utmost for their money look for this mark of value.

Power users interested in better motors—whether for the one-man shop or large factory

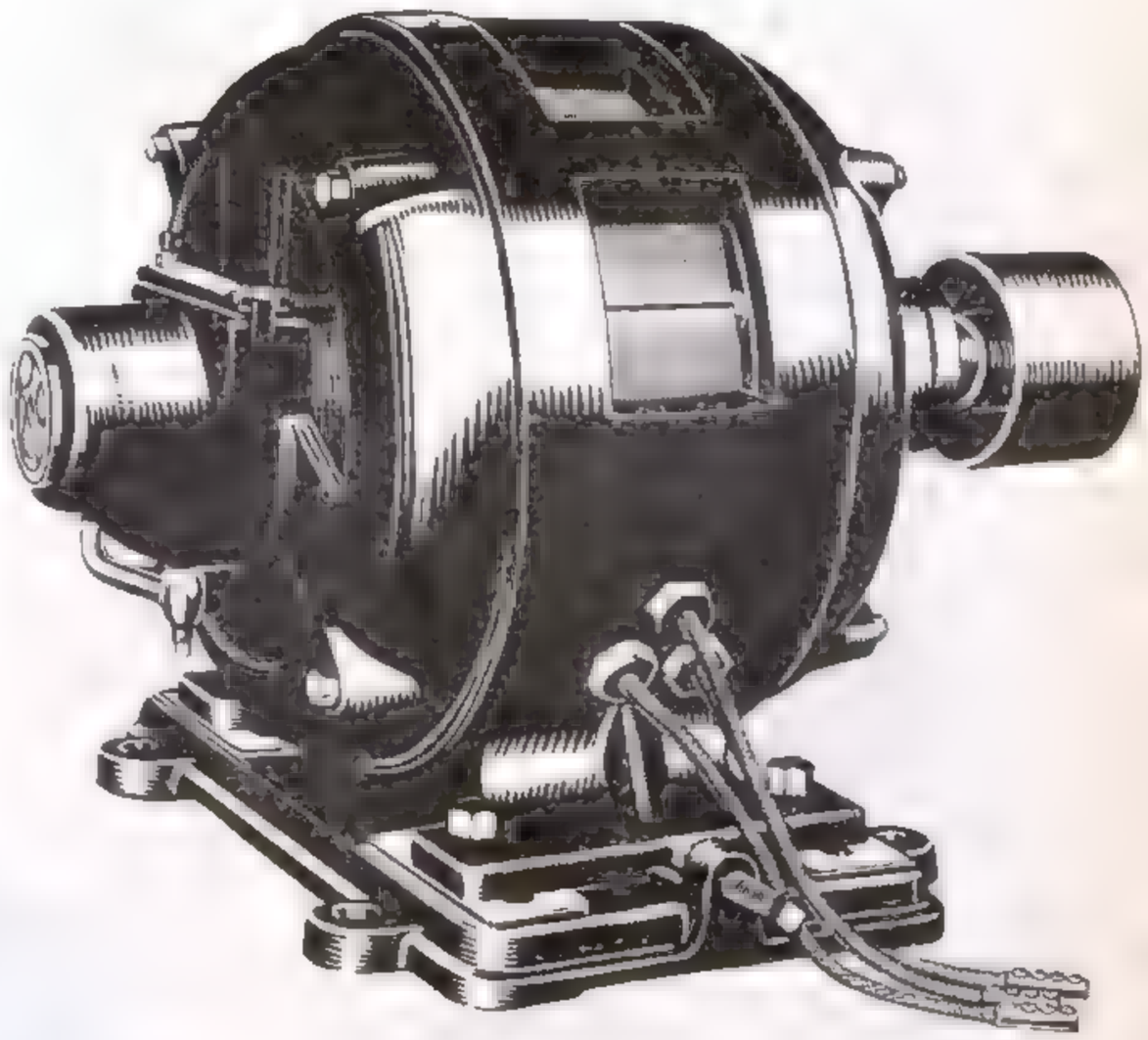
Robbins & Myers

Production

—will do well to investigate the R&M line, the line that enables them to cash in on production through uninterrupted motor performance and low cost of maintenance.

Electrical device manufacturers find that Robbins & Myers Motors insure an operating efficiency in keeping with their own manufacturing ideals.

Dealers find that R&M Motors and R&M motor-equipped devices are attractive to handle, from every standpoint of quality, demand, and the whole-hearted co-operation given at all times.

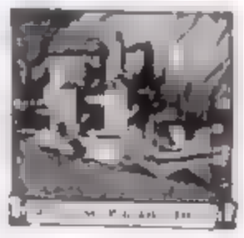


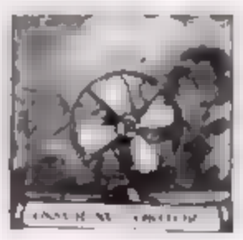
The Robbins & Myers Co., Springfield, Ohio

For Twenty-one Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors

Branches in all Principal Cities

Motors





(Continued from Page 73)

He had risen and opened the door for Gardner to pass out.

Hugh took out of the drawer, when the door had closed, the plan of the tract which he had outlined for the tire company—and added to the options already under contract, "two thousand acres at twenty-five dollars an acre." It was worth that.

VII

BURRILL met Gussie Arnett at the foot of the stairs a moment after she had passed Hugh Franklin. He smiled at her in a sleepy way as he took her light wrap.

"I'm going to drive myself," he said as he helped her into the front seat. "It's a bore"—he had stepped into the seat behind the wheel and was lighting a cigarette—"but not so bad as having that long-eared jackass of a chauffeur along."

Burrill in spite of his indolent attitude was an expert driver and could manage the machine with his left hand. As the big car purred along the boulevard northward toward the country club he asked:

"Well, have you made up your mind what you are going to tell your father about Salt River Valley?"

"Yes." Her eyes were on the line of palm trees that stood out beside the road against the night sky. "I'm going to tell him it is the place."

"There is no doubt about it, I suppose," he assented, nodding in the dark. "That Sweet Water Valley in Texas is great country. But everything considered—you are right; this is the best."

"I was at the Miramar cotton gin last Friday," she told him, "and the manager showed me the threads of the long-staple cotton—some of them one and seven-eighths inches long and of the finest fiber. They shipped some of it to the mills at Manchester. The cotton manufacturers there have an expert old weaver who for many years has tested and classified the cotton that comes to the mills. He is blind now, but does it by touch. They brought him a sample of this new Arizona cotton, and the moment his fingers touched it his hands began to tremble and his voice asked in great excitement: 'Where did that cotton come from? No other cotton as fine as that has ever been grown in the world before.'

"Father had about made up his mind already," she finished, "and I'm going to wire him to-morrow to send a man to buy the land and start preparations. I've learned confidentially that we can get water from the dam next spring if our system is ready."

"But don't you think," suggested Burrill, "that unfortunate article in the afternoon paper will cause the owners to jump their prices out of sight?"

"Father is rarely taken in, and he simply won't pay more than a thing is worth. When the owners see that I think they will sell at a fair price. Of course, if he can't get the land here he will have to go elsewhere."

"There is a standing invitation to Sweet Water," he laughed lazily. "And I'll guarantee a fair price. Miss Arnett, I am so opposed to exertion I won't even raise the price of what I own."

"Thanks," she laughed lightly.

"Father is going to raise cotton somewhere—and start it next spring. For if we should be drawn into this European war it might be impossible for him to buy it."

He put out his hand—a soft, smooth hand—and covered lightly the one of hers that rested on her knee.

"Don't trouble your lovely head any more now about business. It is too nice a night." The lights of the clubhouse were just ahead. "It is a bit early to dance—and why should one dance at all when poetry tips every leaf before the moon? Shall we ride a little farther?"

"Yes." She nodded dreamily.

They sped west. A watchman walked the long concrete water ditch. A mile farther three hobos sat round a smoking coffee can on a little fire beside the road.

"Poor devils," commented Burrill, "they have the principle but not the means. Leisure without luxury is like a vacation with the measles."

"Really, Mr. Burrill," the girl laughed, "do you despise work so much as you pretend?"

He slowed down. "I loathe it, Miss Gussie."

They crossed a little bridge and on a slight rise he stopped the machine. The wind came soothingly soft, fragrant with desert sage and ripening fruit. There was the song of a meadow lark and the gurgle of water running into the green field at the left. The crescent moon in the west hung over a dim red butte enwrapped in the mystery of the night.

"Miss Gussie"—again his hand rested on hers, and his voice was ardent in its very drawl—"all there is in life worth a breath of wind is a certain fineness in living and a fervor in loving. What is that lump of clay walking that irrigation ditch for three dollars the night? A mere beast—the product of work. And what am I sitting here in this thrall of poetry stirred by the night? A god of color and love—the product of leisure. Ah, girl, the finest thing in man—the only thing that keeps him from being a brute or devil—is love for an adorable woman—like you."

VIII

THE next evening, a little after sundown, Hugh Franklin, after a hard day's work, rode down the road from the desert into the irrigated lands, looking for a place to spend the night. He had found the word had spread swiftly—and that it meant a battle with each landowner to get a fair option. He had won three men over, and got another twelve hundred acres. But it had been a difficult day, and he had not even taken time to eat. He was hungry now and tired.

As he came upon a little rise just west of the bridge over the irrigation canal he noticed the tracks of a heavy automobile. It had stopped here and turned. At the edge of the road he saw a lady's handkerchief. He got off his horse and picked it up. It was a dainty thing of the finest fabric, and "G" was embroidered in the corner. He slipped it into his pocket and rode on. Two miles farther—it was dark now—he saw a fire by the roadside; two hobos heating their supper.

One of them was bending over the fire stirring the coffee with a stick to keep it from boiling over. He had a short neck and big ears—it was Thompson. And the fellow with him was Brock, the mule skinner, beyond a doubt!

Hugh kept well over to the left side of the road and passed without being recognized. He wondered what they were doing out here. For several days he had been running across Thompson, the long-eared chauffeur of Burrill's, so often, in fact, he had almost believed the fellow was following him. Why had he and Burrill taken up Brock at the dam? And why was Thompson hoboing out here with him? Something was up.

At the turn of the road he hitched his horse, got inside the field, with the irrigation ditch and the row of cottonwoods between him and the road, and slipped back toward the tramps and the fire. When he had crept up to within thirty feet of the tramps' fire without being heard, he lay in a clump of willows beside the water ditch and listened.

"This is a rotten country," said Brock, wiping his sleeve across his mouth after guzzling a tin of coffee.

"They all are," agreed Thompson, scratching his left ear, which stood out from his thick head.

"They talk about needin' hands," continued Brock, biting off half a sandwich and chewing it noisily, "but when you come to work for them—what do they offer?"

"Nothing but picking cotton," said Thompson.

"And that ain't a white man's job; that's a damned greaser's. I wouldn't pick cotton if I never did get a job."

"No; nor wade round in the water and mud, irrigatin'," said Thompson.

"What's the matter with this country," said the red-eyed, stubby-bearded Brock, "is that it's owned by land hogs. What do they care about you and me—except for the work they can git out of us?"

"And what the hell do we care about them?" added Thompson.

"I went to a feller this mornin'," continued the aggrieved Brock, "and asked him for a job. He offered me three and a quarter dollars a day to pick oranges alongside of a bunch of Dagos.

"'What do you think I am, anyway?' says I to him. 'Go to hell with your three dollars. I don't want to pick oranges, no-how.' I told him what I thought of him—and that there was one laborin' man he couldn't run no sandy over. He got mean and ordered me off—and I dared him to put me off. They don't want to try no funny business with me or they'll smell smoke some night."

"That's the stuff!" commented Thompson.

Though Thompson did not say much, Hugh saw that he was slyly stirring Brock up and urging him on.

"I reckon," said Brock, "that feller Burrill you work for has got a lot of money."

"He ain't got much now," said Thompson; "but he will have. He makes money just as easy as fallin' off a log. It is always that way. The fellow that works the least gets the most. He's spent three or four fortunes. He's got twenty-five thousand acres of land over in Texas below the Sweet Water Dam. It ain't irrigated, but it can be. It just cost him a dollar an acre—and he is goin' to sell it to a big concern for thirty dollars an acre. Burrill looks like he's half asleep, but the devil himself would have to sit up all night to catch him nappin'."

"Twenty-five thousand acres at thirty dollars an acre would be seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars." Brock had just got it worked out with a stub of a pencil on the margin of a newspaper. "That's some dough! It ain't fair," he broke out, "some fellers that don't do nothin' havin' it all, and us fellers that work havin' nothin'."

"No, it ain't," agreed Thompson. "And we ain't got guts enough to do anything about it. You brag about what you'd do—but you wouldn't. If every fellow in this valley should kick you a mile you'd just whine and lick their boots."

Brock swore most violently that he would show them. Just let them try it. He'd fix 'em!

As Hugh rode on to the nearest village, digesting what he had heard, he forgot his hunger. He understood Burrill's moves now. Though in doubt as to where the Cross Country Tire Company would grow its cotton, Burrill had thought to play safe by getting a lot of cheap options in Salt River Valley through Jack Gardner. But why had he given it up? The significance of this struck Hugh all of a sudden. Evidently Burrill now knew that Arnett was not going to buy in the Salt River Valley.

And Hugh had twelve thousand and fifty of his fourteen thousand dollars tied up in options!

But why was Burrill, through his tool, Thompson, playing on that inflammable kicker, Jim Brock? Brock was exactly the type of floating laborer that is dangerous. Weak in everything but ability to hatch grievances; persistent in nothing but kicks; a failure as a tramp; an aggravation as a laborer; he had never done an honest day's work in his life. He may have worked hard at times, but never honestly—never with the slightest sense of obligation to earn what he got or the slightest sense of loyalty to his job.

Burrill was shrewd, no doubt of it—shrewd as he was indolent and insolent. He had picked this fellow for a purpose. What was that purpose?

Franklin was asleep almost the moment he was in bed at the village hotel. No problems—not even the probability that in chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of a fortune he had dropped his twelve thousand dollars—could keep him awake after a hard day's work.

When he came down to breakfast next morning he noticed some commotion in the street and went to the window. Two men were coming down the road. One of them had hold of the other's collar and was shoving him along roughly.

The fellow being shoved was bloody and looked as though he had been rolled in the dirt. He was pretty badly mauled and had a stubby beard and red-rimmed eyes. It was Jim Brock!

"The constable bringing in a tramp," remarked the landlord, who had also come to the window.

After breakfast Hugh went out to talk to the constable, who had locked the sullen Brock in the village hold over.

"Yes," replied the constable, "he was a hobo camping up by the irrigation ditch this side of the bridge. I got a telephone call about two o'clock this morning to run him in—that he's dangerous—been threatening to burn barns, and the like."

"Was he alone?" Hugh asked.

"Yes. Another had been there, but he was gone. Anyway, this was the one they wanted me to run in."

"I guess," Hugh thought as he saddled his horse, "I'll go in to Phœnix. There seems to be a little more going on than I have so far discovered."

IX

HUGH spent a most wretched day. He was too restless to stay in his room and too miserable to go out. He had come back to Phœnix determined to brave another rebuff, and try to put himself right with Miss Arnett. As he thought of her she seemed so human and sympathetic and lovely that he could not but hope she would accept his denial of that wretched newspaper story.

But when he got to the hotel she was gone. She and her traveling companion had left the day before. Burrill also had checked out.

And Hugh was left with a deskful of land options!

Burrill, through his friendship with the Arnetts, undoubtedly would swing the deal on his Texas land, and Hugh could whistle for the twelve thousand and his work.

Yet by and by, when he thought it over, it occurred to him that as good a business man as Arnett must be he would not let friendship swing him in so important a thing as this. If this land was better than Burrill's the Cross Country company would surely buy it. Then it was up to him to convince them it was better.

An hour later he sent a telegram addressed personally to Arnett:

"Have options on 25,000 acres of good cotton land, all of which will be included in the extended water district of the Roosevelt Dam project next spring. Can buy this land for you at an average price of $19 an acre—including my commission."

The next day Hugh got a telegram:

"Our Mr. Ferris, who is inspecting the Sweet Water Valley in Texas, will be in Phœnix in a day or two and will look into your proposition. ARNETT."

Hugh had been out for five days with the land men for the Cross Country Tire Company. Ferris had inspected every tract Hugh had listed; had studied the irrigation plans; gone into cotton fields and cotton mills; taken samples of soil and dug into state and government reports and surveys of these lands. Hugh liked that, for he believed in his land.

Friday evening they returned to the Adams Hotel. As they entered the lobby, Ferris, who had been noncommittal during the entire investigation, asked: "How soon could you close up the deal for that twenty-five thousand acres?"

"I think all the deeds could be signed up and the titles examined within three to four weeks."

"Cut your commission to a dollar an acre and I'll recommend that the tire company accept it."

"I am saving you ten dollars an acre," said Hugh with good-natured firmness. "Why should I also give you sixty per cent of my commission? It is a big deal, the Cross Country is a big company and I have managed it well. I don't believe Mr. Arnett would want any of my commission."

"No, I guess not." Ferris laughed. "Let's go ask Miss Gussie about it."

Hugh turned and saw Miss Arnett and Burrill across the lobby. It was the first he had known of her return, and his heart gave a queer thumping jump. At the moment he had turned, her eyes were on him, and as she looked away quickly a touch of deeper color came to her face.

Hugh followed Ferris, who was moving across the lobby.

"Burrill," said Ferris, "he has you beat. Your Sweet Water land would answer—was better than any I had seen; but this is the best for our purpose."

Burrill nodded with ready indifference: "It is."

But Hugh fancied his sallow face grew a shade sallower, and there was a lurking drop of venom in the lazy glance he sent at Franklin.

"Miss Arnett"—Ferris turned to the young lady, who had not spoken—"this fellow Franklin here is a queer real-estate man—if he is one at all. He is as frank as a brother-in-law who lends you money. He threw all his cards on the table—told me exactly what the option on each tract called for, and worked as hard to help me find the difficulties as he did the advantages of each piece of land. He has figured two and a half dollars commission. If we take the land, that will be a nifty little sum of sixty-two

(Continued on Page 79)

PALMOLIVE

HOTEL DENNIS
SEATTLE

HOTEL DAVENPORT
SPOKANE

HOTEL TULLER
DETROIT

PIEDMONT HOTEL
ATLANTA

SOUTHERN HOTEL
LOUISVILLE

ADOLPHUS HOTEL
DALLAS

RALEIGH HOTEL
WASHINGTON

PALACE HOTEL
SAN FRANCISCO

The Crowning Luxury of Perfect Service

AT those hotels most famous for the completeness of their service, Palmolive Soap is invariably supplied in individual guest room size. The miniature cake, fresh and fragrant in the familiar green wrapper, awaits the travel-worn guest, offering the refreshment that the profuse, creamy Palmolive lather alone can give.

We picture here a few of the thousands of hotels which provide Palmolive for their guests.. This detail indicates the perfection of comfort which you will find.

Many a traveler has first made the acquaintance of this famous soap through this luxurious hotel service, to establish it as a home luxury as well. For Palmolive, once used, becomes a necessity. It spoils one for less perfect soaps.

Contains Palm and Olive Oils

These bland soothing oils, the world's most valued toilet luxuries since the days of Ancient Egypt, impart their beneficial qualities to Palmolive. They give it its mild, yet thorough cleansing qualities and the attractive Palmolive color.

Palmolive Soap is the leader of the Palmolive line, sold by dealers everywhere. Palmolive Shaving Cream is the latest Palmolive triumph. It contains these same rare oils — is both lather and lotion.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

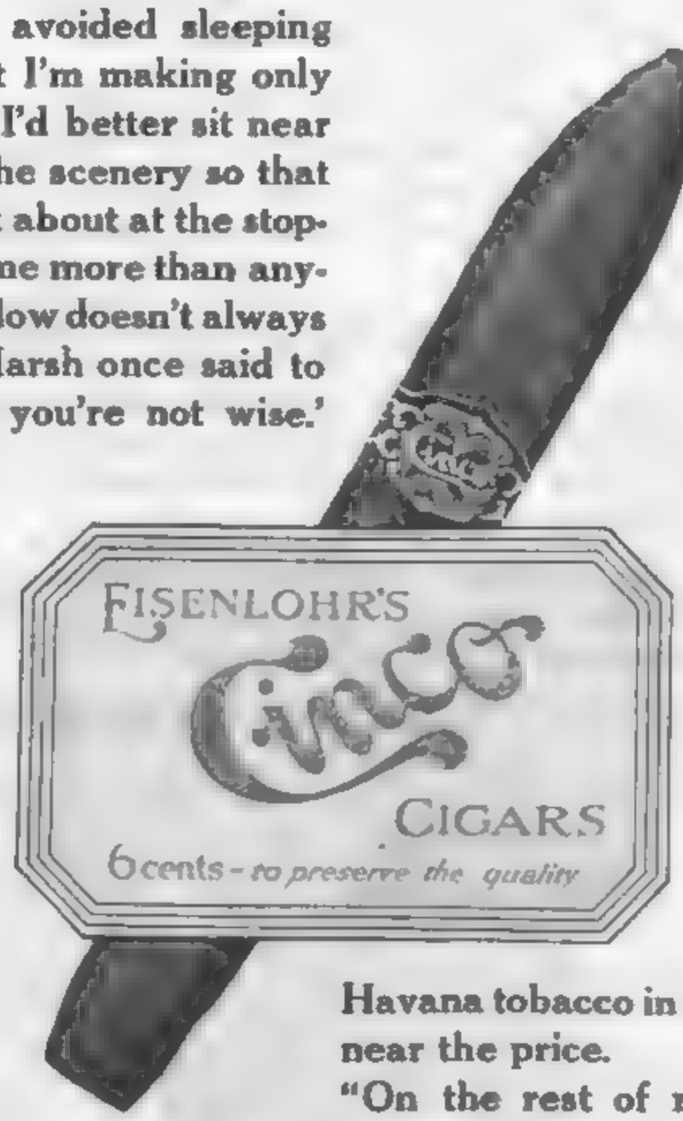
(847)

"Smart, but not wise"

"On my journey through life I've avoided sleeping cars and night travel. I figure that I'm making only one trip, with no return ticket, and I'd better sit near the window and keep my eyes on the scenery so that I'll have something to talk and think about at the stop-offs. And one thing has impressed me more than anything else, and that is, the smartest fellow doesn't always get the head prize. As old Sandy Marsh once said to his office boy—'You're smart, but you're not wise.'

"Billy, you have a lot of good ideas, and a lot more not so good, but your underlying thought always is to get rich quick, combined with a strong tendency to avoid hard work. If you're going to succeed, you've got to get two things into your system—wisdom and hard work—and then employ these two essentials in the making of a quality product.

"This Cinco cigar is the best example I know of. It was no overnight stroke of genius nor instantaneous success. It took years in getting up the ladder.



"When I look back and recall all the brands of cigars that have come and gone, and how every time the salesmen told me how smart the manufacturer was—I think now, they may have been smart, but surely not *wise*. All those manufacturers were making big temporary successes. But if they had been wise they would have kept up the standards that got them their first success.

"Eisenlohrs have been making cigars since 1850; two generations of hard work and a lot of wisdom—the kind of wisdom that knows that quality and hard work will win out. Cinco has grown year after year; and I think the secret has been their conscientious effort to maintain the highest quality at all times. You know there is more Havana tobacco in Cinco than in any other cigar at anywhere near the price.

"On the rest of my journey through life, I shall follow this rule—

STICK TO Cinco - IT'S SAFE

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS., INCORPORATED PHILADELPHIA Established 1850

(Continued from Page 78)

thousand five hundred dollars. I thought that was too much, and asked him to cut it to a dollar an acre. But he says he doesn't believe your father would want any of his commission. What do you think?"

"No; certainly not!" she replied promptly.

Hugh could not for the life of him tell whether it was said sarcastically, coldly, or with a prompt sense of justice.

Burrill, as though brushing aside a tiresomely buzzing fly, dropped the boresome business talk and turned to Miss Arnett.

"Shall we go for that ride, Gussie?"

"I think I'll not go, Mr. Burrill," she replied politely enough, but with lips that met firmly. "I have some letters to dictate."

With half a yawn Burrill turned languidly.

"Well, believe I'll take a spin alone. The hotel is rather stuffy."

Outside he got into the seat beside Thompson, his long-eared chauffeur.

"It's all up, Thomp," remarked Burrill as they shot out of the city at a fifty-mile clip.

"They are going to buy the boob's land?"

"Yes; we have lost the first round."

"Looks like we'll have to go to work." Thompson said it maliciously.

"Not I." Burrill leaned luxuriously against the back of the seat, his arm resting outstretched. "I toil not, neither do I spin; and if the time ever comes when I'm not clothed better than the lily of the field—then the lily'd better stay in"

He laughed lazily, but there was bitterness in it. His thoughts were black. He had always had money enough to buy everything he wanted for himself, and he had never wanted to buy anything for anybody else. He had spent three fortunes, none of which he had earned. But this twenty-five thousand acres of Sweet Water Ranch was the last. It was mortgaged to the limit on the prospect of irrigation—and the mortgage fell due very shortly. His one hope of selling so he could realize a few hundred thousand was to the Cross Country Tire Company.

"Where is Helfreicht?" he asked directly.

Thompson laughed all the way down his short neck to his stomach. "He's out baiting Jim Brock; trainin' him in the way he should go. We've managed to get Brock in jail three times the last three weeks; and got him beat up twice. Then he was paroled out to dig ditches—and they have been workin' him fourteen hours a day. Helfreicht went out this afternoon as a Good Samaritan to bring him in.

"Say, Beelzebub"—Thompson turned on Burrill—"what's your idea? What you gettin' at? And what's your notion of baitin' that yellow pup of a Jim Brock?"

"Oh," answered Burrill nonchalantly, "just a little sport. Am trying to educate Jim to be a good citizen and love the beautiful, the good and the true."

"But what are we going to do about the Sweet Water Ranch?" Thompson had a third interest in the land.

"I haven't an idea," laughed Burrill. "Maybe Jim Brock has."

Hugh was in the lunch room adjoining the hotel and had just ordered his supper, when a fellow with the look and dress of a skilled mechanic came in with Jim Brock.

Brock was about as desperate a looking specimen as Hugh had ever seen. He had not shaved for weeks, had a black eye, was soiled from head to foot and was about half drunk.

They took stools beside Hugh at the lunch counter. The mechanic was between them; and, anyway, Brock was too near drunk to recognize him.

"Give him a good feed," the mechanic directed the waiter, nodding at the hobo beside him. "Anything he wants." Then turning to Hugh he said in an undertone: "Poor devil's been running into it rough. They beat him up and had him in jail. I bailed him out and am goin' to give him a show. It looks like"—his voice rose louder—"every man in this damn valley has got a kick for a poor devil that's down in his luck!"

"It is queer," thought Hugh as he left the lunch room, "how many people are interested in Jim Brock. Burrill took him to Globe in his car. Thompson was camping with him out on the road; now this fellow brings him in. I would like to know who this last one is."

Hugh went up and changed his hat and put on a light overcoat. For an hour he kept Jim Brock and his friend in sight. At last Jim was taken to a cheap lodging house, and the other fellow returned to the hotel, and was loafing along in front when Burrill's car came back. Burrill got out and went into the hotel.

"Hello, Helfreicht," Thompson said to the fellow who had been with Brock. "Get in and ride down to the garage with me."

Hugh remarked to himself as he went up to his room: "This finding out what is going on is a darned big job. But I can't quit it now."

Hugh waited for two or three days for a good opportunity to try to put himself right with Miss Arnett. He saw her several times, but always Burrill with his lazy, possessive air was near. Though she did not speak to Hugh he felt there was some sort of change in her attitude. She seemed puzzled as though trying to make him out. And twice he had discovered her looking at him closely. Hugh did not know that it was a pleasure to most women to look at him.

Sunday afternoon he saw Miss Arnett and Burrill on the mezzanine floor sitting near one of the casement windows, apparently not in the attitude of a tête-à-tête. Hugh's determination took immediate shape and he walked directly up to them and slipped down into a third chair. Burrill's indolent black eyes slanted venomously at him.

"Miss Arnett," Hugh began with directness, "I hope you feel that I did my best getting together that land for your father's company. I could have got the full thirty thousand if it had not been for that premature announcement which Mr. Burrill gave to the papers."

Burrill's indolence vanished. He sat forward with the tension of a gunman ready to shoot.

"Do you mean"—his voice was low and drawling, but ominous—"to insinuate that I had anything to do with that?"

"No"—Hugh's blue eyes turned from Miss Arnett's to him—"I do not insinuate anything. I merely state that it was you who telephoned that story to the evening paper—and used my name. I traced the telephone call, and the reporter who took the message later recognized your voice."

For a moment the two men sat looking straight into each other's eyes without moving a muscle.

Then Burrill's eyelids half closed; he slipped back into the chair in his old lazy attitude.

"No doubt you believe it, Mister Mule Skinner," he drawled, "but your reporter was dreaming."

Hugh rose and once more turning to the girl said, "I merely wanted you to know, Miss Arnett, I had not betrayed your confidence."

x

THERE is no tension like waiting for expected good news. No matter how certain the thing is there is sure to be lurking in the background a sense of uneasiness a feeling that the good luck is unreal and that something will happen to spoil it.

Hugh Franklin had that feeling as he sat in his room the next evening, thinking. He had beaten Burrill and Gardner to the options on the land. He had won out with Ferris, Mr. Arnett's personal representative, who had that day wired the Cross Country Tire people urging that they immediately take over Franklin's options at nineteen dollars an acre.

That practically closed the deal; they were merely waiting a reply. Yet something certainly would spoil it. The uneasy feeling persisted. If it went through he would make seventy-five thousand dollars. But that was too good to materialize. Something would happen.

Hugh got up and walked to the window and looked out over the little city. But what could happen?

There was Burrill—the uneasiness must fasten on something—not only a rival in the deal but a deadly enemy. Burrill was a dangerous man and devilishly shrewd. He had quit too easy. He had something up his sleeve. But what could Burrill do?

Hugh sat down again, still restless and uneasy, thinking of every possible thing Burrill might do. He came to his feet with a suddenness that carried him to the middle of the room.

There was one thing Burrill could do—a thing almost unthinkable, horrible—yet Burrill would do it. Hugh breathed hard, his heart pounding suffocatingly. Yes, Burrill had plotted that for the last resort.

Hugh was out of the hotel and into the street in five minutes. It was eleven o'clock. He went direct to the cheap lodging house where Helfreicht had taken Jim Brock.

The proprietor was smoking a villainous pipe and talking to a dilapidated sheep herder.

No, Brock was not there; had left about an hour ago. Yes, a fellow had come for him—fellow with a sharp nose and a gold tooth—wore a brown suit.

Hugh went to the garage on Jefferson Street.

"Has Thompson come for Burrill's car?" he asked at a venture.

"Yes, he got it about an hour ago."

Hugh hired a motorcycle, put on a cap and raincoat he had not worn in Phœnix before, and started east on the Globe road at a sixty-mile clip.

Twenty miles out on the mesa he passed a big car, and recognized it as Burrill's. Five miles farther he stopped at a sharp bend of the road and turned his light so it would shine into the automobile as it passed.

He was busily tinkering the cycle when the big car came up, and casually glanced up into the tonneau as the car swung round the curve. Thompson was driving, and Helfreicht and Jim Brock were in the back seat.

A few minutes later Hugh, not wishing to appear to be following them, passed the machine again and went on to the Roosevelt Dam, where he stopped for the rest of the night.

Next morning he looked about. Burrill's car was not there. He made inquiries. Yes, such a car had stopped at the garage about daylight, but there was nobody in it but the driver.

There are few things a normal man hates to do worse than to give a false alarm. Hugh knew he had not one bit of real evidence that Burrill was plotting to blow up the dam. If he should tell an officer that Burrill's chauffeur met a hobo in the field one night, and that a man named Helfreicht, who knew Burrill's chauffeur, had bailed the hobo out of jail, and therefore a plot was on foot—why, the officer would laugh at him and tell him he was having the nightmare and he ought to take celery for his nerves. And yet the strongest evidence is often the most intangible. It is not an unbroken chain of dropped gloves and squat footprints and oblique glances that really convinces a thinking mind that a crime is about to be committed; but rather the knowledge that some man is capable of that crime, has the ability to do it, and would profit by it.

As Hugh crossed the dam that morning to the hotel at the other side he stopped and looked upon the long winding lake of blue water—more than two hundred feet deep, reaching back fifteen miles. What a storehouse of wealth and comfort and happiness—green fields there, and fruit and flowers and homes. This huge piece of concrete—this great dam wedged in the narrow defile of the mountains had stored up that vast body of water—that fifty thousand men and women in the valley might live in beautiful gardens of plenty, where once lived only the cactus and the rattlesnake. It had cost millions of money and years of time, but it was worth it.

And yet how easy it would be for the venom, the cupidity, the brutality of one man to destroy it all. There was such a man, and the destruction of this dam would make him rich.

The dam was patrolled by a detachment of Federal soldiers, but there were ways; and Burrill with diabolical cleverness would find one of them.

Without evidence enough even to announce his suspicion Hugh was quite convinced that the thing was plotted. He must get the evidence. To find Jim Brock was the first move.

xi

"NOW, Jim," said Helfreicht, "I think everything is shipshape."

"It sure is, partner."

Brock was looking hungrily at the side of bacon, the sack of flour and the pile of canned goods in the corner of the cabin.

The big machine had unloaded the two and their supplies at a dim mountain road ten miles below the dam, where a smaller car had been waiting for them. And now that Brock was installed in the vacant cabin, a mile from one arm of the lake, six miles above the dam, Helfreicht was ready to return to the main road before daylight should come.

"This job is a snap, Jim," said Helfreicht.

"It sure is, partner," Jim agreed, for the second time in his life.

"All you are to do is to take care of the cabin and see that nobody cuts any timber round here. If they do don't say anything to them; just report 'em to me. And that rich guy I told you about will pay you five dollars a day and all your grub. Beats being mauled round by those devils down in the valley."

Jim's face got splotchy in the lantern light at the mention of that, and his hands knotted up.

"I'll pay 'em for that, all right, all right! Jim Brock ain't as easy as they think."

"Now, Jim," said Helfreicht, "I got a favor to ask of you. I want you to keep this trunk for me—and get rid of what's in it if you can. If you can't just keep it until I come back."

Helfreicht opened the trunk and held the lantern for Jim to see.

"It's a bomb, Jim. One I took from a friend of mine. Awfully good fellow but got in bad like you did. He used to work in a munitions factory—and he got away with one of them deep-sea bombs they are making for England to fight the subs with. 'This friend of mine got awful sore at Phœnix. They put him in jail for nothin'. And he made up his mind to blow up this dam down here to get even with 'em. It was just built by the Government anyway to make money for millionaire farmers. This fellow had it all worked out. He says to me: 'Otto, I'm goin' to slip up there with this bomb. I'm goin' to take this rope and tie it to a dead chunk of wood—an old limb or something. Then I'm going to float down the lake in a boat some night fishing—and when I get about a half mile above the dam I'll let this bomb down about a hundred and fifty feet deep; and tie the rope to that old chunk. The water they are letting out of the dam for night irrigation will float it down in about two hours. I'll set it to go off in three.' Here is the way he was going to do that."

Jim watched, fascinated, as Helfreicht explained the time device. "But of course it ain't likely to need that. This is fixed so that if it strikes anything like a stone wall with any sort of a tap it'll explode.

"That friend said it would blow that whole dam out. And, sir, he was so set on it I had to slip it away from him to keep him from doing it. He was just a common poor man like you, and said nobody would ever suspicion him. Besides, there were some fellows who would pay him five thousand dollars. If he did get caught and go to the pen and keep his mouth shut they would give him ten thousand dollars."

"Who were them fellows?"

Jim was gulping and his red eyes looked greedily at Helfreicht.

"I don't know. But he said there was an envelope in the trunk beside the bomb that gave instructions how to do it and told where he would find his money six days after the dam blew up.

"He was plumb nutty over the idea," continued Helfreicht, "so I had to slip the bomb away from him, because he wasn't like you and me. He had nerve enough to do it."

"You don't need to get fooled on my nerve," said Brock belligerently.

"Maybe not, Jim, but I'll prove it by leaving this with you. If you can get rid of it some way, do it. I'm afraid to have it with me—for it might start suspicion on me."

For three days Hugh searched vainly for evidence to justify his suspicions. But he found no trace of either Helfreicht or Brock. He was searching especially for Brock, and telephoned the police both at Phœnix and at Globe to watch for him. But he had not been found in either town.

The dam and its vicinity were patrolled day and night by men in khaki with guns on their shoulders. The huge dam stood like a wall of granite in the gorge; the blue lake glinted in the sun and twinkled under the stars as peacefully as the sky it reflected. Hugh's fears began to abate. He had been overnervous. He made evidence out of mere insignificant coincidences. Nothing was going to happen, and all was well with the world.

And yet—and yet—that fear still lurked in the recesses of his mind like Chinese devils that cannot be driven out of the dark corners without tom-toms.

The fourth morning he set out again to scout round the lake. He had made a

(Concluded on Page 83)

When You Eat

If, when tomorrow morning rolls around, you wouldn't need to go near the kitchen stove to cook breakfast

If you could sit down at the table and not have to get up once during the meal -

If, while you're eating your grapefruit, the bacon and eggs would be sizzling and sputtering, the toast turning to a golden brown and the coffee bubbling in the percolator—all right at the table—making you hungrier and hungrier every minute—

If you could serve it all when everything was done just right and nothing had a chance to get cold

Wouldn't it be just the kind of a breakfast to start the day right?

That's the kind of breakfast you can have with Westinghouse Electric Ware.

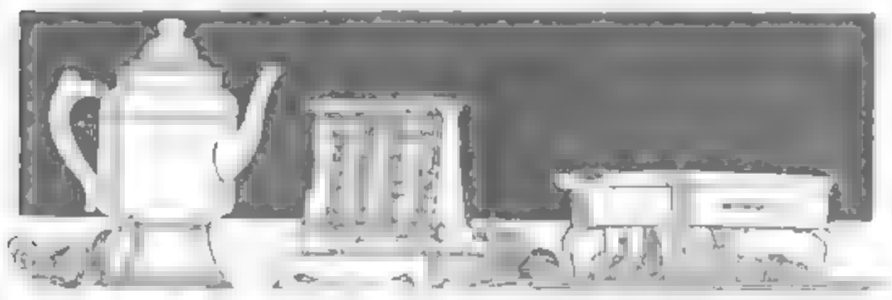
When you're provided with a Westinghouse Electric Toaster-Stove, Turnover Toaster and Percolator, moreover, the help problem is less of a worry.

You eat whenever *you* are ready—you don't need to wait to be served—you're more independent of the kitchen and the failings of incompetent servants.

The Toaster-Stove fries bacon and eggs, broils steaks and chops, bakes griddle cakes and cooks various other dishes. Price $8.00.

The Turnover Toaster toasts two pieces of bread at a time, and you can turn the toast without touching it. Price $7.00.

The Percolator, by applying the heat *within* and preventing the boiling of water and coffee together, makes superior coffee and makes it more quickly. Prices, $10.00 to $15.00.



When You Iron

No stove—no flame—no heat—no changing of irons—no steps;

Freedom to iron anywhere there's a lamp socket or base plug;

Ability to iron standing or sitting, as you prefer;

Quick, steady heat right where you need it—

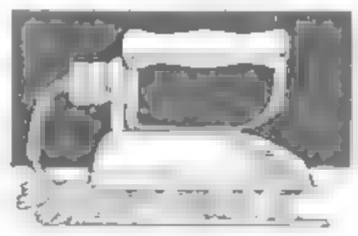
These are some of the advantages that come with a Westinghouse Electric Iron.

No wonder the electric iron has swept the sad-iron-and-stove method into the discard wherever electricity is available.

Whether it's a shirtwaist to be pressed or a day's washing to be ironed, a Westinghouse Electric Iron eliminates three-fourths of the work and shortens the time surprisingly.

And in these days especially, time has a value that makes wasting it inexcusable.

Look for the name "Westinghouse" on the iron. Prices, $5.00 to $7.50.



WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Westinghouse Electric Ware is sold by light and power companies, electrical and hardware dealers and department stores

Westinghouse

SMALL MOTORS. FANS. ELECTRIC WARE FOR THE HOME

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC RANGES AND OTHER HEATING APPLIANCES

Look for the Westinghouse name or trade-mark in the dealer's window and on the appliances you buy. It's your guarantee

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

When You Sew

Party dress—house-dress—clothes for the children—hemming—tucking—mending—they're no problem at all with a Westinghouse Electric Sew-Motor on your sewing machine.

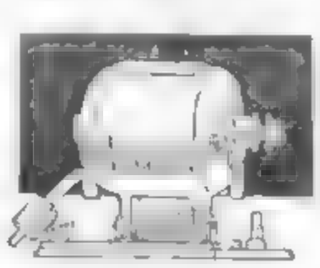
The Sew-Motor relieves you of the hardest part of the sewing job—that constant push-push of the treadle.

It is easily attached to your machine, and when it's on the job you can give all your attention to the stitches.

A touch of your foot on the treadle gives you any speed you want up to 1,000 stitches a minute. Thus the Sew-Motor not only lightens the task but also greatly shortens it.

This little Westinghouse Electric Motor is built with just the same attention to every feature of design and construction as the bigger motors that have helped make Westinghouse Electric famous

Be sure that the name "Westinghouse" is on the motor you buy. Price $15.00.



When You Cook

Six o'clock—dinner all ready to serve—and not a soul in the house since noon.

You don't need to stay at home to cook with a Westinghouse Automatic Electric Range, nor hurry home when you're out for the afternoon.

Set the range-clock, pull up the oven-switch knob, and you can forget dinner's to be cooked.

For example, set the clock control for 4 o'clock and on the stroke of four the electricity is turned on automatically. As soon as the proper heat is reached, the current is cut off and cooking continues by stored heat.

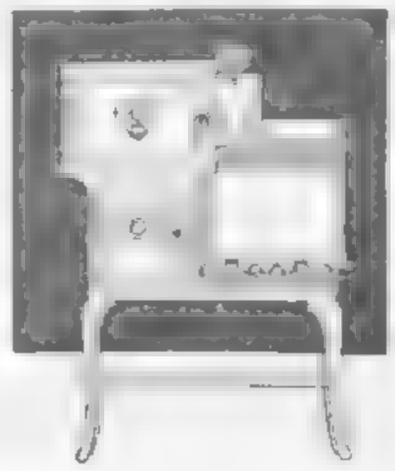
The food can't burn because the temperature is not allowed to rise above that at which you've set the indicator. It doesn't dry out, whether it's in the oven two hours or six.

The steady, even heat of a Westinghouse Automatic Range means more juicy and tender meats, better-baked bread, vegetables, cereals and desserts cooked as you've never cooked them before.

Moreover, it means economical cooking because it requires comparatively little current, saves time, decreases food shrinkage. Tests show the loss of food weight is from 20 to 50 per cent less than with a gas or coal range.

The Westinghouse Automatic is the only electric range that turns the current on and off automatically. Prices, $96.50 to $282.00. Ask your electric power company for full information.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.



Columbia Grafonola

FOR joyous, sparkling, up-to-the-minute songs and music—Columbia Records on the Columbia Grafonola. For the latest hits of the top-liners, for the newest novelty dances, for the comic opera tunes that everybody whistles, for military music and the war songs the soldiers really sing—Columbia Records on the Columbia Grafonola.

For great music of all ages, operatic masterpieces sung by world-famous artists, for orchestral triumphs of great symphonies—Columbia Records on the Columbia Grafonola.

THE Columbia Grafonola is the instrument that runs up the biggest musical mileage because Columbia Records give Columbia owners the music they really like and want to play. A big, handsome, clear-voiced instrument is the Columbia Grafonola, with a rich quality and superb volume of tone that does full justice to Columbia Records. For live, up-to-date music on a live, up-to-date instrument—Columbia Records on the Columbia Grafonola.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

Food will win the war. Don't waste it

Columbia Graphophone Company
New York

(Concluded from Page 79)

pretty thorough search of the banks within reach of the dam, back for a mile or two. To-day he went farther. He followed the left bank of the lake, keeping as nearly hidden in the timber as possible—for if he found Brock he did not want Brock to find him at the same time.

Toward noon he saw a blue thread of smoke rising among the pines back from the lake. He slipped toward the fire—and came upon a cabin. From the door drifted the smell of frying bacon and boiling coffee. Hugh waited and watched.

By and by a man came out and sat on the doorstep and lighted a pipe. It was Jim Brock.

Hugh got back to the hotel. If a plot was on foot they would do nothing in daylight. He would get a nap during the afternoon, and then spend the night watching that cabin.

He slept—he always could sleep—longer than he intended. It was dusk when he came down. He did not take time for supper but started to cross the dam to the officers' quarters. He had decided to tell the guards of his suspicions.

Halfway across, leaning on the railing, much as he had seen her that other night, was the girlish figure of Gussie Arnett. She turned at his approach, and recognized him with a spontaneous exclamation:

"Why, how delightful that you are here again!"

She offered him her hand without hesitancy or reserve. He stopped beside her for a moment and looked out over the lake. Already the first stars were reflected in the still water.

"We came up with a little picnic party," she told him.

The hotel at the dam was a favorite place for Phœnix tourists to spend week-ends.

"Oh, by the way, I heard from father yesterday. He is going to take your land. Is coming himself next week to close the deal."

This was great news, but somehow it did not seem to give him so much pleasure as her friendliness. She trusted him again; she was in a delightful mood, humorous and human—just a dear, companionable girl; and he wanted to linger, but he must hurry.

"We are going to have a big bonfire and a potato roast down the cañon, Mr. Franklin. Won't you join us? Please do! It will be jolly."

He clutched her arm in sudden terror at the thought.

"Oh, no!" he said vehemently. "You must not do that; you must not go below the dam."

"Why, Mr. Franklin," she exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

He had to tell her now; nothing else would explain his vehemence. He still held her arm gripped detainingly in his hand.

"I have a fear that there is a plot to blow up the dam." He lowered his voice. "That is why I am up here. I've been watching for three days."

She did not laugh. She did not take it lightly, but drew a quick breath.

"Oh, isn't that horrible! Think of it—the death and the destruction in the valley! Whom do you suspect?"

He was silent; he could not tell her that. She waited a moment, then looked away at the mountains that rose in the dim dusk above the lake.

"It can't be! Surely no human being could be such a demon as to do a thing like that."

"But things like that have been done—are being done. I must go now. Promise me"—he caught her hand and held it—"please promise you won't go on that picnic down the cañon; nor let the rest go"

He bade her good night and hurried on to warn the officer in charge.

When he looked back at the end of the bridge he saw she was following him. She called a little breathlessly.

"And you," she said, "will you promise not to run any risks?"

"I promise not to take unnecessary risks." He laughed, but his heart beat fast because of her concern. "I'll promise not to roast any potatoes with dynamite."

He was gone.

XII

THERE was no moon, but enough starlight so Hugh made his way without difficulty. It was nine o'clock when he reached the cabin.

It appeared to be deserted. He slipped up to the back and listened; there was no sound Then he cautiously crept round to the front door. It was partly ajar. He listened again—even the breathing of a sleeper could have been heard in the stillness. Certainly no one was there.

Hugh pushed the door open a little farther, slipped in and lighted a match. Brock was merely out. There were remnants of his supper still on the board table. Also there was a piece of paper weighted down with a case knife.

Hugh picked it up and held the match near to read the scrawl:

"i'll be back afore long."

Hastily he blew out the match and tiptoed from the cabin. Evidently there was to be a rendezvous. Brock was expecting someone or he would not have left the note.

Hugh located a crack in the north end of the wall through which he could both watch and hear, then took up his vigil behind the trunk of a big pine not thirty feet away.

Brock came back before ten. He did not strike a light, but sat down on the doorsill and smoked as though waiting. He got up shortly and went in, returned to the door, and walked out into the yard, listening.

Directly there was the sput-sput of a light automobile on the lumber road a half mile west. The machine stopped. Brock walked half round the cabin. His pipe had gone out. He seemed nervous. There were quick light steps coming through the woods from the west.

The two men exchanged a low hello in the dark and went in. The door shut and the lantern was lighted.

Hugh slipped to the crack in the wall. It was Helfreicht. Brock had not sat down. He was markedly nervous.

"Well, partner"—his voice started low but rose rather excitedly—"I done it."

"Oh, no, you didn't!" said Helfreicht incredulously.

"Look in the trunk," pointed Brock.

"Where did you put it?" Helfreicht pretended anxiety.

"I done just what the other fellow was goin' to do." Brock spoke with increased nervousness. "I'm goin' to get even with them devils; and that paper said whoever did it would get the dough. I want you to see they come across."

"But where did you put it—and when?"

"About an hour ago," said Brock. "I done it like he said. I got a dead limb and trailed it along after the boat—till I got down 'in about a half mile of the dam. Then I let the bomb down a hundred and sixty feet and tied her to the limb. And then I rowed like hell." Brock laughed jerkily.

"Good heavens, Jim"—Helfreicht assumed dismay—"you didn't do that?"

"I shore did," exulted Brock. "And the way the water is runnin', it'll hit the dam about half past eleven. If it don't bust when it hits I got it set to go off at midnight. Then I guess them devils down in the valley will get what's comin' to them!"

It was ten-fifteen. The shortest cut through the woods, if one could follow it, to the dam was five miles.

Twice Hugh ran against trees with an impact that almost knocked him unconscious. Three times he stumbled over dead logs and fell.

"This won't do," he told himself, and slowed up.

He saw a star through the pines, he felt blood on his leg where a snag had torn through his trousers. He put his hand to his forehead and his hair was wet. The way seemed as endless and horrible as a fall in a dream. But at last he saw the lake through the trees and a mile below the lights at the hotel and on the dam.

It was rocky but open, and he could run faster now. The officer, because of Hugh's warning, had thrown out guards farther up the shore. One of them, a quarter of a mile above the dam, halted Hugh.

"It is Franklin," Hugh said, coming to a stop. "The man who gave the warning about the plot. They have placed the bomb. It is floating against the dam. Get the guards off the dam. Yes, and better get the people out of the hotel; it is pretty close. Send a boat out to me as quickly as you can. I am going to swim for it."

As he spoke he was throwing off his coat and jerking off his shoes. He started to swim for the dam, found he was out of breath from running and turned on his back to rest for a few minutes. The lake was still and dark in the night, with only the faintest ripple of wind. Far above, safe and silent, brooded the multitude of stars, while he floated with a hundred feet of black water beneath him in which somewhere lurked the diabolical instrument of destruction, drifting minute by minute nearer the great dam.

Any instant now the heavens might be rent by the explosion—and then oblivion for him. And the people in the valley people who had toiled and loved and waited until infinite hope and honest achievement had turned the desert into gardens of palms and figs and oranges and green meadows and white cotton fields. Happy homes slept down there to-night under those stars. And now in a moment—maybe this moment—the venom and cupidity of two men who toiled not—Jim Brock and that lily-handed idler, the traitorous, cruel Burrill—the greed and the hate of these two, incased in a little devilish machine, might tear out that great dam—the work of years. And then, all down the sweep of the flood in the morning, drowned faces would be turned to the sun and the valley would return to desert.

The thought was too horrible to hold. Hugh turned quickly in the water and struck out with swift, even strokes toward the dam.

Lights were flashing now, and voices along the shore; the warning had spread swiftly. Guards were running from the dam—people half clad pouring from the hotel and running back up the lake.

Every few rods Hugh lifted his head and searched the surface of the water for a floating object. There was nothing.

He was within fifty yards of the dam now—and at last he heard the stroke of an oar; a boat was coming out to help him.

And then he saw it—the floating dead limb straight ahead—and very, very near the dam!

For a moment everything went black before his eyes and he felt as though he were sinking in the water. But he kept his stroke, and again he could see. He was near now—twenty feet, ten feet of that floating sign of death.

Less than ten feet was between it and the dam—it might strike any moment, any second. He shouted to the boat to keep back—and then he felt his fingers touch that floating log.

The frightened guests at the hotel, many of them roused from their beds, were herded by the guards back up the lake from the dam to a point of safety.

Gussie Arnett, who knew most of the danger, was the calmest one of the group.

"What is it?" she asked the guard.

"A floating bomb," replied the guard. "They think it is about ready to go off."

"Are they trying to find it?" she asked anxiously.

"There is a man swimming for it," replied the guard.

Gussie Arnett caught at the shoulder of the woman standing by her to keep from collapsing on the ground.

"Is it—Mr. Franklin?"

"I think so. Some nerve, that, to be swimming down there when it is ready to go off any minute."

The word passed. The crowd ceased to talk. They held their breath in suspense.

There was movement along the bank. A boat had gone out to help.

Then the officer came hurrying up the shore.

"They've got it," he said. "Get back toward the hotel now. We are going to pull it back up the lake and leave it to go off. It is set for midnight. There is only fifteen minutes to spare."

A quarter of a mile back from the dam they anchored the floating log, and the boat raced for the shore.

"Yes," the officer told Gussie Arnett as they stood watching, "Franklin came this evening and told me what he had discovered. I got officers on the wire at once and they located the head man at Globe. We will get the two others to-night. They will arrest this fellow at Globe the moment I give them the word."

"Is it—Burrill?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I hope they do send him up!" she said vehemently. "I despise a man who won't work."

"He'll be working all right," laughed the officer, "six months from now."

"And he won't look like a lily of the field, either," she said vindictively.

The boat had just landed. There was a terrific roar—and a mountain of water rose from the lake and burst like the explosion of a volcano.

The watchers shuddered. Two of the women fainted.

"He was right," the officer said, awed. "It would have torn out the whole dam too. I take off my hat to that man."

But Gussie Arnett was doing more. Unmindful—unconscious perhaps—of the crowd, she darted forward, and a very wet and very surprised young man was gathered in a fervent embrace.

"I'm right glad," he said, aiding and abetting that embrace, "that thing didn't go off while I had hold of it. Just think what I would have missed!"

THRIFT FOR AMERICANS

What We Can Get Out of It—By James H. Collins

WHAT on earth did we ever do with our money in those fat, peaceful years before the first Liberty Bond issue?

We have created twenty million bond buyers in a year—and in a nation where probably less than half the bankers were skilled investors in bonds of any kind. We are throwing our wealth into the war at the rate of half the entire national income of normal times—forty billion dollars is the estimate for the first two years of war. There is a little discount on that in the shape of loans to the Allies and ordinary expenses of Government, bringing the net war cost down to an estimated twenty-nine billions. Yet we are raising it all in cash by means of Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps and taxation.

This means that the American nation must dig up $175 per capita yearly to meet the cost of war. And we are doing it with so little disturbance, much less complaint, that we may well wonder why we never did it before.

Where did our money go in those dim years of the past before June, 1917?

And where does this apparent new wealth come from so magically?

Under the head of net savings in pre-war days we find three leading items: The largest was life insurance, running to about eight hundred million dollars yearly for premiums, or roughly eight dollars per capita. The second was building-and-loan payments, five hundred million dollars yearly, or five dollars per capita. Third came our savings banks, which showed a growth in deposits from year to year, according to the times, of one hundred and fifty million to two hundred million dollars, or, say, two dollars per capita. Thus the visible money put away by the average American for a rainy day amounted to about fifteen dollars a year—suggesting that the average American assumes he lives in a reasonably dry climate!

The average per capita production of wealth in the United States before we got into the war was four hundred dollars yearly. The visible savings per capita were fifteen dollars yearly. But suddenly, in a crisis, we find a hundred and seventy-five dollars per capita of visible savings. Some of this is due to increased production of wealth. But the greater part simply represents savings that were invisible until Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps and taxation brought them out into the light of day. Of course, our savings-bank deposits, building-and-loan payments and life-insurance premiums represent but a small fraction of the money that Americans put aside. Every other family in the country has a savings-bank account, every sixth family belongs to a building-and-loan

(Concluded on Page 86)

You Criticize

Get a

The Multigraph produces real printing and form typewriting in the privacy of your own establishment. Large and small equipments for any size business. Easy payments, if desired.

Your Workers

if you find them loafing on the job or laying off or wasting raw material—yet at the same time *YOU* are *WASTING HUMAN LABOR* and *WASTING MONEY* by doing without a *Multigraph*.

It's oftentimes considered wise to see an oculist yourself before you try to correct *distorted vision in your men.* If you are getting your printed matter out by methods that make it cost you hundreds of dollars more per year—or maybe thousands—than it would cost you on a *Multigraph*, what right have you to talk to men about *WASTING RAW MATERIAL?*

If you are getting it out by methods that necessitate the use of messengers and telephoning and waiting and delays that take the snap and pep all out of business, what right have you to talk to workers in the shop about loafing on the job and *using dilly-dally tactics that block the wheels of business?*

If you are getting your printing done by methods that waste the time and thought and nervous energy of yourself and your department heads—thus lessening productive effort just as much as if you all quit work in the middle of the afternoon and played pinochle in your offices—what right have you to talk to men about laying off for half a day or *two or three days every week?*

If you will get together all your printing costs for the last twelve months, if you will find out what you've paid for printing circulars and mailing cards and bulletins and price lists, for printing envelopes and letterheads and form letters, for printing factory and office forms and order blanks, or for printing or imprinting tags or labels—and then figure what you would have saved if you had cut those costs from 25% to 75% by doing your printing on a *Multigraph*, you'll understand what a *WASTE* it means to do without it.

And if it were possible for you to figure up the number of productive hours that have been lost because you *didn't have a Multigraph*, the long delays, the running back and forth to outside shops—if it were possible to figure that, you'd find *another waste* far greater than the dollars paid in excess printing costs.

All over the United States, and not only in the United States, but also in *Canada*, in *England*, and in *France*, in all those places where men and money are needed most, the Multigraph is *releasing human labor* and *releasing money* and cutting *days to hours*, thus performing a most vital and important function at a time when *men* and *money* and *time* have greater value than they ever had before.

If you don't already realize what a Multigraph would accomplish in your business, then most certainly you ought to investigate at once, no matter whether you're a retail merchant, a jobber or manufacturer—no matter what your business is, *if you're using printed matter.* Its value is most easily demonstrable to any man or woman who *really wants RESULTS*, who has an honest and sincere desire to cut out *WASTE.* We'll gladly send full details if you'll fill the coupon out below and mail it in.

You Can't Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need It

U. S. Government munitions of a most particular and exacting nature require the entire capacity of our new plant as well as a large portion of our old one, working night and day. Government work takes unquestioned precedence. All else is secondary. But unless government demands of a magnitude not now foreseen arise, we shall be able to continue supplying the urgent need for Multigraphs.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH CO.

MULTIGRAPH

The Multigraph
1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio

I want to take advantage of everything that will cut out WASTE. Send me full information about the Multigraph.

Our line is _____ Firm _____

Name _____ Official Position _____

Street Address _____ Town _____ State _____

(Concluded from Page 83)

association, and the number of life-insurance policies and memberships in fraternal-insurance orders indicate that every other person in the country has some form of protection. But Americans have been saving billions of dollars by direct investments in business enterprises, homes, real estate, securities, and the like. The difference between fifteen and a hundred and seventy-five dollars simply indicates invisible savings made visible to lick the Kaiser -that until this big job is done, and done right, we will not build that new wing on the house or put money into city improvements which are not a prime necessity, new public utilities, real-estate development or other enterprises not needed to help the war along. We will forgo speculation and wildcat promotions. We will stop trying to keep up with the Joneses and limit ourselves in clothing, food, fuel, light, travel, recreation.

We will put all these things into the winning of the war. To do that we must cultivate new money habits. These habits are going to stick to us, in part, at least. We shall hardly become penurious. Our climate is not going to change. Its very dryness will always make Americans disposed to take a long chance in getting under a tight roof. War would be no adventure to us unless life itself had been an adventure. We will speculate again, and spend with the Joneses.

Yet there will be a distinct change, and that change represents what we are going to get out of war thrift. Already the bankers begin to see a new order of American finance shaping up and are getting ready to meet it. Even before the first Liberty Loan turned the banker's business and routine upside down and scared him half to death, the new tendencies were evident elsewhere.

Twenty million bondholders created within a year means that every family in the United States has been canvassed in three great campaigns and shown how to save money systematically and also invest it safely. Twenty million Americans are acquiring the insidious habit of clipping coupons. Twenty million personal budgets have been rearranged so that visible savings emerge from invisible. This does for the budget planner precisely what a sensible cost system does for the business man or farmer—brings earnings and expenses into the open, where they can be seen, and enables him to eliminate waste and put his fingers on profits.

Time and again the frugal bond buyer in France, Holland and other European countries has been pointed out to the American as a figure worthy of emulation. Efforts have been made to finance bonds of small denominations in this country, but with no great progress. The job of explaining baby bonds to the American people was gigantic and costly. Small bonds involve detail work that make them troublesome to banks and bond houses, so that an entirely new kind of machinery was needed to handle them. The setting-up of such machinery called for an enormous volume of business, which did not seem attainable under old conditions. Worst of all, there was no standard class of baby bonds easily liquidated in times of financial stress, so missionary work in placing such securities had to be conducted against considerable distrust, and the need for funds during panic times by those who had made such investments led them to appeal to the bond houses to turn them into cash.

A Savings Revolution

These were the difficulties, and turning the average American into a Dutch or a French investor was a hopeless proposition until the Liberty Bond did it at a stroke and on a national scale. Every difficulty vanished during the first Liberty Loan campaign. The popular education was undertaken gratis. Every shop, lobby and street corner became a school in bond investment, and the scholars could not get away without signing on the dotted line. There were baby bonds in sizes to fit the shopgirl's purse, of unquestioned stability and easy of liquidation. Moreover, these baby bonds were bought before one began to save, and their acquirement necessitated the saving habit, whereas the highest hopes of the promoter of baby bonds before that had been sales to people who had already saved a little surplus and had it lying in the bank. If every savings-bank depositor in the country had been persuaded to buy a privately issued baby bond there would have been only half as many purchasers as subscribed to the Third Liberty Loan.

In effect, we have gone through a revolution in money habits. The millions of volunteers who have helped float the Liberty Loans have done far more than raise money for the nation. Long after the war is won and the national debt paid off these new ways of handling money will stick to the average American. Bankers are already preparing to handle increased savings in new ways. When Secretary McAdoo asked them to shoulder most of the detail and expense of selling bonds on installments they got under the load to a man—but it looked like sacrifice. Their savings deposits decreased. New money no longer came in through the receiving teller's window, and the paying teller was handing out old money for Liberty Bonds. Their clerks were taken off of work that represented a better profit than commercial deposits and transferred to a new Liberty Loan cage, where their salaries had to be paid out of profit and loss.

But to-day bankers realize that they were making no sacrifice whatever but a splendid investment in potential new business. These Liberty Bond cages are going to be permanent departments of the bank in most cases. When the Government no longer sells Liberty Bonds they will handle baby bonds of railroads, public utilities, municipalities, states, communities—and market their school and road bonds at home instead of seeking capital in New York or Chicago.

Waiting for Our Dollars

Indeed, the sales of such securities have already begun, though on a small scale. Bankers find that the new habit of making savings visible leads the average depositor to bring in more money, and bring it regularly, and draws regular payments from people who were never depositors before. During the intervals between the financing of government loans people who had paid off their Liberty Bond installments quicker than they anticipated are good customers for small denominations of safe corporation or public bonds. In some cases corporations have sold securities in small denominations to their own employees, profiting by the change in their money habits and their new knowledge of saving and investment.

Granted that we get out of this war thrift a new habit of buying baby bonds on the installment plan—what then?

Suppose we pattern after the French in normal times, and make our savings banks a medium for the purchase of securities by depositors as well as institutions in which to keep a few dollars for a rainy day. France has forty million population and ten million electors—a French statistical family is four persons instead of five as with us. Nine million French people have savings-bank accounts and bonds. These nine million French people save yearly two billion francs, or more than two hundred francs apiece. France held, before the war, bonds in foreign governments and enterprises bringing yearly interest of two billion francs, a very large proportion being baby bonds owned by its nine million savings-bank depositors, representing the accumulated purchases of small securities with small savings through many years.

If we acquire the habit of increased saving, then twenty million American families saving two hundred dollars each yearly would have available four billion dollars a year for investment. Interest at five per cent would equal our whole increase in saving deposits in normal times. The principal would replace every dollar of foreign capital that we borrowed yearly before the war to finance our enterprises and communities, and leave a large surplus for investment in foreign countries, and so stabilize our business life that like France we would escape panics at home and the effect of fluctuations of prosperity abroad.

The acquirement of such a habit is very much worth while at this period of the world's development, for the financial tendencies all point to American expansion into foreign fields. The war has driven our bankers abroad to establish foreign branches. Peace will find us with perhaps twenty-five million tons of merchant shipping. The world's markets will be hungry for our manufactured goods, and we shall need raw materials from nonindustrial countries to feed our factories. There is a perfect machine of supply, demand, raw materials, manufactured goods, shipping, banking and insurance all set up and waiting for power to make it run to our advantage and the advantage of nations that want to deal with us. The power that will set this machine going and keep it running is our new habit of putting aside visible savings for investment in bonds and securities of other countries.

South America has been calling for American dollars ever since the Balkan War, when its supply of European capital was diminished. South America is waiting to put American dollars to work at much better interest than they will command at home. For ten years before the war our trade there was steadily increasing, gaining 274 per cent from 1903 to 1913 as against 73 per cent general increase for our exports to all countries. Germany was supposed to be capturing that trade, but experts, studying the figures, declare that she was really losing ground. Germany made lots of noise about her capture of South American markets, yet despite her combination of steamship lines, banks, syndicates, long credits and government support, our trade was gaining faster than the Hun's, and without ships, banks or South American investments.

We have gained because we had better goods than Germany in characteristic American lines like agricultural machinery. We shall gain more when American banking institutions, backed by steady customers for safe baby bonds, are able to take a hand in the development of South America's resources. The continent at the south of us has large undeveloped mineral and agricultural riches waiting for railroads, modern machinery, new communities, public improvements, public utilities, power and industries. They need not only American dollars but American ability in organization and business to carry out broad developments that will open up the Latin-American republics, link them together and increase their stability by destroying their isolation from one another and swinging them into the great trade currents of the world.

Cosmopolitan Savings

What the saving habit means in this direction is shown by our neighbor, Canada, which has less than eight million population, yet is a great savings-bank nation. The characteristic feature of Canadian banks has been the establishment of numerous branches by Canadian strong banks all over the Dominion. In the industrial centers these branch banks are handy to the wage-earner and receive his regular deposits. In the agricultural sections, where capital is in demand, the branch banks lend their money at good interest, so that Canadian thrift has always paid. These branch banks have been pushed into the West Indies and South America. A large share of the banking in Porto Rico, our own territory, is done by a Canadian branch bank. While in South America the Canadian bankers have recently financed several profitable enterprises, such as the trolley or electric projects at Rio and São Paulo, in Brazil.

To follow the stock quotations in Paris, London and Amsterdam is a liberal education in commercial geography—bonds and shares, quoted as familiarly as United States Steel, represent companies and enterprises in every part of the globe, from Brazilian bonds to East Indian rubber plantations. Our own stock quotations, however, reflect in this matter our splendid isolation. Since the war brought other nations to New York seeking loans we have taken a few hundred millions in foreign government bonds and public utilities—South American, Swiss, Swedish, Greek, Norwegian and Chinese Government loans, with some odd items like City of Paris and London Water Board issues. Our bond quotations are limited pretty much to our own securities, while quotations on any of the thousands of desirable foreign stocks easily marketed in London would have to be secured in the British market. That nothing short of a big war has been sufficient to interest the individual American investor in foreign securities was shown during the Russo-Japanese War, when the antagonism of American Jews for the old Russian régime was expressed by the purchase of Japanese bonds in this country. Even then a good many of them were sold and passed into British and French hands after the original American purchasers' sentiment had cooled—he had found a discharge for his Russophobic inhibition.

Such foreign investments as we have made even during the present world struggle represent the coming of other nations to borrow—not active exploration of other countries and the use of our savings to develop their resources.

This is the very fiber of British trade. In normal times London is constantly passing upon new projects for the raising of rubber and tea in the East Indies, the building of railroads and trolley lines in South America, the development of mines, farms and factories in every quarter of the world. As the pushing German salesman was found on every passenger steamship, so the quiet British engineer or technical expert would be present, on his way to investigate some promising enterprise on the edge of civilization—or just over the edge. If his report showed potential profit British money was put behind it.

Good for Everyone

The loud German salesman boasted of capturing British trade, but in general was merely dealing in the cheap novelties and doubtful credits. The British engineer, on the contrary, was guiding British capital in the development of new resources that laid trade foundations for years to come. The British started this sort of thing back in the days of Napoleon, and British invention and trade supremacy during the nineteenth century were based upon it, and it is going yet.

With our new habit of buying baby bonds at the bank on the installment plan we can step into world development and trade on the same constructive, lasting lines. The banks will do the pioneering and investigating abroad. They will determine safe investments in foreign governments and enterprises, subscribe for the bonds and retail them to customers in their new installment bond departments.

Along with gilt-edge securities for people who cannot afford to take a speculative chance there will doubtless grow up machinery for the cooperative financing of stock-company enterprises in foreign lands. Nobody can guarantee bond interest on a mining enterprise, of course, and for the average purchaser of fifty-dollar Liberty Bonds participation in speculative stock enterprises is not advisable. But we shall have thousands of investors who can afford to take a modest chance in a speculative investment, and when our organized savings begin to go abroad for the purchase of foreign bonds some of our restless dollars will likewise go into stock enterprises.

Once having got the hang of the thing we shall probably pattern on the British investment club, in which groups of men who know each other form a little stock company to investigate a foreign mine or plantation, subscribe for shares at five dollars each, pay in twenty-five or fifty cents a share, send experts to investigate, chip in another half dollar a share to develop the enterprise if it is promising, and keep on adding a shilling to the pot until it either fails or becomes a paying business. Failure involves no great loss, while success is often won with less than half the face value of the original shares; and then dividends begin.

All the signs of the times point to such expansion of our investments and trade as an outcome of the Liberty Bond habit. That is what we are going to get out of war thrift. Many of the bond buyers now making their monthly payments may fall back into thriftless habits again. But many more will persist in systematic saving, and the hundreds of millions of dollars thereby mobilized for investment, massed in the same solid banking institutions that have handled Liberty Loan details, can be diverted to constructive foreign investment and development.

A good thing for the thrifty—a good thing for the banker—a good thing for nations that need capital—a good thing for our industries, trade and ships—a good thing all round.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Collins.

Trusty Sentinels of the Night

THROUGH the inky blackness shine the masthead lights—warning other ships not to come too close, telling those in distress that aid is near. With such vital service to perform, the MAZDA Lamp was chosen for the task.

Outside of the war zone, ships that ply the sea depend upon Edison MAZDA Lamps for safety at night.

In your home, on the street, in offices, factory and store, the Edison MAZDA Lamp provides much more than safety. It is the lamp of economy—gives three to six times as much light for the same amount of current as the old-fashioned carbon lamp. Its brilliant light adds hours to the day's activities—hours of needed recreation—all the hours of the night if need be to speed up night production in our industries.

Your electric light company or nearest MAZDA Lamp Agent can supply you.

Edison Lamp Works of General Electric Company
Harrison, N. J.

EDISON MAZDA

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Let Bakers Make Them for You

HERE are three ways to save baking at home and supply your family with luscious foods. California Raisin Bread, California Raisin Pie and Victory Penny-Buns (with raisins) come from your finest local bakeries.

They are fresh and delicious—made from prize recipes which include plump, tender Sun-Maid Raisins. Try them; then decide if you want to spend your time in baking foods like these yourself.

Tasty, Nutritious Foods

These foods are delicious. More than that, they are healthful and nutritious; for the Sun-Maid Raisins supply needed energy—1560 calories per pound. This, plus the good of the cereals they contain, means ideal nourishment.

So you can hardly do better—from the standpoint of either flavor or nutrition, than serve one of these foods at least once daily.

Order Now

Go to your grocery or bake shop and try one of them now. See how they compare with breads and pies that you might make at home. You will want bakers to bake more foods for you when you learn how good these three foods are.

Victory Penny-Buns are the newest war-bread that raisins have made attractive. These buns are baked without sugar or lard. 33% of their flour content is supplied by oats or barley, so they save that amount of wheat.

California Raisin Pie meets every man's dessert ideal. It is good without sugar. And it provides a wealth of energy to revive the spirits after a strenuous day's work.

California Raisin Bread for the past four years has been the country's best-liked raisin bread. Hundreds of thousands of men, women and children now know this luscious food.

Most grocers and bake shops can supply all three. Why bake at home when foods such as these are so easy to secure?

California *Raisin Bread* California *Raisin Pie*
Victory *Penny-Buns*

SUN-MAID Raisins

For Rare Flavors in Low-Cost, Home-Made Dishes

Sun-Maid Raisins add flavor and food value to scores of home-made dishes. Serve them with boiled rice—note how the family encores this nutritious combination. Use these raisins in bread pudding; in Indian pudding; in Jiffy-Jells and other jelly desserts. Make corn bread with raisins. Stew raisins with prunes. And put raisins in fruit salads.

Foods like these cost as little as 1c to 4c per serving, in most localities, and they bring "luxury flavors" with them.

Always ask for Sun-Maid Raisins. They are made from juicy, tender, thin-skinned California grapes. You don't know the best raisins until you have tried them, so always get this brand.

Three varieties: *Seeded* (seeds removed), blue package. *Seedless* (grown without seeds), red package. *Clusters* (on the stem), blue package.

Send for "100 Sun-Maid Recipes" in a beautiful, new, FREE book.

Ask at candy stores for delicious raisin candies.

At all first class stores

Ask for "Sun-Maid"

California Associated Raisin Co. Membership 9000 Growers Fresno, Cal.

THE FEMININE TOUCH

(Continued from Page 16)

the boys get themselves up as young ladies, and Neil at once laid himself out—if I may use a vigorous phrase—to knock them all cold. Here, at last, was something in which he excelled, and I can see him now sitting near the window of my office that cold foggy day industriously sewing, while Rose-Marie sat close by, writing at times in a blank book that she had in her lap, and at other times watching Neil with grave attention.

"What are you writing, Rose-Marie?" I heard him ask her.

"It is my diary," she told him, bending her head over to hide it, so that she looked more than ever like a child.

"Read me what you have written to-day."

"You may laugh," she said, bending over it still farther.

"No, dear; I promise you not to laugh."

I imagined, somehow, that the girls at the Fifth Avenue shop called him "Dear," and that sometimes he used the expression himself without thinking, but when he said the words to Rose-Marie—"*Non, ma chère*"—I could see a deep look come into her eyes, and I fancied, though I may have been mistaken, that her lips trembled a little too.

"*Eh bien*," she said. "I will read what I have written for to-day."

Fortunately for my sense of curiosity she read slowly, and though they didn't know that I was listening I found myself able to follow it, every word.

"Another week is finished. Another month draws to a close. Outside the fog is lifting and the little children and the birds are happy. But me, I am fatigued, I am sad, and also I am old.

"Outside the little children and the birds make a great deal of noise. They have not the cold blood like me. They are young, happy, full of the joy of living. As for me, I am old and deplorable—*moi, je suis vieille et déplorable*. Nothing that the world can offer will surprise me any more.

"I have seen all there is to see. I have suffered all there is to suffer. I wish that I could be a little girl again with my mother and father and my two pretty sisters. I wish this war had never, never been.

"I am watching my friend sew himself a grand dress, and though I like to watch him I find in this also something that makes me sigh. It seems to me that I sigh always—that perhaps I was born with a sigh at my heart and can never be joyous again.

"*Eh bien*, take courage. Happier days may yet arrive. Meanwhile, let us write no more. Instead I will watch my friend sew his dress for a time, and then I will go to the baker's."

After she had finished there was silence for a while.

"Why do you sigh, Rose-Marie," asked Neil at last, "at seeing me make a grand dress?"

"I don't know," she helplessly replied; and perhaps because one question begets another she presently asked him: "And you—why have you tears in your eyes as you make your grand dress?"

To which I expected another helpless "I don't know," and was glad to hear Neil answer instead: "I think they came when you said you were old and deplorable."

"But when there are so many poor girls in France like me," she persisted, "why should you weep for me alone?"

"I think," he replied with that simplicity which is born only in the heart, "it is because I love you."

At that Rose-Marie rose slowly to her feet.

"There," she said, "it is your own fault. I have to leave you."

"Leave me; why?" demanded Neil, throwing his sewing down like a man.

"Because I made my promise to Aunt Celeste that if ever you speak to me of love or if ever you touch me I am to leave you at once and go upstairs and say my prayers before my little *prie-dieu*."

She slowly approached him on her way to the door, and when she reached his chair she stopped.

"*Au revoir*," she said, "I promised you shall not touch me, but I did not promise that I would never touch you." She lightly laid her hand upon his shoulder, and though I could swear that she meant to do no more than to bid him a smiling "*Au revoir, mon ami!*" they chanced to start looking into each other's eyes. What they both saw there I cannot tell you—what Neil asked by his glance and what Rose-Marie answered him—but suddenly she lowered her head, Neil's lips gently touched her cheek, and the next moment she was gone.

IV

AS LONG as I live I shall never forget that afternoon. In the first place it was to be our last day at the château. A hospital had been built south of the town and most of our effects had already been moved. In the second place the chaplain had suggested that we hold a dress rehearsal of Pinafore in one of the large rooms left vacant by the removal of the cots—a plan to which Rose-Marie had given bright-eyed approval. So as soon as she left us Neil began putting on the costume that he had made, but it didn't need a Sherlock Holmes to see that his heart wasn't in it. Once, indeed, he kicked a part of his raiment across the room and wickedly muttered "Damn!"

"What's the matter, boy?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm sick of everything, doctor!" he said. "I know it's terrible for me to talk this way, but I can't always have the disposition of an angel. I want to do something! I want to be somebody! The idea—dressing up like a girl when I ought to be out there fighting! It seems to me that everything in my life, somehow, has turned out just that way.

"When I enlisted, honestly, I thought I would be an officer soon—a general or something like that—and when the war was over I imagined myself, wounded and lame, marching up Fifth Avenue at the head of my men, and little girls throwing roses and everybody cheering and crying together. But now—well, you can see for yourself how everything's going—just at the very time ——"

He pulled himself short, for some of the other boys had arrived with their costumes under their arms. The chaplain was cast as Little Buttercup. A second lieutenant whose name I never caught was Captain Corcoran. A corporal with a subcellar bass was slated as Admiral Porter. But though they were all proud of their make-ups there was no dissenting voice to the verdict that Neil Leighton, as the beautiful Josephine, had everybody else skinned a mile.

"Some pippin, kid, believe me!" said the corporal with the subcellar voice, and under their praise I was glad to see that Neil's mood was brightening.

"They're going to move the piano in first," I whispered to him. "You run upstairs for a minute and give the ladies a treat."

Nothing loath he made for the stairs, and this is how Aunt Celeste told me about it later in her deep voice:

"I had just sent Rose-Marie to the baker when all of a sudden I hear a rap-rap-rap upon my door. 'Enter!' I cry and how I stare, for never in all my life have I seen such a beautiful lady as this yo'ng man of yours—what you call him?—Leetle Nell! At first—*mon Dieu!*—I cannot believe it possible, and it isn't until he show me—with, oh, such delicate care!—the bottoms of his pantaloons rolled up and out of sight—it isn't till then that I fall in my chair, and throw up my hands and laugh myself seeck till I cry.

"M'sieur, it isn't his dress so much as his manner, nor his manner so much as his pretty face, and over all of this he has a charm—what you call the fatal gift of fascination, is it not?—especially when he p'tend to flirt with me, making the sheep's glances and turning away to geegle in his muff when I lower my voice and make response to his gallant advances. He has a hat, contrived to cover his head and hide the short hairs, and over his face he wears a dotted veil through which he nearly breaks my heart with the coyness of his eye."

Meanwhile we downstairs were busy with the piano, rolling it through the hall to the room where we wanted it, and I had just gone back to get the stool when the storm broke. There was one tremendous roar, a splintering crash, and the next moment the place where the piano had been was nothing but a torn and twisted hole in the floor the piano no more to be found and identified than the happy boys who had been rolling it along the hall a moment before.

"They must have thought we were using this place as a hospital yet," I remember thinking, and then to my surprise I discovered that I was in a heap in a corner of the hall, every rib in my body feeling as though it were broken, and a gash in my wrist.

I was trying to make a tourniquet for this when I seemed to see the frightened face of Aunt Celeste. The next thing I knew I was in her room upstairs and Neil was at the window staring through the lifting fog for Rose-Marie—staring and looking more than ever like a girl—a pale girl who trembled, and whose pallor and trembling both seemed as natural as the costume he wore.

For half an hour one might have thought that every gun in the German Army was trained upon Neufchâtel. Twice more the château was struck, the second shell bringing down the whole main body of the building and leaving little more than the south wing, where we were, the third wrecking one of the rooms next to curs and making a funnel-shaped hole in the floor. At last the bombardment stopped, and this time it was Aunt Celeste who went to the window to see if she could see any signs of Rose-Marie.

Suddenly she dropped the curtain as though it burned her fingers and I heard her gasp to Neil: "*Mon Dieu!* The Germans—they must have come in the mist! There was one big devil in the road who saw me at the window—and he waved his hand and laughed at me—and started for the door ——"

This time I think it was I who fainted, because for a time I remembered no more.

"Ah, m'sieur," Aunt Celeste told me later, "it is in hours like that when we live a lifetime in a minute. Together we carry you into the leetle dressing room next door, and I run for the revolver that I keep in my drawer. But my hand it shakes like a leaf in the wind, and I seem to have no strength to resist when Leetle Nell he takes the revolver from me and hides it in his muff. 'Leesten,' he whisper', his voice shaking like my poor hand, 'he will think it was me at the window. You go and wait for Rose-Marie, for when she comes back she will need you.'

"Even then I do not think he had a plan. But me, I begin to see a light, and I join you in the wardrobe, and fasten my eye to the filigree cross in the door.

"I had hardly set myself when a beeg blond boche appears. Leetle Nell was standing by the table—pale, with a beauty like a broken rose—and looking, ah, so helpless and so sad!

"There was no talk, m'sieur, between those two. It all transpire' in pantomime. As soon as the soldier perceives her he place' his rifle in a corner with the manner of man who says: 'Ah, heaven, what luck is mine, and how appropriate' you have reward' a German soldier!' It was with a terrible laugh that he approach' her, *mon ami*, and it was with the same terrible laugh that he died—the hand in the muff so close to his heart that the bullet could not miss.

"It is then that I reappear and help to carry him in the next room. One leetle push and he slides down the broken floor, and through the hole to the cellar so far below.

"'That is one,' says Leetle Nell to me in a voice that does not tremble quite so much; and catching his meaning I look at him and marvel that whereas many a girl in France to-day must be a man before she can be a woman, here was a boy who must be a woman before he can be a man.

"I was still thinking of this when another feetstep sounds on the stair, and I had hardly hid myself when the door opens and in comes another so beautiful boche. He had, I thought, an air of suspicion, as though he came on the search for an absent friend, but when he sees the helpless figure of Leetle Nell trying to hide behind the door he, too, laid down his rifle, and almost as quick as I can tell it he, too, was in the cellar, comparing notes, if the dead commune, with his absent friend below.

"'That is two!' says Leetle Nell. This time his voice doesn't tremble at all, and I think to myself: '*Eh bon!* If his beauty holds out and the cartridge' continue old Kaiser Bill will wake up soon and find he has lost his army!'"

All this time, it seems, heavy fighting had been going on in the streets, which were now quite clear of fog; but the Germans had the two advantages of surprise and numbers. As a result they steadily won

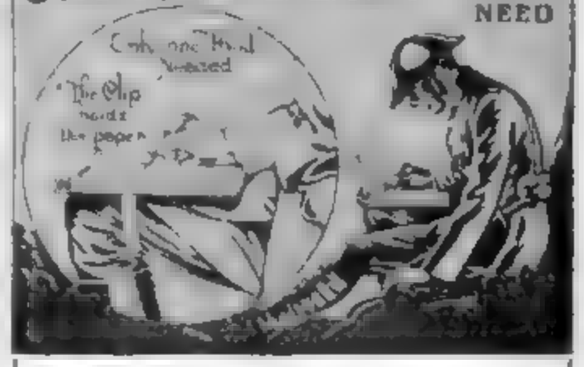
THE "TRIANGLE"
AN ENTIRELY NEW REGAL NOVELTY FOR FALL
$2.00

made in a wide variety of lively designs in new Fall colorings. Ask your dealer for the "Triangle." He can supply you if you insist. If he will not do so, remit direct to us, stating size worn—we will see that you are supplied.

Regal CAPS AND CLOTH HATS
ARE SUPREME IN QUALITY and STYLE WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE

THE REGAL HAT CO.
Largest Mfg. Distributors of Cloth Headwear in America
Regal Bldg., 643-651 S. Wells Street, Chicago

The NEE-DESK A WAR NEED



The NEE-DESK is a portable writing desk for use [illegible] Light and small to fit kit [illegible] with candle holder to light DESK at night.

SEND ONE TO YOUR SOLDIER AND YOU WILL GET MORE LETTERS

Don't wait until he leaves. He can't get one 'Over There'
Size 7 x 11 inches $1.25 Weight 6 ounces
At your dealers Dealers wanted

AMERICAN SALES BOOK COMPANY, LIMITED
[illegible] Ave., ELMIRA, N. Y.

Only WEARERS Know This Comfort

Try a pair yourself. See how lightly the patented *wide webbing* rests on muscles and veins. Men who wear them once say they'll never want any other.

E.Z. GARTER
"THE ONE THAT WON'T BIND"

DEALERS: Ask your jobber or order sample dozen from us without obligation

Silk Finish and Lisle, in medium and large sizes.

If not at dealer's, send 35c. and a pair will be sent post paid. THE THOS. P. TAYLOR CO., Dept. S, Bridgeport, Conn.

BATES

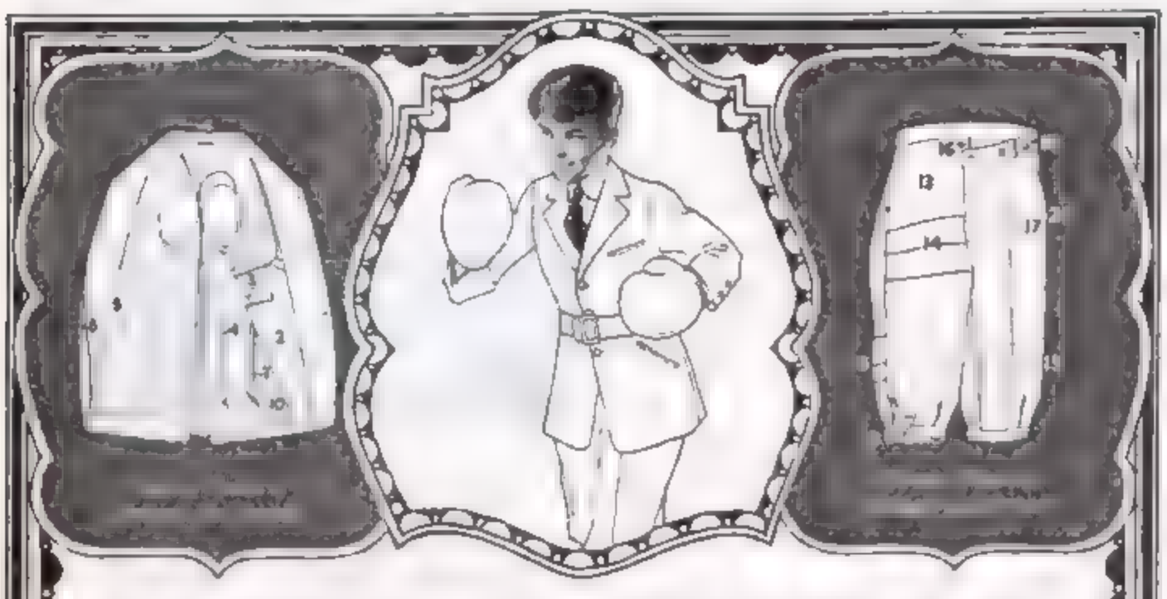
VANDYKE
GUN METAL OR ROKO CALF

THERE'S a carry-on, see-it-through spirit about Bates Shoes that is hitting hard at the cost of living today. You will see it when you see the Bates. There's quality written all over them from their clean-cut snap and style to their saving thrift. Bates Shoes *mean* style leadership at moderate prices.

You will like Bates Shoes—the man who sells them likes them, too. Everybody does. The sales-sheet shows their popularity and permanence in repeat sales.

A. J. BATES CO.
WEBSTER EST. 1885 MASSACHUSETTS
Warehouses: New York and Chicago

SHOES



DUBBELBILT SUITS FOR BOYS

"Cravenette" Finished

20 Reasons Why They Stand for Economy and Service

THE COAT

1 *"Cravenette" Finished—resists water.*
2 *Specially shrunk canvas—retains shape.*
3 *Special hair cloth—non-breakable front.*
4 *Double interlocking seams—prevent ripping.*
5 *Reinforced elbow—protects against wear.*
6 *Hand felled collar—hugs the neck.*
7 *Specially turned pocket—rip-proof.*
8 *Mechanically sewn buttons—can't come off.*
9 *"Walcloth" special fabrics—insure wear.*
10 *Double sewn pockets—double strength.*

THE TROUSERS

11 *Repair kit—for making patches, etc.*
12 *"Cravenette" Finished—resists water.*
13 *Specially constructed lining with finished seams—sanitary.*
14 *Reinforced double seat—proof against wear.*
15 *Reinforced double knee—proof against wear.*
16 *Specially interlocking seams—prevent ripping.*
17 *Double sewn pockets—proof against holes.*
18 *Specially riveted buttons—can't come off.*
19 *"Governor Fastener"—insures fit at knee.*
20 *Double bar-tacked pockets—rip-proof.*

With each suit goes a promise to repair without charge any Rip, Hole or Tear that Shows within Six Months.

Dubbelbilt Fall patterns are fresh and smart. Each suit is tailored with specialized skill. Priced at **$12.75** and **$16.75**. For Boys 6 to 18 years. One Clothier near you can show you Dubbelbilt—if not, write us.

DUBBELBILT BOYS' CLOTHES INC.
866–888 Broadway, Dept. W. New York City

BOYS—*You can have the "Complete Adventures of DUBBELBILT Dave" and several interesting Story Books, free of all cost. Ask us about them, today.*

PLATO

their way to the south of the town, and the streets round us grew comparatively quiet. The next thing I remember, Aunt Celeste and Neil were anxiously talking of Rose-Marie.

"She just about had time to get to the baker's," Aunt Celeste was saying, "and Madame Boulager—I know her well—would hide her in the cellar. Now that the street is empty again I will run along and see ——"

A pause followed and I guessed that Neil was cautiously looking through the window.

"There's an officer standing on the steps of the church," he said; "and just inside I think I see a soldier. If we could get them away from there you might have a chance, but not as it is."

And after another pause I heard him say: "If we could only get that officer away from there!"

In the ensuing silence I heard the curtain rings moving, and when a minute later Aunt Celeste excitedly whispered: "There! He has seen you! He looked right at you then!" it wasn't hard to guess what was in the wind.

Often lately I have thought of that German officer and how surely he held his fate in his own two hands.

"*Ah, flûte!*" muttered Aunt Celeste, who was evidently peeping through the curtain. "He still stands there on the steps of the church, and now he lights a cigarette and frowns at the match. *Ah, flûte*, he will not come. He thinks, perhaps, of a wife of his own at home—and daughters, too, of the age of our little Rose-Marie. *Eh bien*, I do not condemn him for that."

Yes, surely if ever a man held his fate in his own two hands it was that frowning officer, the subject of a grim and epic justice. A text of antiquity came to my mind: "None but a man's own self can destroy him," and in that, at least it seemed to me, the German officer on the steps of the church might be said to typify the whole nation for which he stood.

"Aha!" suddenly whispered Aunt Celeste. "*Voyez!* At last! At last he comes across the street!"

For the third time she hid herself in the dressing room where I was concealed and placed her eye to the cut-out cross in the door.

"Ah, m'sieur," she told me later, "the officer and his men—there was nothing to choose between them in the bottom of their hearts, and when the muff is pressed against his side he drops to the floor, and this is the paper that falls from his cap and lies at our feet."

It was a typewritten order from the General Staff—a good example of German attention to detail—and also, characteristically enough, it was headed "Confidential." It is too long to quote in full, but later I copied a translation of the following paragraph:

"Upon entering Neufchâtel, therefore, you will immediately seize each belfry that is not destroyed. Place a trustworthy man in charge of each, with orders to ring the bell in peals of three for at least five minutes if he hears the other bells ringing in similar manner. Should the enemy seriously threaten to cut off your rear you will be advised. In that event you will start the bells ringing as above; on hearing which your officers will at once withdraw their men from Neufchâtel and fall back with all speed across the Aisne."

"Ah, yes, m'sieur," continued Aunt Celeste, "and at first when I read it I mourned, '*Helas!* We have killed the bird which lays the golden egg, for there is no one now to give the order to ring the bells for the grand retreat.' But Leetle Nell he looks at me, and I tremble too when I see the inspiration that of a sudden comes into his eye.

"'*Grâce à Dieu!*' he cried. 'It is I who will start the bells!' And almost before I know it he is down the stairs, his hand in his muff, and he disappear' in the church across the street.

"I had not long to wait, m'sieur. In less than a minute the bell of Saint Surplice ring' out 'Tong, tong, tong!' With a sob and a catch in its throat, so eager and mournful it rings. At first I am in torment that the others will not join, but soon the bell of Notre Dame swings on her higher note, 'Tong, tong, tong!' And then I hear Saint Marie's, deeper than either! And then Saint Peter and Paul, which is flat, with a crack! Then all along the streets I begin to see the Germans hurrying back the way they had come, with our brave soldiers still worrying away at them, though more than ever outnumbered, and making me think of a big mad bull rushing back to his field with a brave leetle terrier fighting and nipping him on.

"And that was how it happen'. In half an hour there was not one living boche in all the town, onless a prisoner, and when I run to the baker's to see if Rose-Marie was safe I found her coming home with Leetle Nell, who was dress' at last in a soldier's coat that he had found from somewhere; and the way those two they look at each other—God knows, m'sieur, I was glad to see it so.

"That night our reserves arrived, but the wonder on every man's tongue was why the Germans had given up the town when once they had it safe. So early next morning I thought to myself: '*Eh bien*, at least it will please Rose-Marie if he has a medal,' and I went and told them who it was who had won such a victory for France the day before. In half an hour they sent for Leetle Nell and—well, you shall see for yourself what they did it to him!"

It was in the new hospital that Aunt Celeste had been telling me this, and though I couldn't turn my head I saw her nod to someone at the other end of the room. A moment later Rose-Marie walked round my cot—a gracious little figure, no longer old and deplorable, but radiant with tender pride and happiness—and behind her who should come but my friend Little Nell!

It needed only one glance to see how he was changed—one glance to see that never again should we call him Little Nell. He was dressed in the uniform of a second lieutenant, with a row of medals across his chest that any man in France that day might well have envied. But it wasn't those things that I liked to see so much as it was the way he held himself, and the calm confidence of his glance as he seated himself on the side of my cot and lightly placed his hand on mine.

"Well, old boy"—he smiled, his other hand in Rose-Marie's—"we're only waiting for you to get better."

"I promise you I shan't be long," I reassured them.

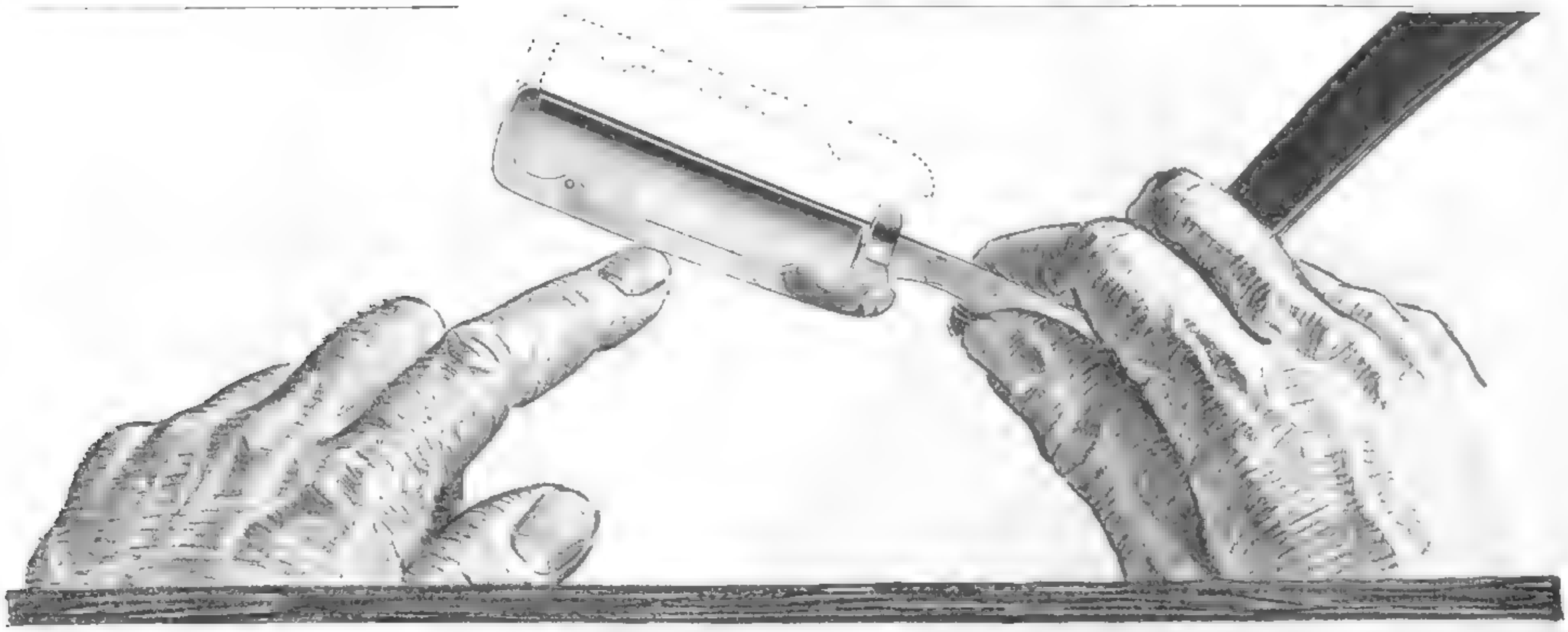
Over his shoulder I noted with satisfaction the respect with which the others were watching him, and then I saw for the first time that in the sleeve of his coat was a discolored bandage winding up his arm.

"Hello," I said. "How did you get that?"

"Oh, that's nothing," he replied. "When I ran into the church to ring that bell—well, there were three Germans there instead of one, and the last one certainly tried his best to stop me. . . . Perhaps now I'm here, though, I might as well have it dressed."

Though I couldn't turn my body, at least I could use my hands, and after he had removed his coat I started to unwind the bandage. I hadn't unwound many turns when it began to stick, and remembering what had happened in Doctor Diderot's chair I stopped and looked at him.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "Give it a pull!" And lowering his voice so that none but me could hear it, he added in a tone of smiling reproach: "You don't want Rose-Marie to think I'm a sissy, do you?"



Millions of Dollars–Tons of Steel Saved by this Great Razor

THE GENCO Safege is *the* war-time razor because it saves steel and money. It has the blade of a professional razor such as barbers use—a blade good for a lifetime.

This blade is equipped with a removable guard, a safety device—making it a perfected combination; a professional razor that can be used with safety.

Genco

SAFEGE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

No new blades needed. No extra blades to be carried. No old blades to be thrown away. Its owner saves money and steel that our Government needs for other purposes. With 5 million men each at a minimum buying 2 dozen blades per year—think what a saving you and the GENCO Safege can make in money and fine razor-quality steel!

It is the razor for our men in camp, and trench, or aboard ship. Running water isn't necessary either to shave with it or to cleanse it.

The GENCO Safege—because it weighs only 1½ ounces, folds into its handle so that it may be carried on the person, and has one everlasting blade—is actually the most convenient for our fighting men.

No matter what your shaving preference—straight-blade or safety—there is a GENCO type that will give you supreme satisfaction.

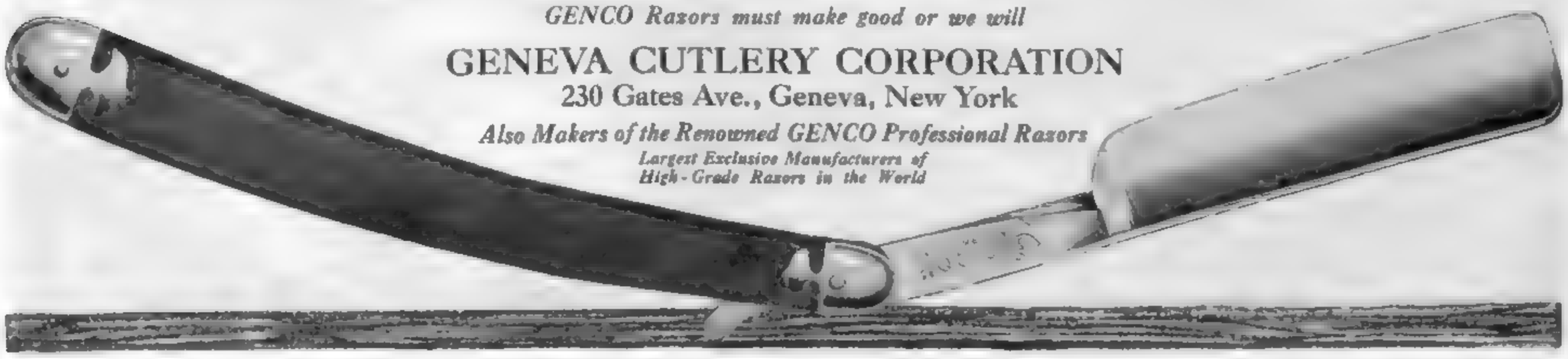
GENCO Razors must make good or we will

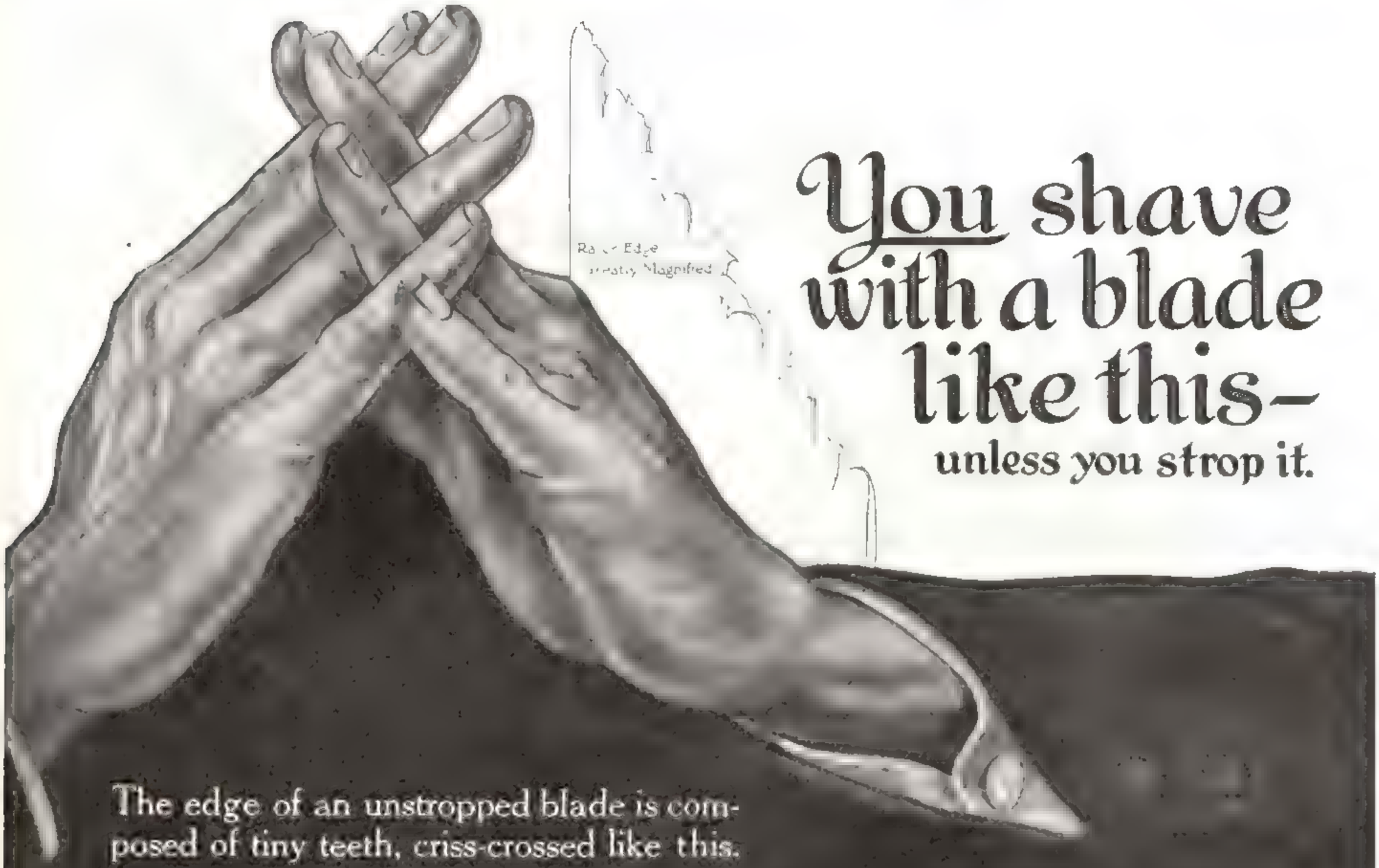
GENEVA CUTLERY CORPORATION

230 Gates Ave., Geneva, New York

Also Makers of the Renowned GENCO Professional Razors

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of High-Grade Razors in the World





You shave with a blade like this—

unless you strop it.

The edge of an unstropped blade is composed of tiny teeth, criss-crossed like this.

Shaving gets them in this condition. Stropping smooths them back into line. New blades, as well as old, need stropping, because packing, shipping and temperature changes affect the edge. That's why the

Twinplex Stropper

improves new blades 100%

Takes the pull out of double-edge blades, and puts long service into them. Don't worry if blades are hard to get. Twinplex and one packet of new blades will insure you perfect shaves for "the duration of the war." Twinplex completely solves the shaving problem of the men in the service.

100 shaves from 1 blade

The last shave is better than the first from a new, unstropped blade. Twinplex pays for itself in a year, and makes the saving and the shaving both velvet. Twinplex is guaranteed for 10 years. 500,000 delighted users.

Sold by all dealers on 30 days trial.

Take one home and experience your first perfect shave. If not delighted, the dealer will refund your money.

Interesting booklet on request.

Twinplex Sales Co., 1629 Locust Street, St. Louis
212 Fulton Street, New York.
Twinplex Sales Co. of Canada, 591 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

Turn crank—that's all.

A few turns before and after shaving insure a velvet edge.

Rollers turn in opposite directions, stropping two edges at once. At every turn, blade reverses itself and strops the other side—just as a barber does. Blades are held at correct angle and pressure to insure perfect edge. No skill required; it can't fail. Small, compact, beautiful—in handsome nickeled case; also in khaki outfits.

THE WHITE HORSE AND THE RED-HAIRED GIRL

(Continued from Page 5)

gave a frowning man outside the railings a chance to inspect her. Jack Daintry had furtively come to the station and stood among other watchers, his face pressed close to the iron bars of the high barrier. He had opposed this mad plan, but had been overruled by three women. She looked so young and so astonishingly pretty! His madness had made this wild journey possible. He had perjured himself and denied his nationality for this. He had been trapped and bamboozled and cajoled into delivering this irresponsible girl, unprotected and alone, to the enemy. He had expected, if he caught a glimpse of her at all, to see her very quietly dressed, tripping along almost timidly, attracting no attention except such as might be given to a young governess traveling alone; but people turned and looked and smiled with pleasure.

She was marked; the gloomy watcher saw that. He had not realized how noticeable she was; how vivid her personality; how she caught the eye and stamped herself on memory. He criticized her dress. That moleskin coat, reaching to her heels, could be observed and remembered by the blindest German sentry in all Belgium.

He thought her most becoming toque was frivolous, and objected even to the gray veil that fluttered a little in the breeze. He frowned at the pink rose she had fastened in the high collar of her coat. It bobbed up and down below her left ear, and it gave her just the charming and capricious air that, above all things, should have been left behind.

Peggy turned suddenly, saw him before he could duck his head, and darted over; but a policeman intervened, explaining that passengers, after passing the barrier, must not "be in communication" with anybody. She waved a hand and nodded gayly as "poor dismal old Jack!" forced a hollow smile. She was glad, indeed, that she had removed from the passport the photograph of a husband who was not a husband; who had gone to Holland the day before, yet had just waved her a farewell. On this complicated thought she took her seat in the Pullman.

Off at last! Peggy had reserved an end chair in the Pullman, not knowing that it faced the car. She saw that everybody was reading, but that everybody looked up often; that eyes met eyes, and that each pair dropped too quickly. She seemed to be looking at a new, strange race, whose manner, dress and appearance were assumed; and the feeling grew as she became more responsive to the atmosphere of mutual espionage and suspicion.

Up until now she had moved among people she knew or knew about; for the first time in her life she had something to conceal, and she was acutely sensitive to the silently and subtly conveyed uneasiness she rightly believed was all about her; she had, in fact, come under the edge of the shadow of war.

The world had not yet become used to war; and in December, 1914, hardly any but officials, couriers, newspaper men and members of the American Relief Commission, as it was then called, crossed to Holland with normal nerves.

She fought the infection and thought that part of the gloomy constraint was due to the presence of two German ladies. They were unmistakable. They sat erect, looked straight ahead of them, and bore themselves with a notable arrogance Peggy asked herself whether she would behave like that if she was in a train going from Berlin to Bentheim, on the Dutch frontier.

She owned up fairly that she could not be natural and certainly could not look pleased. She felt an actual physical repugnance to these women; and she did not know that her face had clouded and that her curved upper lip had become a straight line with compression She pressed her upper arms close against her with a little shiver; then she remembered that she was a neutral. She looked away from them to meet the steady gaze of large, soft brown eyes. She escaped this sudden meeting of glances with the indifference of a life-training in such casual encounters, and retained a fleeting, odd impression of a good-looking, clean boxer, with the eyes of a girl.

A small table separated her from a man who faced her, and she had been conscious for some time that he had been covertly watching her. His olive skin was a rich brown and pleasantly shiny, like a horse chestnut. He spoke to her in South American French. She snubbed him mercilessly; for rich South Americans traveling in Europe sometimes required sharp treatment from ladies traveling alone.

From the Carriage Opposite a Pair of Eyes Were Fixed on Her With Vivid, Eager Recognition

It was a relief when the guard came for the tickets. One of the German ladies asked whether they could get an evening paper at Folkestone Pier.

"No local papers, madame; nothing later than you have," the guard answered.

"But if ships haf been sank or mines are there, is it that we must cross?" she said.

"You sleep on board, and the boat doesn't start till daylight," the guard answered. "There's no danger."

Peggy caught a tightened lip here and there; and saw one frank, natural grin. The grin was human, even though it jarred; and it proved that the man with the enormous brown eyes was not suffering from tension of the nerves. Peggy was proudly contemptuous that the only one to express fear was a native of the country which sowed the peril.

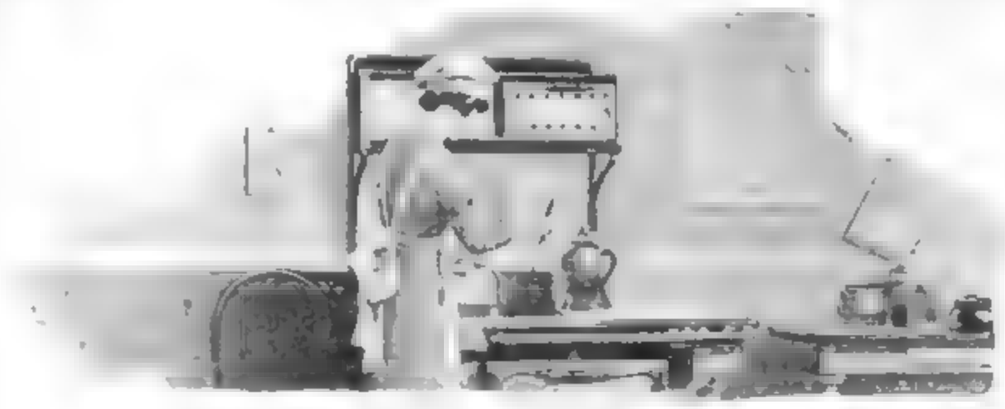
At Folkestone the South American offered to carry her bag. She courteously declined. Pleasantly, also, as she thought, she declined the help of the brown-eyed boxer. She did not know how great a gulf lies between English and American manners in small courtesies, and with what cool condescension the American conceived himself rebuffed. After a long wait in a dense crowd she was perfunctorily passed to the boat; and she promptly went to her berth. The water lapping against the piles of their pier sent her to sleep.

After a solid breakfast the next morning she went to the deck and gazed across the water at the English coast, so peaceful, so soft in the haze of distance. War? It seemed absurd, incredible. She turned and looked seaward; and she flung out her arms to this wide salt-water moat which surrounded and protected the homes of her land. She laughed at the whitecaps jigging up and down in the freshening breeze. Mines hidden beneath them? Submarines lurking! It seemed incredible.

But no vessel was to be seen toward the east, while many steamed between her and the coast; it was clear that all were pursuing a charted course, of which her vessel was on the seaward edge. She walked the windward side, having it all to herself; and each time, toward the bow, tiny pellets of icy spray stung her face; and she lingered at each turn to catch more of this exhilarating sprinkle. Always, as she stood, she looked to the east. Belgium and Geoff were there.

The South American staggered to her side. He broke into perturbed, hurried speech. He told her he was Senor Allones, a diamond merchant of Rio de Janeiro, a man of affairs, rich; that his wife and two little children were starving in Scheveningen; that all exchanges were broken down with Brazil; that all his diamonds were hidden beneath the fourth stone at the left on entering the cellar of 1501 Lange Leemstratt, in Antwerp; and that those diamonds were of the value of four million francs. He paused on this, and looked at her with pleading eyes. Peggy calmly stared at him and wondered that a reasonably intelligent-looking man should try such a silly game on her.

APRIL • MAY • JUNE



The Duplex-Alcazar Helps You Conserve

THIS wonderful stove, burning Gas and Coal or Wood singly or in combination, is a food and fuel conservator as well as a modern kitchen convenience.

It saves fuel by enabling you to use the kind best suited to your purpose and doing away with the waste attendant on separate fuel ranges. It helps you to conserve food by cooking it better and making good results a practical certainty.

If you're in a district where Gas is not available a second type using Oil and Coal or Wood is available. The change from fuel to fuel in either type is made without bother or interchange of parts.

THE DUPLEX ALCAZAR
TWO RANGES IN ONE

There's a nation wide wave of enthusiasm over Duplex-Alcazars. And we furnish them in styles and types of construction ranging from cast iron and steel to porcelain. The range you want is in this line.

See your dealer or write us mentioning whether you are interested in the Oil or Gas type.

ALCAZAR RANGE & HEATER COMPANY, 400 Cleveland Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

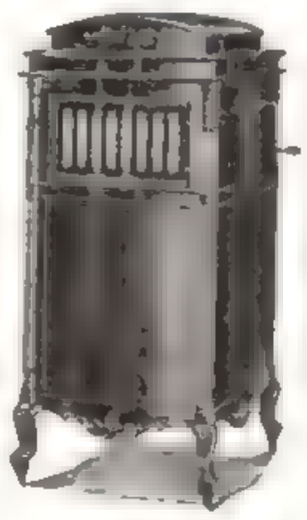
JANUARY • FEBRUARY • MARCH • JULY • AUGUST • SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER • NOVEMBER • DECEMBER

So that you will not forget

Milady Chocolates

Every Piece a Surprise



STEGER

the reproducing phonograph of excellence

THE ART, experience and wisdom which created the Steger Piano have been devoted to the production of The Steger—the finest reproducing phonograph it is possible to construct. Its tone chamber, and patented Steger tone arm, which provides the correct pressure for different makes of records, insure faithful reproduction of *every* tone and shade of sound. The voices of the world's greatest artists are reproduced at their best on The Steger. It plays all disk records *correctly;* there are no parts to change. Hear and play it yourself at your Steger dealer's. Style Book sent on request.

STEGER & SONS PIANO MFG. COMPANY
Steger Building, Chicago, Ill

"MACHINERY IS WINNING THE WAR!"

"CARRY ON!" Spare your men without spoiling the routine. Bookkeeping machinery is enabling one person to do the work of two or three—just as human-power is multiplied in shop, factory, home and farm by machinery's aid.

Bookkeeper Mitchell of The Hartmann Trunk Co., Racine, Wis., does three men's work with Baker-Vawter Machine Bookkeeping Binders, Leaves, Racks, etc., and a Burroughs. Handles nearly 300 daily entries, 1800 active accounts, posts merchandise shipments, recapitulates sales, figures sales costs, handles the cash and balances each account daily. Then he does likewise for a subsidiary firm—and is through each afternoon.

BAKER-VAWTER

BINDERS, TRAYS, LEAVES, STATEMENTS

Use by the BIG MAJORITY is proof that Baker-Vawter equipment excels. THE BIG MAJORITY in this case means that a ten times greater number of firms have chosen Baker-Vawter equipment. This has given Baker-Vawter Company ten times more experience to apply upon determining your requirements.

Write Dept. M for salesman to call. Address the nearest of our three factories: Holyoke, Mass., Benton Harbor, Mich., San Francisco

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY
Originators and Manufacturers
LOOSE LEAF AND STEEL FILING EQUIPMENT
Sales Offices in 47 Cities Salesmen Everywhere

"Monsieur trusts me profoundly," she said with dry irony. "He places all his fortune in my weak hands—and I am unknown to him."

She waited to hear whether he would ask a loan of ten pounds or a hundred on this Antwerp nest of brilliants. He could not go into Belgium, he said; the Germans refused a pass. Madame could at least bring three or four of the largest, of the cut ones. They would excite no suspicion. An American lady with diamonds in her purse—it was natural, proper, the usual thing. It was so simple, so easy; a woman of Flanders lived in the house in Lange Leemstratt; the house was all pitted and marked by shrapnel from a German shell. She did not know of the diamonds. He had hidden them secretly. She could be told, and madame could give her one—whichever madame chose—as large as madame liked.

"I will keep your secret, monsieur," she said; "but I cannot help you. I am on honor."

Then she waited for the request for a loan; but it did not come. He stood mute, studying her face; and when he saw it was inflexible he only murmured that he was sorry to have troubled madame, and turned away. She stayed him with a friendly gesture.

"I am sure you will get them sometime," she said. "Will you give me your address and let me send ten pounds to madame, your wife?"

He drew himself up, refused with a haughty dignity, and went away.

She looked out over the water and saw four destroyers rushing toward the north. She judged their progress, with a practiced eye, as approaching thirty knots an hour. "There's something up!" she thought, and her heart thrilled. She stood watching with fixed eyes until they were hull down. A trawler came and looked them over, and she saw naval uniforms. She waved her hand, and welcomed the salute and the cheery smile from a tanned young man. She never left the deck all day; never thought of mines; hardly saw a fellow passenger on this windward side; had her luncheon and her tea brought to her; and was disappointed when, at dusk, the steamer was skirting the sand dunes of Flushing, that she had not caught the boom of at least one gun from Zeebrugge.

The Dutch customhouse officials looked at Peggy, not at her suitcase, and politely waved it away unopened, and the examination of her passport was nominal; but two Dutch soldiers sprang to attention and held crossed bayonets fiercely in front of her when she subsequently attempted to pass out of the railway station by a small exit. She turned aside, stepped through the next archway, and went on smiling. It seemed to her that this incident typified the whole great farce; no real effective guard on frontiers anywhere—just elaborate pretense and fussy examinations, which found nothing, and crossed bayonets at places that did not matter.

She was right. But three months later she could never have secured her passport or have been permitted to leave England. It took nearly a year for governments and officials and the world to adjust themselves to war. Meantime the innocent and the dangerous, the spies and the neutrals, the honest and the others, came and went almost freely, with vast official pretense of regulations that regulated little. Governments knew that, too, and corrected it as fast as they could; but personally conducting a world proved to be a monster business.

She went through the big, dingy combined dining and waiting room. Her eyes widened at the change in the pallid and downcast Germans she had seen in the Folkestone waiting room. They were merry and boisterous now, and she saw them clink beer mugs; and she heard one man say: "*Siegestag.*" She could not dine there. She went across the road to a hotel, found the dining room with but two empty tables, and chose the one by the fire. She seated herself and then saw that her immediate neighbors were the two German ladies of the train and two men who had met them. They were all in high spirits and the men were drinking champagne from tumblers, touching rims. She heard triumphant laughter, and she caught the word "*Siegesfest.*"

It seemed natural to her that they should be happy at this family meeting, but strange that it should be called a "feast of victory." She asked the head waiter in murmured English whether there was any news. He answered in Dutch, then in German, that he had little English. She repeated her question in French.

"Has not madame heard?" he answered promptly. "Scarborough has been shelled and the fort of Whitby Abbey."

"The fort?" she blazed, white with indignation. "It's a lonely ruin on a hilltop."

"I beg madame's pardon. I speak as the evening paper speaks; no more."

She remembered that she was a neutral and ordered clear soup.

Beautiful Scarborough, most innocent of seaside places; Whitby Abbey, crumbling cradle of Anglo-Saxon literature—she knew them both. But the great shock to her and to all England of this first attack of its kind on unfortified places was not that this assault was outside the laws of nations, wanton, purposeless; but that any such sacrilege was physically possible.

So secure through long ages has England been from sea attack that the home island has become to the English a high altar, holy, untouchable, ringed about as much by sacred tradition and invulnerable memory as by water and naval power. This sly attack from furtive fleeing vessels woke England up, filled the recruiting offices, and might easily have been the means of sending Peggy to a German prison. She sat with bent head and down-gazing eyes, vainly struggling for composure; vainly trying to shut her ears to the triumphant German voices. The waiter changing dishes bent over and murmured:

"*Madame est remarquée!*"

She made a movement with her hand as though the room was whirling; and the waiter said louder that it would soon pass away if madame would eat and remember that she was no longer on the boat. She smiled, ate, and afterward looked quietly about her. The nations had grouped, with the exception of the English; there were only two there, and they sat, like herself, at separate tables, alone. The Belgians, sad, silent, were easily distinguishable by their unalterable depression. The Americans were fraternizing, talking, laughing.

Peggy caught scraps of sentences from which she could know that, with utter frankness, they were telling each other who they were and why they were there. She had in previous travelings observed this national candor, with that sense of superiority felt by a detached and reticent people, who can talk for hours on general subjects, and end without curiosity as to whom they have talked with. She thought some were ostentatious in their frankness, as though anxious that everybody should know they had legitimate reasons for traveling in wartime.

A hilarious burst from the German table brought one flashing glance from Peggy toward the one Englishman within direct range. To her dismay he caught it and came over instantly. As he might be supposed to be approaching the German table, silence fell, and everybody turned.

"The fire may be uncomfortably warm," he said in a level, quiet voice. "I don't know whether you know there is an unoccupied table in that corner."

"Thank you," Peggy said, as promptly as though her answer did not almost choke her; "we Americans like warmth."

She spoke just as she had spoken to the brown-eyed man on the pier at Folkestone; but the Englishman resumed his seat without sense of rebuff. That cool, impersonal tone was precisely right to him in refusing a small courtesy offered under a misapprehension.

Peggy's heart glowed. She knew that this fellow countryman was white-hot inside about Whitby, and that comforted her; and she thought that his effort to put the length of a room between her and the triumphant Germans was the most considerate attention ever offered to her. It steadied her. The courtesy was doubly welcome because it came from "one of the right sort." Accent, pronunciation and manner stamped him unmistakably. There was one of her own kind in that room and she felt less utterly alone. This steady, quiet fellow countryman, if he were on such an errand as hers, would never flinch if he heard that London had fallen. She straightened, told the waiter that his advice had been good, that the room had ceased to roll, and asked for a second helping of fish.

Peggy thought she would be less conspicuous if she were not alone. Someone would be sure to offer help at the station, especially as she had publicly announced herself a citizen of the United States. But he must be the right sort. How should she

(Continued on Page 96)

—as the call goes out for MORE TRUCKS!

Who builds the most trucks?

America's roads have become highways of commerce. Merchants, contractors, farmers and manufacturers are calling for more and better trucks.

Republic has answered this demand. From a yearly production of but 54 trucks five years ago, Republic has become the *leader* in this new giant industry. Last year Republic produced and sold more than twice as many trucks as the second largest manufacturer.

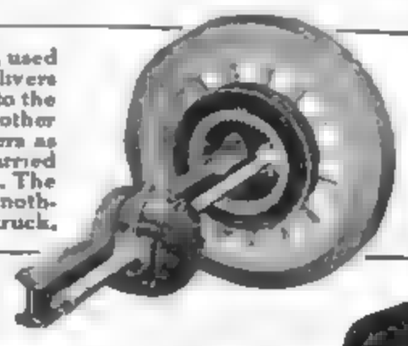
A success like this doesn't merely happen. It's the logical outcome of two things:—a dependable truck and a dependable service organization behind that truck.

Republic engineers have studied the truck user's needs and designed trucks that measure up to every road and load requirement. The steel for every part must conform to Republic specifications which call for strength generously in excess of all possible demands.

More than 1300 Republic Service Stations, distributed all over the United States, make Republic service everywhere available.

Consult the Republic dealer. Let him study your business and advise the kind of a truck you should have. There is a Republic for every need. Seven models—¾-ton to 5-ton capacity.

Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Michigan



The Internal Gear Drive, used in all Republic Trucks, delivers 92% of the motor power to the wheels. We know of no other type of drive that delivers as much. The entire load is carried on a separate I-beam axle. The driving mechanism has nothing to do but *drive* the truck.

REPUBLIC

Internal Gear Drive

MOTOR TRUCKS

Built by the Largest Manufacturers of Motor Trucks in the World

Blabon floors make housework easier

The European custom of having linoleum floors in every room in the house is gaining great favor in America. Some people throw rugs over their Blabon floors, but many people save housework by dispensing entirely with dust-catching rugs. Blabon floors never require sweeping, beating or vacuum-cleaning. They can be kept beautifully bright and neat simply by running over them with a damp mop or cloth.

The Blabon art creations have introduced new carpet, hardwood, matting and tile linoleums, suited in color and design to every type of floor. Send for illustrated booklet.

Important Notice: Floor coverings made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum. Such felt paper products have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge of the fabric.

Established 67 years The Georgs W Blabon Company Philadelphia

BLABON ART Linoleums

Don't swear at your FORD if it wastes gasoline
If you had a leak in your gas tank, you'd plug it up. Then why not make your pistons permanently gas-tight!
Gas can never waste through or around Munger "Always Tight" Piston Rings, because the patent grooving holds them to a perfect FIT and the "Always Tight" Expansion Joint compensates for wear as it occurs.
Price $1.25 each for all sizes up to 5½ inches in diameter
The complete FORD Set consists of eight regular size "Always Tight" Rings for the lower grooves and four over-width "Always Tight" Rings for the top grooves. With each complete FORD Set a Munger Regrooving Tool and a Munger Ring Insertion Tool are included FREE.
Get them from your supply dealer or garage man.
SPITTDORF ELECTRICAL CO. Newark, N. J.
MUNGER
"Always Tight"
Piston Rings

(Continued from Page 94)

know that? She was utterly at a loss. She remembered that she and Geoffrey had once—only once—been puzzled about an Englishman, and Geoffrey had led the man to say four words. The unconscious probationer had pronounced Calais to rhyme with palace, valet with pallet; had uttered grass with a short, not a broad a; and had spoken girl so that it would rhyme with neither whirl nor curl.

Geoffrey had thawed instantly and had afterward said that, whatever the chap had fallen to, "his people must have been all right; he's 'county,' right enough." She wondered what corresponded to county in the United States; so far as she could understand, they had no landed gentry. She had known cosmopolites, of course, who founded their manners on English standards; but none of these was in the room.

Peggy, admitting that she had no shibboleths for the men of her adopted nation, watched casually as she ate, specially considering the man who had offered help in Folkestone and who might offer again. He was sitting at a table with three others and she knew he had often looked at her. His eyes were Italian, but all the rest of him was unmistakable American. He was too brilliantly good-looking; he was large and well dressed; and he was enjoying his dinner immensely.

The meaning of that boyish grin in the Pullman was clear to her now; he was without self-consciousness. If anything amused him he laughed. If anything troubled him he looked as sorry as he felt. She summed him up as "rather decent, if not quite the thing," and selected him.

A man entered the room. Peggy caught her breath. She was confronted with one of the dangers she had foreseen, but she was not prepared for it in such extreme form. The newcomer did not glance about, but took a seat at the vacant table, slouching, with bent head. Peggy was shocked at the change in a once gallant boy.

Charlie Anstruther had gone blithely, as one of the Naval Division, with Geoff, to Antwerp, and had been a member of the Collingwood Brigade, which had escaped into Holland and been interned by the Dutch for the period of the war. She had read of the effect of internment; of the dreary hopelessness of it; of the gnawing grief at idleness while one's country called. She had almost cried over a letter from him; to see him thus now roused pity beyond thought of tears.

She hastily paid her bill and escaped. He did not raise his bowed head. She hurried to the long, dark station. The train was made up and she went for her suitcase. The man with the big brown eyes was at her side before she could lift it.

"Please let me," he said.

She thought her thanks effusive; he thought them cool. She believed her permission to travel in the same carriage especially gracious; he thought it chilly. She was pleased when, at the last moment, the heavy-eyed Brazilian entered the railway carriage. She welcomed his presence and spoke to him with a sympathetic cordiality.

"I am Humbert Honest, of Chicago," said the American. "What's your state?"

She answered that she came from Kankakee. He eyed her and said:

"A go-ahead town and beautiful, now that the state capitol is finished."

"It's some burgh!" Peggy answered, having studied up slang.

She spoke with enthusiasm; but she was quaking, and deftly she altered the topic. She found this man to be very manageable, and he followed where she led; but it was clear that he admired Kankakee, for every once in a while he spoke of it.

"That palm grove in the Kankakee capitol grounds is shooting up till the tops hit the stars," he said; and Peggy answered that the fronds were brushing the Milky Way.

Later he asked whether frosts ever really hit the orange crop at Kankakee.

"They burn great kettles of smudgy stuff in the orchards," Peggy explained promptly.

She had read about this somewhere. She described how they watched the thermometer and made preparation when the temperature fell. When he asked, later, whether Kankakee lemons were marketed under a brand, she answered—not to appear to know everything—that she was not familiar with commercial methods.

"Anyway," he said, smiling, "they never hand you a lemon in Kankakee."

Peggy laughed, for she saw that this remark was meant to be funny.

"You know the customs of the place well," she said. "Did you live there?"

"I covered that territory," he answered.

Peggy dropped questions and learned his meaning. She understood that he had visited Kankakee as a traveling salesman, which she was sure meant the same as a commercial traveler. She was a little shocked, for she had been reared with prejudices against such people; but she showed no sign of that. She led him to talk of himself and found that he required no pressing. He had been born an American citizen of an American mother; his name, Umberto Onesti, he had anglicized on the death of his Italian naturalized father. He represented automobiles in Antwerp, where Germans had stolen forty despite his protests. He had run over to London about this shameless interference with neutral rights. Now he was returning to save the other forty if he could.

He did not tell her that he had made a profound study of the psychology of salesmanship, which included a study of humanity; that the combination of an American brain and chin with an Italian eye and voice was a gift from heaven sedulously cultivated; and that he had been called "a live American wire, insulated by an Italian silk covering."

Peggy was genuinely interested when he told her, with naïve frankness, of his struggles. She liked, too, his enthusiastic patriotism. He owed everything to the United States, he said; and, though he was hot for intervention, he refused to criticize his Government. He only stopped talking when the train stopped at Rozendaal.

He wiped the frost from the windowpane and looked out at the dimly lighted station, peopled only by sentinels.

"Here's the diving board," he said. "You come back here day after to-morrow and take a header from civilization into barbarism." He saw her glance apprehensively at the apparently sleeping Brazilian. "I don't mince my words," he continued defiantly. "My opinion of Germans went with every car they stole." And he bluntly enlarged this theme, telling of some Antwerp happenings of which he had personal knowledge. There were so many that he had not finished when the lights of Rotterdam became visible.

The Brazilian, courteously interrupting, spoke for the first time. He repeated the story of the diamonds, including the address in Lange Leemstraat. He ended by saying:

"Bring them out, Mr. Honest. Take what you like of them—up to half."

Mr. Honest's dark eyes never left those of the Brazilian until the latter ceased to speak. Then the long, curling lashes drooped for an instant as their owner reflected.

"I'll do it," he answered at length in French, quite intelligible but evidently picked up. "I take no responsibility, of course; and I don't know when I'm coming out. Give me your address and tell me more about this landlady in the shell-pitted house." He listened intently: "Here's my card and Rotterdam address. If they are found on me, and taken, you must not kick. Now we'd better not arrive at Rotterdam together; and don't come near me there."

The Brazilian uttered melancholy thanks, picked up his bag, and went out into the corridor.

"He's a fool!" said Humbert Honest. "I'd go into a penitentiary and shout the story to the prisoners rather than trust to Germans. Yet he is sorry already that he put it up to me."

"Sorry? How do you know that?"

"Didn't you see the way he looked at me when I said they might be taken from me. If they are he'll never believe it. And that's what I'm up against—and all for kindness too! But he's desperate," he added, grinning; "so he trusts me. I know the man by sight. I've seen him in Antwerp."

The Brazilian opened the door and thrust in a livid face: "Would monsieur bring only half? If monsieur should be searched ——"

"You trust me or you don't, señor," said Honest. "I'll do the best I can; and I'm not asking anything. See?" He waved the Brazilian away as the train slackened. "Nerve all gone," he said; "lots about that way. He'll speak to me once too often and some secret agent will hear him. The Germans will put his last shiny stone into my last auto, and then—zipp for Aachen! Once past that town—good-by!"

At the station Mr. Honest was really useful, securing for her the last remaining taxi. She thanked him with frank gratitude and

(Continued on Page 99)

"Rely on Me"

FIFTY full years of stress and strain in a hundred great industries have proven the meaning of Triangle B.

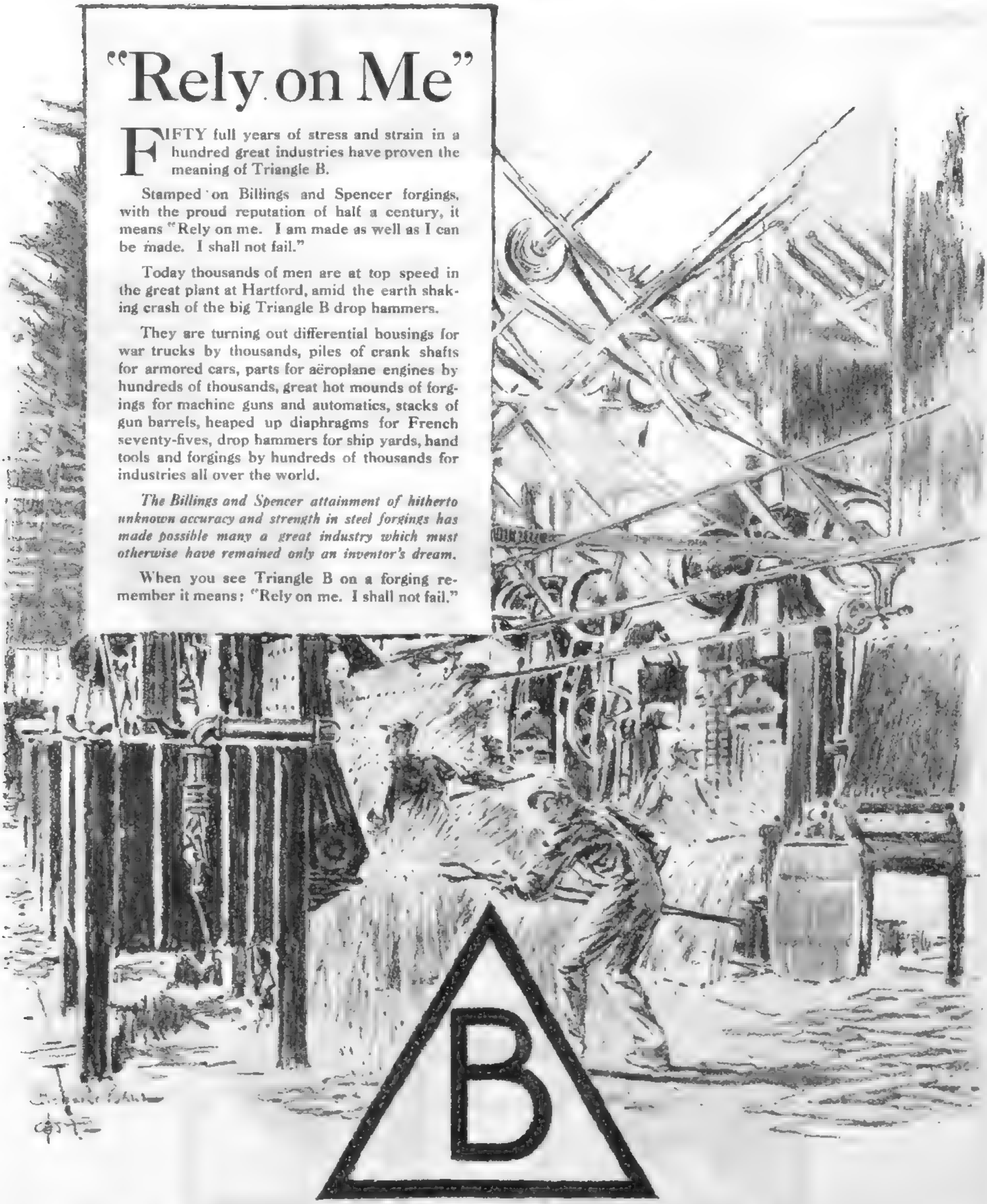
Stamped on Billings and Spencer forgings, with the proud reputation of half a century, it means "Rely on me. I am made as well as I can be made. I shall not fail."

Today thousands of men are at top speed in the great plant at Hartford, amid the earth shaking crash of the big Triangle B drop hammers.

They are turning out differential housings for war trucks by thousands, piles of crank shafts for armored cars, parts for aëroplane engines by hundreds of thousands, great hot mounds of forgings for machine guns and automatics, stacks of gun barrels, heaped up diaphragms for French seventy-fives, drop hammers for ship yards, hand tools and forgings by hundreds of thousands for industries all over the world.

The Billings and Spencer attainment of hitherto unknown accuracy and strength in steel forgings has made possible many a great industry which must otherwise have remained only an inventor's dream.

When you see Triangle B on a forging remember it means: "Rely on me. I shall not fail."



The Billings & Spencer Co., Hartford, Conn.

Hand Tools · Forgings · Drop Hammers

120 million Aunt Jemima breakfasts served last year

The moment you catch the appetizing fragrance of these famous pancakes, the moment you taste them, you'll know why. Have them for breakfast—tomorrow.

AUNT JEMIMA MILLS COMPANY, ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

(Continued from Page 96)

departed with a conviction that she had played her part to perfection.

At her hotel she went straight to her room. She slept dreamlessly, and awoke, protesting, to the eight-o'clock knock, which heralded the coffee and rolls; but she sprang up to unbolt the door. On her tray she found a parcel addressed to her, which, opened, disclosed an orange and a piece of paper inscribed: "With the compliments of Humbert Honest." She laughed at this singular attention. She had heard that Americans loved morning fruit and she assumed that Mr. Honest was trying to be especially nice. He had evidently wished not only to please her palate but to gratify her home pride. She remembered he had spoken of Kankakee oranges and she wondered whether this was one.

She examined his handwriting and thought it too clear and commercial. She turned the paper, torn apparently from a notebook, and saw a map of the state of Illinois. A blue-penciled cross marked Kankakee, and another, Springfield; and the first-named town was a circle and the other a star. Why should he mark Springfield? And why mark a cross in the margin against the fortieth parallel of latitude? The thought came flashing that Kankakee was not the capital of Illinois and that oranges could not grow so far north!

"The mongrel bagman!" cried forcible Peggy, flushing red with anger.

She eyed the orange as though to pierce the rind for a meaning. Was it a horrid joke? Was it a message of enmity? Did it threaten blackmail? Could its sender be bought? Had he a price? Did he want money?

"It's what you might expect," Peggy thought, "from a man with the jaw of a bulldog and the eyes of a Pekingese."

But she was very anxious.

II

HOT, light white rolls! Peggy munched them as she dressed, rosy red from her ice-cold bath. She paused from time to time and looked vindictively at the orange; and each time she shook her head, with a menace, and her fine nostrils quivered. Her upper lip twisted into a curve as she recalled what she had heard of commercial travelers—a race apart, sneaking into back doors of commercial firms, there to be snubbed by proprietors while they rubbed their hands together and smiled at insults; a class herded separately in the commercial room at provincial hotels while respectable people ate in the coffeeroom; such bounders that if an obnoxious man got into a first-class carriage he was always put down for a commercial person, swaggering among his betters. She had never met one before, so far as she knew, and her anger was trebled because its source was one of the despised class; and trebled again because the man had made a small success of his miserable life and dared to hold toward her the manner of an equal.

She snapped viciously the clasp of the slide on the back of her head and rang for two eggs and buttered toast. The little chambermaid looked, in her close-bound cap, as most Dutch maids do, like the baby head of Charles II in Vandyke's painting. She understood; she shook her head but could not explain. Another came and, with much difficulty, made it clear that hotels were allowed a little white flour for morning rolls, but that the bread was made of war flour, which refused to toast; also—yes; eggs could be had, perhaps, if madame paid. Peggy was astonished that any nation should be short of fine white flour; and was proud that this first experience of the material sacrifices of war should come in a neutral country. She ordered war bread, honorably refusing more than her share of the rolls, and ate it as a duty.

England could never come to such stuff. England ruled the waves and could import wheat from everywhere; besides, the war would be over in the spring. Everybody knew that Germany could not last longer than that. Germany's man power was already declining; that had been proved over and over. And everybody knew that the German harvest had been light and that there were no resources of food.

Peggy finished her breakfast, sorry for poor neutral Holland and doubly proud of her homeland. There was a great meaning in white flour; it meant merchant fleets coming and going at will; great granaries in loyal-daughter lands; and a calm, unruffled people, inexorably conquering. But these reflections on the significance of white flour were running side by side with thoughts on the meaning of an orange. From time to time, as she was packing, she eyed obliquely the yellow monstrosity on the chimney piece above the stove. Suddenly it glowed blood-red; and she jumped up, startled, to see that the back of the stove had become red-hot and was throwing baleful gleams about. She snatched the orange up, wrapped it in the map of Illinois, and flung it into the blaze.

The protesting sizzle that soon came soothed her ears and helped her to consider. Blackmail? Must that stop her on the threshold of Belgium and Geoffrey? She stood, with drooped head, clasping her hands, absorbed; and it seemed by degrees clear to her that it was not blackmail. Humbert Honest's face and manner were not those of the sly, cruel criminal, who could be bought for money. A wretched joke? She considered this as she finished lacing her boots. But no man would twist a girl into a knot of silly lies about Kankakee just to laugh boorishly at her the next morning. She straightened, with a grimace, driven to a nauseating conclusion: The man was a woman stalker. She was alone, unprotected; fair prey for such as he. His sentimental eyes; his soft, carrying voice; his "brute of a chin"—yes; they were the marks of one who was a cad to the marrow. Must that stop her going to Geoffrey?

She shrugged her shoulders; went over to the mirror and studied her face, turning her head slowly from side to side. For the first time in her life she appraised her eyes and her lips and her half profile and her complexion for their worth in a conflict with one of the other sex. Could she so charm him that he would trust to promises? Could she make him believe she was so much interested in him that he would await her return from Belgium? Then, perhaps Geoffrey and Charlie Anstruther, between them, broken as they were, could manage somehow to give him a good hiding. The remains of the orange exploded with a vicious little pop. She thought it a good omen and smiled dryly. She put on her hat, smoothed her hair with swift upward pats of her left hand, and swept the room with a last glance as she fastened her moleskin coat.

Her single suitcase was packed, and she was ready to rush away if she found she could get her papers signed in time for the one train of the day to Rozendaal. She walked quietly down the hall, sure that Humbert Honest was lying in wait. It was horrid; but she must cajole and charm and tease and lie and promise. If his message meant that—and what else could it mean?—she would play mouse to his cat until Geoffrey was out of Belgium. Then —— This outdoor, fresh-air girl, who had what she called men pals, but who hated sickly flirtations and despised sentimental philanderings, shook her head, with a menace, and got out of the elevator with a lovely pink flush on her cheeks.

She entered the lounge with the easy unconsciousness of her training, which taught that effort should seem effortless. She resolved that she would be her natural self until need came to be something else, and that she would call an orange an orange until told it was something more.

She saw him across the room. He seemed taller than she had thought, his chin more prominent and his eyes less effeminate; and he came striding over with a suggestion of virility and force.

The aloofness she had laid aside the night before veiled her about like an invisible net. Unconsciously, unobtrusively, but none the less effectively, she appeared to challenge the world to prove its right to address her before addressing her. She saw the man's expressive eyes brighten with unmistakable admiration as he crossed; saw them drop as he came within the radius of her chill. She thought, with satisfaction, that, though he might be crudely insensible to class distinctions, he was acutely sensitive to shades of manner.

She thanked him for the fruit and went on toward the door; but he asked for five minutes. She paused, glanced at her wrist watch and said, with gracious condescension, that it was still very early; that she could and would, with pleasure, spare him even ten.

"You talk French like a Parisian, Mrs. Fargo," he began abruptly; "English like a Londoner."

"Oh, like a cockney!—I hope not," she broke in, with such energy that he laughed.

His voice was so soft and musical that an enemy might call it suave; but his laugh was real mirth. Peggy began to be puzzled. Such men as this one, she thought, do not laugh innocently.

"You speak it like an Englishwoman," he corrected.

"And how should it be spoken?" she asked.

"Oh, of course you have the right to speak your own tongue as you like," he said, with a significant accent on the "your." "The language you haven't learned is American. You have cut off chunks of two-year-old American slang and inserted them into your talk neatly. They are paste diamonds in a beautiful setting. You don't know the North from the South."

Peggy owned up. She lifted her head.

"I am English," she said; and she was surprised that there was a catch in her voice.

Six months before she would have called anybody theatrical who uttered such a commonplace, even with her restrained ardor. But the fact was now not a commonplace. She was not only proud that she was English but proud in proclaiming it.

"Fine!" he cried as he bent over her. "I like to hear that. I like to hear you say it like that. Now I feel just like that about my country. If my father had not emigrated, with a pick and shovel, I should be an Italian peasant now. I owe a big debt to the U. S. A. And that's why I butted in. There was no chance to say it last night. I dared not write; no one knows who reads letters these days. I had brought a few oranges from London; so I decided to send my message like that. You hold an American passport. Forged American papers have been scattered about like leaves in the fall; and some have been obtained by fraud."

She straightened involuntarily and her eyes widened.

"I don't suspect you of anything serious," he went on. "I didn't last night. Honest, I didn't. But I do think you're taking a great big chance for the sake of your friends and their children. You've counted the cost to yourself, of course; so, if you don't put it over I'll say nothing about German prisons and firing squads. But have you counted the cost to Americans? You haven't, of course. You've never thought that if you're found out you'll help to discredit every American passport and put Americans to all kinds of trouble—and danger too. I'm bound to notify the consulate."

A belated great truth suddenly burst on Peggy—a truth that had not occurred to Lady Daintry or impressed itself on the girl. She remembered that marriage changes nationality; and incidentally that she was supposed to have a husband.

"You force my poor little secret from me," she said. "I may be slighted, even insulted perhaps, if it is known that I have never been in the United States; that I am British-born. So my American husband and I ——"

Humbert Honest stepped back, flinging up his hands. She had never seen so sudden a change in a face.

"American by marriage," he said; "and all legal and right! And I never thought of that! I'm a bat-eyed butter-in. I —— Of course you had to put up the bluff! They can't call it. How would I know a Berlin lady from a Vienna dame? How will any bullet-headed Prussian know Kankakee from England? Mrs. Fargo, I humbly ask your pardon for interfering with what was none of my business."

Peggy bowed, with a high dignity, and went out. She smiled cheerfully in the street. She liked the man. She did some small shopping and then found the American Consulate. She stood and looked at the American Eagle on the shield, hanging on the walls of a quaint, narrow house in an Old World street—her first real test; but it proved to be no test.

Humbert Honest was there, arranging his own credentials. He introduced her, indorsed her, said that her husband was his oldest friend, and got her out within seven minutes.

"Now for the Germans!" he said. "Will you take me in your taxi?"

She had resolved honorably that she would allow no one to involve himself in her dangerous affair; but she had no means of escaping from a young man determined to expiate a great wrong done to her.

No tremors came to her when the taxicab stopped in front of the German Eagle. As she calmly crossed the sidewalk she subconsciously wondered why the peace-loving Americans had also adopted this predatory

(Continued on Page 101)

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for two or three nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

BUGLE BRAND
UNIFORMS

High School Cadets, Home Guards, Patriotic Societies, Naval Reserve Yeowomen, Motor Reserve Corps.

Your favorite clothier will be glad to take care of your requirements with our uniforms. If not, write us.

The Schulman Co., Inc., 153 West 26th St., N. Y.

WANTED IDEAS. Write for Free Patent Guide Books, List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered. Send sketch for free opinion of patentability.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS PROMPTLY PROCURED
Send sketch for actual search and report. 1918 Edition 90-page Patent Book Free.
GEORGE P. KIMMEL, 231-I Oriental Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Read This TWICE

and if you want to add $5.00 or $10.00 a week to your present income by devoting only an hour or two each day to easy, pleasant, profitable work as a local spare time representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, write us today. Scores of our workers average a dollar an hour profit.

The Curtis Publishing Company
476 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

DELCO-LIGHT

INCREASES FARM EFFICIENCY

Washing, ironing, housecleaning and a hundred other tiresome tasks are made easy by Delco-Light, the complete electric *light* and *power* plant.

Delco-Light furnishes plenty of bright, safe electric light for any part of the house or barn. It furnishes power to pump the water to any part of the premises.

It will turn the cream separator and tumble the churn. It will run the washing machine and other light machinery.

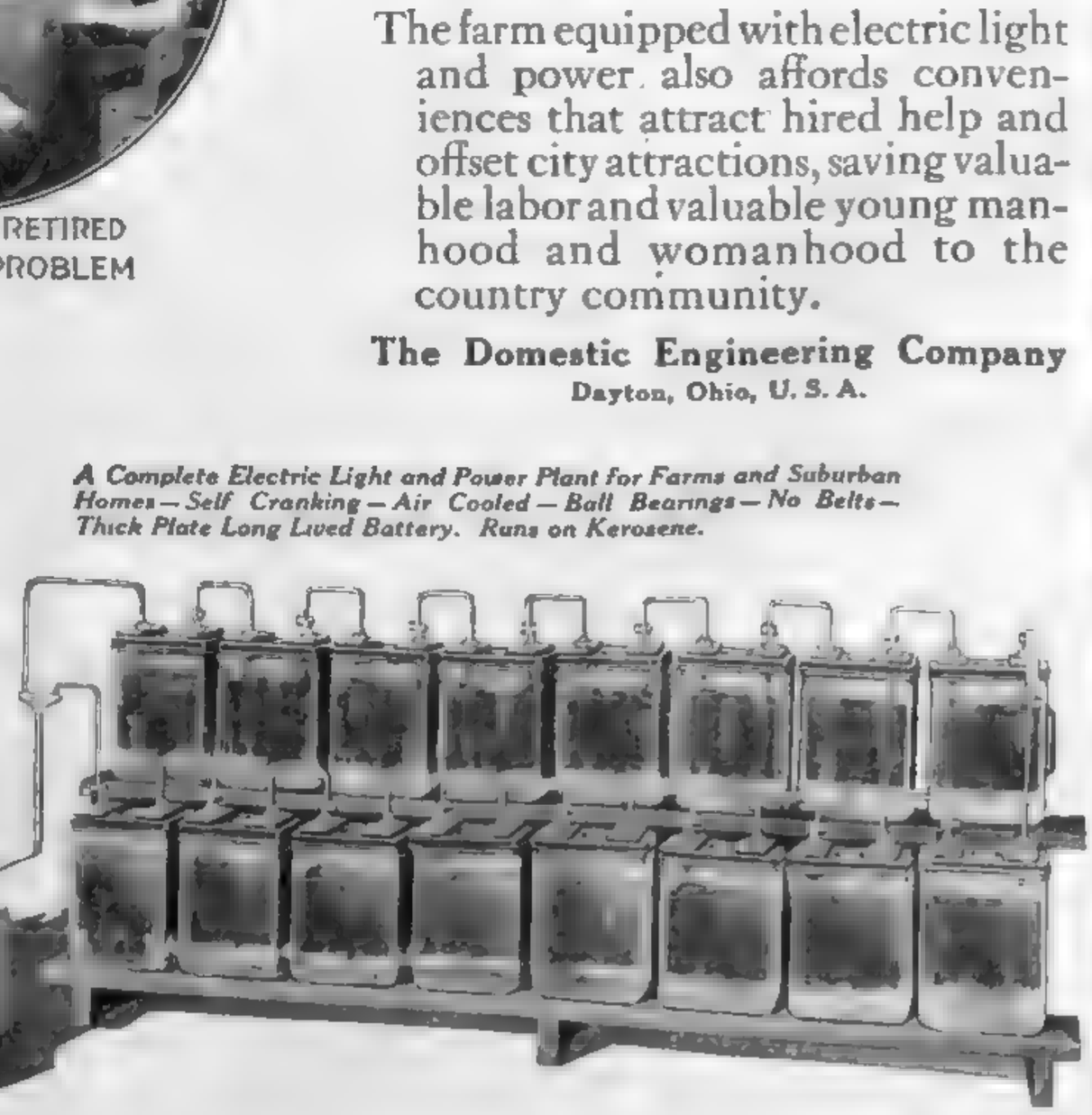
In these, and many other ways, Delco-Light is saving time and labor on thousands of farms every day.

It is solving the "retired farmer" problem by bringing to the farm home the conveniences which the retiring farmer had hoped to enjoy in the city.

The farm equipped with electric light and power also affords conveniences that attract hired help and offset city attractions, saving valuable labor and valuable young manhood and womanhood to the country community.

The Domestic Engineering Company
Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.

A Complete Electric Light and Power Plant for Farms and Suburban Homes — Self Cranking — Air Cooled — Ball Bearings — No Belts — Thick Plate Long Lived Battery. Runs on Kerosene.



Over 50,000 DELCO-LIGHT Plants in Actual Use

(Continued from Page 99)

bird, and whether they would always continue to stamp it on the dollars they were making.

A crowd was inside, and momentary silence at sight of her and her little flag; a woman's back conspicuously turned on her; a pair of blue saucer-eyes trying to shoot dagger glances from above round pink cheeks. She caught a muttered comment in German about Yankees who sold their souls for gold; and then they were approached by a young man who greeted Mr. Honest cordially and invited them into a private office.

Honest promptly guaranteed her American citizenship and her neutral sentiments, her errand, and her husband in Brussels. She answered a dozen perfunctory questions, produced her viséed passport and the letters from the mothers of the children, and within ten minutes was clasping tightly the pass that finally opened the road to Geoffrey.

She was astonished when Humbert Honest was politely asked to wait a day or two. He scowled; then laughed.

"Reports of what I did and whom I saw in London have not come from your secret agents over there," he said.

The vice consul winked pleasantly and denied this.

"Come," said Honest to Peggy; "you may still make it."

"Make what?" she asked, breathless in the taxi.

"The train to Rozendaal. My car is waiting at the hotel. It is at your service."

Peggy was conscience-stricken. In his wonderful effective zeal for expiation Humbert Honest had deeply involved himself. He had a right to the whole truth and to withdraw his indorsements if he should so choose; but Peggy shut heart and thought to all but a twin brother in Belgium, wounded. She thanked him quietly, and her shining eyes showed only gratitude and hid no remorse. The car was waiting. He ran for her suitcase.

"Remember," he said, "I have sworn I've known your husband all my life. If we meet in Belgium he must say 'Hum, old man, how are you?' and register brotherly love on his, no doubt, handsome face."

"He shall; oh, he shall!" said Peggy, and she grasped his hand and pressed it.

"Good luck!" he called after her, and she waved her hand.

The sun shone brilliantly, the air was tingling cold, thin ice covered the canals, and the auto bumped over frozen mud. Peggy apparently watched windmills and glanced at farmsteads; but she was thinking of Geoffrey. She awoke to her surroundings only when a troop of Dutch cavalry trotted by. The excellent alignment, the soldierly bearing and admirable seat of the men, and, above all, the quality of the horses surprised and pleased her.

This was the only sign of war she saw in long stretches of flat, frozen country. When at last the car drew up at Rozendaal Station she found there came need of hurry. The lawless neutral train, which kept no regular hours, was about to move. She was hustled on board by a Dutch soldier.

Peggy glanced at the couple opposite, sumptuously dressed in furs—the man a trimmed dandy, with an imperial, who looked like a small Napoleon Third; the woman with great diamonds in her ears. They were talking with a Dutch lady.

"*Moi, je suis Belge,*" said the lady with the diamonds.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried the Dutch lady. "*N'avez vous pas peur?*"

The couple shrugged.

"Why do you wear your diamonds?" asked the Dutch lady.

"The pigs might pick my pockets," said the Belgian; "but even they will not rob my ears."

Peggy looked into their faces. It was her first close sight of that strained, tense expression which stamped the dignity of suffering on the face of a nation, and lifted every glance from the eyes of its people into an appeal to the conscience of the world. Peggy broke into the talk and said she had read that order was very good in Antwerp.

"There is always order in a prison," said the woman. "I ——"

She stopped and stared out at nothing, while her husband continued to look out from his side at nothing. Peggy, dumb, bowed her head. Not a word was said until the train drew up at Esschen.

"*Canaille!*" the woman hissed low; and Peggy saw a German soldier standing, rifle in hand, with fixed bayonet.

Peggy, on the platform, was caught in a throng of tanned and toilworn Belgian peasants, swept through a doorway, and carried to the head of the waiting room. The rough hands of a German private felt in and about her suitcase while another private examined her passport. She watched this silent, brooding crowd, who had chosen to return to slavery at home rather than to remain in refugee camps in Holland or England. The faces of the men wore such an expression that pity was sacrilege.

Peggy glanced at the one German officer in the room. He stood upright, not stiff, his hands negligently by his side, his calm, kindly eyes quietly overlooking the scene. No Prussian, no Junker, no barracks-living officer, that; a scholar, perhaps, prematurely gray at forty. He could stand like that and face these haunting eyes, and not go out and kill himself for shame of his country!

Peggy turned her eyes on the women, and she saw them sane and calm-eyed in comparison with the men; and this puzzled her and made her think them dull and stupid until suddenly she perceived and understood the wonder of motherhood. The women were too busy to brood. She smiled at a mother nursing her child. The woman smiled back and glanced down at her baby. No past haunted, no future troubled the mother. Her child had food.

Peggy saw that the crowd held no young girls, and no young men except priests, who wore long cassocks and shovel hats, and who nearly all smoked very bad cigars. Most of the peasants were tinged with gray and doubled under heavy loads, which included at least the family bedticking and now and again a small feather bed. The woman with the diamonds was conspicuous; and Peggy wished that this woman could exchange her earrings for two children, and so lose that half-mad tightening of the muscles round the large, rather vacant blue eyes.

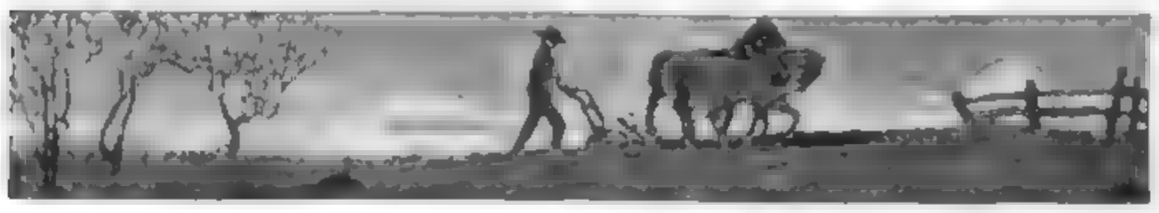
It was the first time Peggy had ever looked at a number of people without classing them. She did not say to herself that these were just human beings and that she was one of them; she felt it.

She was about to stretch out her arms and take a child from a tired mother when she was asked explanations about a man's clothing and the missing man. The officer, exceptionally, had no English and little French. Peggy told her lie in halting German and it was the more effective from her cold aloofness. She saw that the first German officer she encountered was conscious of her attitude, and that he felt it; and it was the better remembered afterward, for it was the only instance of the kind in her journey. She could not have acted differently if her admission to Belgium had been at stake. She was moved to new depths.

The officer passed her on with a wave of the hand, and she took her seat in a corner of the new train and watched these families patiently gathering anew on the platform the intimate little personal belongings the German soldiers had rudely thrust back into their bags and parcels. There were new warm clothes everywhere, she saw, and well-shod children. The refugee committees had sent them all back well equipped for the winter. She turned her head as some Germans passed along the platform laughing and talking.

The outgoing neutral train was on the move for Rozendaal and freedom. From the carriage opposite a pair of eyes gazed at her from between a low-drawn cap and a huge coarse muffler. They were fixed on her with such intensity, such vivid, eager recognition, that her glance responded. Their owner flipped back his cap; and there was just time, before he passed out of sight, for her to smile at her brother Geoffrey!

(TO BE CONTINUED)



She Is Your Guide
When you want some shaving "comfies"—look for the San-Tox nurse. She smiles at you from every San-Tox packet of blue—and from every San-Tox druggist's window.
Let her guide your choice. She is the symbol of San-Tox purity. She identifies for you—not only the wonderful San-Tox Toilet Preparations—but also the high type of San-Tox drug store.
Only druggists who are specially appointed sell San-Tox preparations.
For Shaving:
San-Tox Cream—white, creamy, razor-easy
San-Tox Shaving Lotion—refreshing, soothing
For Tooth-Brushing:
San-Tox Tooth Paste—cleansing and healing
SAN-TOX FOR PURITY
DE PREE CHICAGO
San-Tox
SHAVING CREAM
THE DE PREE CHEMICAL CO

USL
BATTERIES
SIZES FOR ALL CARS
SERVICE STATION
Look for This Sign for Superior Battery Service
The USL service station sign signifies there is a battery expert there ready to render real battery service. It signifies also that he sells the best battery—the USL with the exclusive machine-pasted plates, sold on a 15-months' guaranteed adjustment plan.
Get "chummy" with the man who works under this sign. He's a good fellow to meet. He'll inspect your battery free as often as you ask, save you money and keep your battery in trim.
U. S. LIGHT & HEAT CORPORATION
Factory: Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Branches: New York Chicago San Francisco
Detroit Kansas City Washington, D. C.

Dress Better at Less Cost

PERFECT fitting, made-to-measure clothes of exclusive New York Fashion are an *economical* luxury when you buy them in the Bell way—direct from maker to wearer, eliminating salesmen, agents and their profits.

Fall Style Book and Samples FREE

Send for the Bell Fall Style Book. It's the key to *better dressing* and *real saving*. Contains the latest New York Fashions, 48 newest suit fabrics, and explains how you can be measured at home for a suit or overcoat as simply and expertly as at any tailor's.

Made-to-Measure Suits $17.50 and up

Our guarantee of satisfaction says—If our clothes do not fit you and please you *absolutely* you need not keep them. Investigate without obligation—A postal brings the book of samples Free.

BELL TAILORS OF NEW YORK
Dept. N, 119-125 Walker Street New York

← THIS TELLS WHY

We Need a Man To Fill His Place

$10,000

LLOYD G. HALL

is a conservative figure to place on the cash earnings of Lloyd G. Hall, of California, with this Company.

His profits as a salesman of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* paid for his college education, and established him in a profitable business.

But last fall he heard, and answered, the call to war, just as scores of our other successful salesmen have done.

And now we must fill their places.

More Money for You, Too

Do *you* want more money—$10.00 or $20.00 a week extra for your spare time, or $60.00 a week for eight hours a day?

We will offer you what we offered Hall—a liberal salary and a commission on the business you send us. Your own neighborhood will be your territory; your friends your first prospects; your home your office.

If you had our complete offer before you, you'd like it. But we can't send it to you unless you ask us. *Clip the coupon today.*

The Curtis Publishing Company
472 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen:—Please tell me how I can make my spare time pay me the extra money I want.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

TICKLISH WATERS

(Continued from Page 19)

picking their feet up well, and looking like a compact little mechanism of some sort, whose sinister workings the firemen had been invited to contemplate.

Mr. Williams, looking in on the black squad later that evening, found Goodlooking leaning back in his bunk, twanging his guitar, announcing in dulcet Spanish—the pure Castilian—that unhappy was the day and unhappy the hour in which he was born and inherited the so-great seigniorial acres.

Mr. Williams wondered whether the human tools on board the Poetess were going to prove even more refractory than the patched-up engines. That night a fried egg was nailed to the captain's door, proof positive that it was the sort of egg that could be nailed to a door. It was apparently the worm's last turning. In the morning that race of romanticists turned to and got up steam; the engineers "hooked her up" and the ship put to sea again in convoy.

Mr. Williams uttered a vast sigh of relief. They were off again.

But the Poetess left the land only to take up arms against a sea of trouble. On the fourth day a strong north wind rose, kicked up a sea forward of the beam, and boxed in several horse stalls in the well deck. They were forced to haul to the south during the night to favor the horses and when the sun rose the blue Atlantic was blown clean of ships. The Poetess had lost her convoy.

Late that afternoon the horrified veterinary put his head into the second mate's room, to be comforted by a sight of that phlegmatic seaman stretched there on a red-plush divan.

"What do you think of this?" he said dismally.

Mr. Williams professed himself well content. Station keeping in convoy irked him; and besides, it had its dangers.

"You give me a clear field and a dark night," he said, "and I will undertake to bring her through in jig time. Dark, stormy, wintry weather—a head wind, no moon and a poor horizon—that's what we ought to pray for."

"To pray for—yes. I have been thinking that prayer. I want to ask you one question," the veterinary said in solemn tones: "Do you, as an experienced seaman, and all that, consider this a safe ship?"

"Safe? Safe as a bank! Safe as a church!" replied Mr. Williams, with a glance at his golden horseshoe.

The veterinary favored him with a limpid glance.

"I suppose you have been hearing rumors like the rest of us—only you know how to look behind them. Now I am not a seafaring man, and I am here to tell you that I am one uneasy man."

"What have you heard?"

"She still leaks."

"All ships leak. She's not taking it in faster than the pumps can pump it out, I imagine."

"Imagine! I hope you don't leave it all to the imagination," the vet advanced anxiously.

"No. Leave it to the engineers. Let them do the worrying."

"I am helping them out on that end. I haven't slept a wink for four nights. It's awful! What is that noise?"

A strange yodel rang out somewhere in the bowels of the ship, weird, faint, unsettling; a cry hard to interpret, the cry of lost men perhaps, the cry of prisoned goblins, the cry of wild men exulting in danger—now a wail, now a shout of triumph. It was cut short by the horrid clash of a steel door. In the pause succeeding, the ship shuddered all her length, as if the rim of a whirlpool had taken hold of her; and the red draperies stirred mysteriously. The vet's jaw dropped.

"Don't get the habit of listening to the ship or she will talk grief to you all the time," said Mr. Williams in kindly fashion. "That's only the firemen kicking up a row."

"She shakes like a dog coming out of a bath," said the other disconsolately. "I had about as soon walk a slack wire."

"It's only the steam kicking her in the ribs. she'll quake worse than this when she burns the coal out of the midship bunker."

"Still, she's a safe ship, you say?"

"Safe as a church at present," repeated Mr. Williams.

The veterinary sighed and began withdrawing his long head. The second mate shouted after him:

"I'll give you warning when to begin to sleep with your clothes on."

A mournful voice floated back to him: "I haven't had 'em off!"

III

MR. WILLIAMS laughed, yawned, threw away his cigarette after a last cell-searching drag at its smoldering tip, and stepped out of his room. As soon as he had shut the door to the saloon companionway, black dark engulfed him. For a few seconds he could see nothing at all; then, dimly, a rout of churned and phosphorescent waters rushing aft, hissing as they rose, as if the ship's scuppers were red-hot. Presently his vision embraced the keels of the starboard lifeboats, swung out and ready for lowering at an instant's notice. His mind touched and caressed them briefly. Would all go smoothly in case of a strike? Would the ship considerately sink without too great a list, in not too great a hurry? Would the Fates be so kind, or would they perhaps present those awful complications in the face of which the usual devices fail horribly? And precisely how would the water feel, supposing all to fail? Cold, of course, to a nervous organization.

He stared hard at the water rallying against the ship's side. It provided the Poetess with a splendid, sparkling, whispering train, shot through with living points of fire, which any lady might have envied. And it would provide, as well, a deep and serviceable grave. He rasped his hands across a barrel of storm oil lashed to the rail. A safe ship? His lip curled. How could any man have the heart or bad judgment to ask for a safe ship? She was a toy, a trifle, sunk by a puff of wind at a moment's notice, like a ship in a bathtub at a child's whim. To appeal to her to be safe was to cause her to dwindle to a mere laboring speck in this waste of waters; a poor bellowing junk shop, ringing, rising, falling, groaning, laboring.

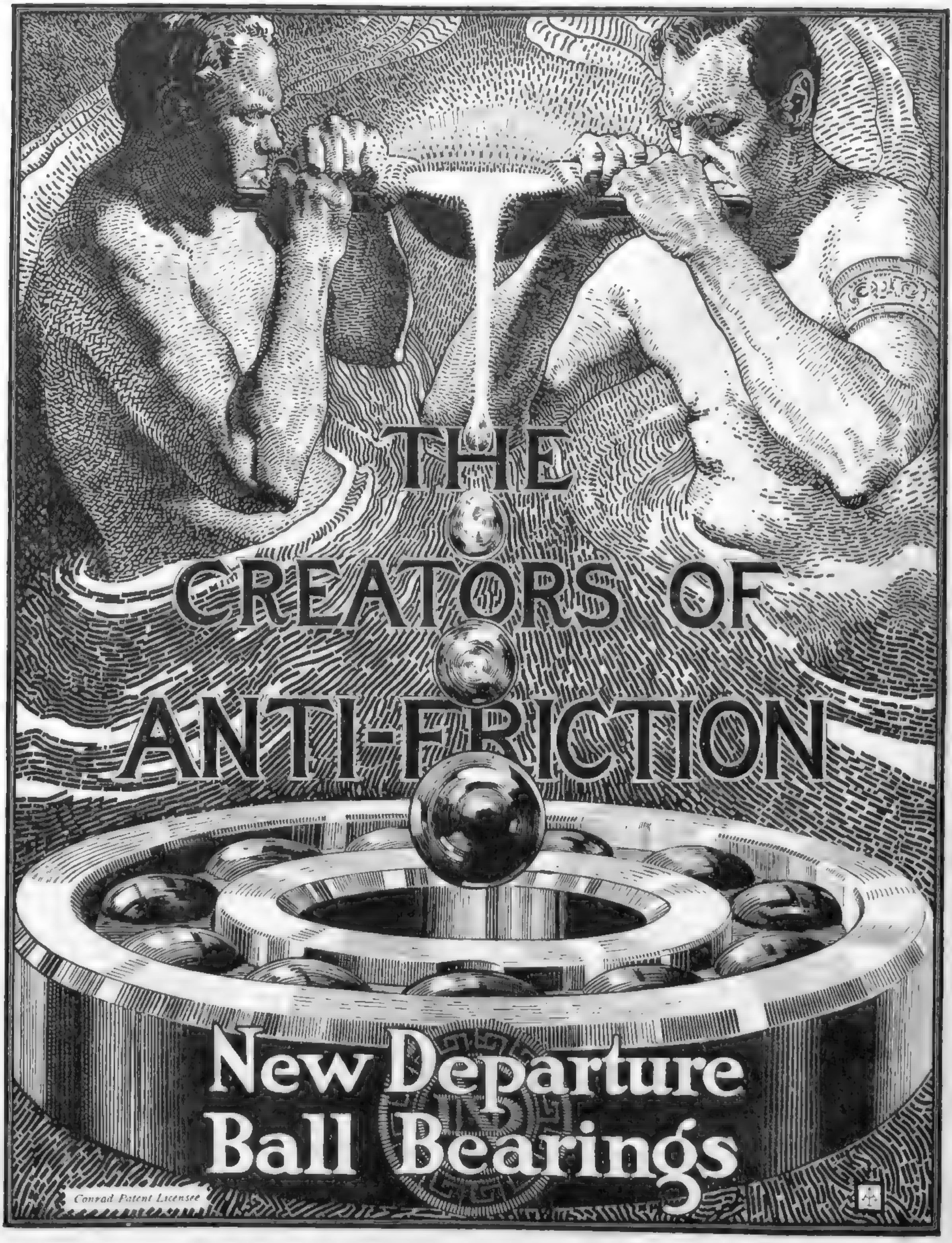
Yet to think of her as lost was equally beyond him. Everything went on here at an appointed pace. Life was divided into regular periods by the most delicate of instruments. Men were well fed. They kept talking about what they would do when they got back. To think of these vivid and familiar personalities as being snuffed out in a twinkling was impossible. No more could he imagine himself overtaken by that ultimate catastrophe. His sense of life as going on infinitely long was too warm; his sense of the dignity of human personality too overweening. Ships were going down—yes; but these sinkings were mere items in the newspapers. A certain number of men lost—sixty-three; conceivable, but a sort of theoretical sixty-three—not any sixty-three here, surely!

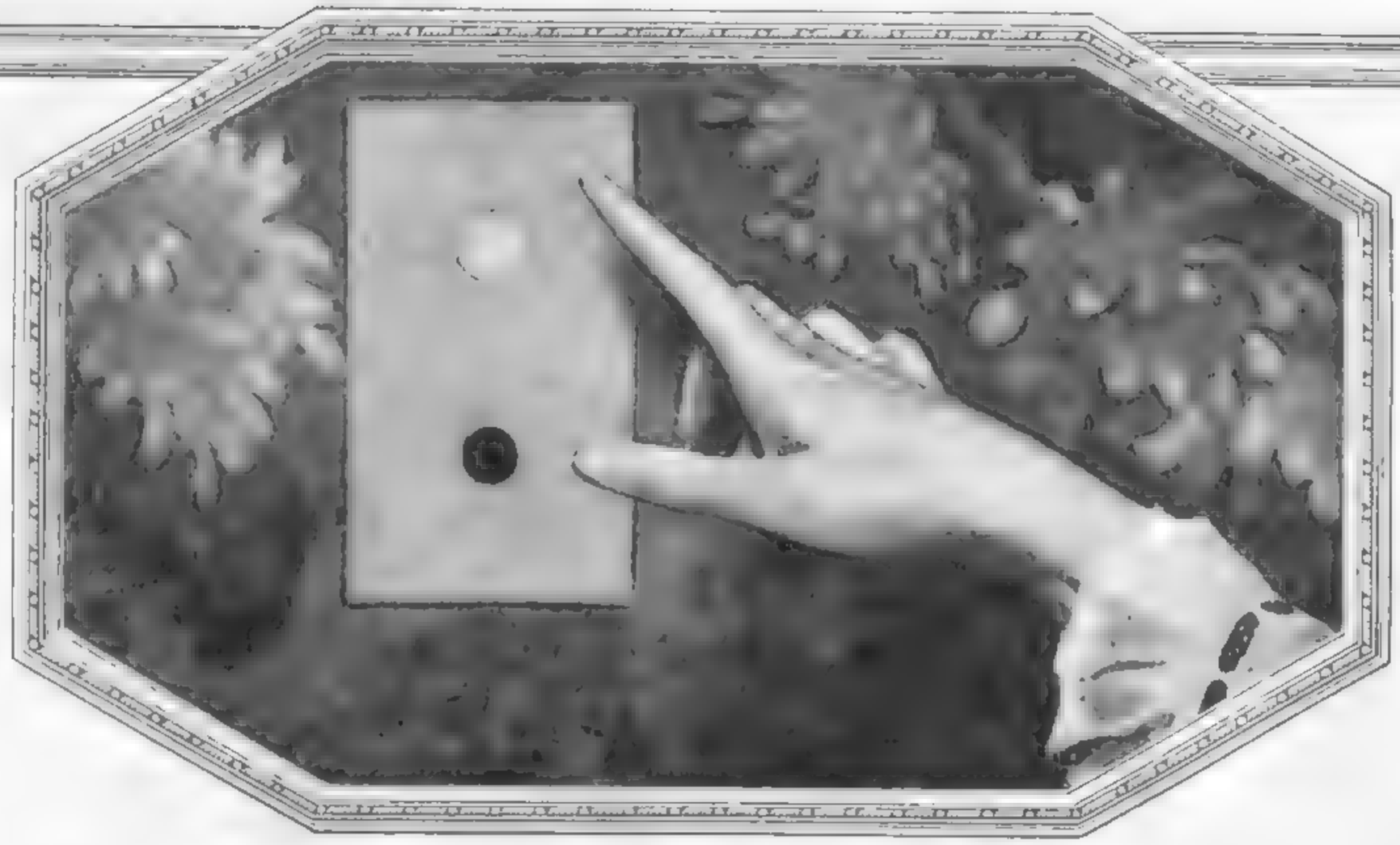
This was a crew of everlasting personalities, a list of immortal comics for the most part. They would go on living, if only to commiserate the fate of those who were sunk. How was that sea lawyer, for example, ever to be thought of as sent untimely to the bottom, with his profound knowledge of seas and ships, his powers of formulating complaint, the satisfaction he had in watching himself talk in a mirror? Incredible! The world is not so easily rid of its pests.

Mr. Williams made these reflections while dreamily reclining in his bunk, checking himself more than once on the brink of sleep with the thought that sleep was death, and that before he knew it the quartermaster would be at his door again. His eye coasted about his room with a pride he could let shine out safely, since he was alone. Even now he had to pinch himself sometimes to make sure that he was really second mate. So short a time before he had gone quartermaster and been subject to the curse of answering a whistle.

Here he was, his own man, you might as well say, or would be his own man in a year or two; a licensed mate living in a broad room, which he shared with nobody a room furnished with a plush carpet, red hangings, a patent washstand, with a decanter and two glasses shining like jewels in the brow of it. His sea boots and oilskins hung ready to jump into with almost one movement, one snap out of his bunk; they were set out like the harness of a fire horse.

(Continued on Page 105)


THE
CREATORS OF
ANTI-FRICTION
New Departure
Ball Bearings
Conrad Patent Licensee



ELECTRICITY *for your* HOME

ARE you content to use electrical current for lighting purposes only? There are scores of practical electrical devices, which add greatly to the livability and economy of any household. Inform yourself about them.

They save steps. They save fuel. They save time and do the work which would otherwise be a real hardship to the woman of the house in these times of difficult servant problems.

Several such devices are advertised in the pages of this and other publications. Write the manufacturers for data. Or, easier still, get detailed information right in your home city.

Specialized Electrical Knowledge is Always at Your Command

THE electrical contractor, the electrical dealer, the architect, the central power company representative, make a business of keeping up-to-date on electrical equipment and appliances.

Any of these experts will gladly advise you how to modernize your home electrically.

In all considerations of this subject, however, never lose sight of the fact that electrical materials and equipment must be of the highest quality if they are to function satisfactorily and continuously. The penny-wise policy gets even smaller result in electrical purchases than in most fields.

Wire which carries the "Ecco" trade-mark establishes a standard useful to the layman. Ecco wire is an always dependable product. It is an evolution from the most exacting laboratory work and practical test in thousands of electrical installations. It represents the highest scientific knowledge and accuracy in manufacturing.

Call in a qualified contractor, even for minor electrical jobs. He will use Ecco wire—and other materials and workmanship of equal standard.

Such an installation will insure a permanently satisfactory result—*worth what it costs.*

PRACTICAL HOME ELECTRICAL DEVICES

Following is a partial list of devices made by reputable concerns and proven by use in hundreds of homes. Ask your electrical dealer or contractor about them.

Alarms (Burglar & Fire)
Annunciators
Bake Oven
Bell Ringing Transformers
Bells
Broilers
Buffing and Grinding
Carpet Sweepers
Cereal Cookers
[illegible]
Clothes Washing Machines
Coffee Grinders
[illegible]
Corn Poppers
Curling Irons
[illegible]
Fans—Cooling, Exhaust and Ventilating
Foot Warmers
Fireless Cooker
Floor Polishers
Floor Waxer

List of Devices —CONTINUED

Fly Catcher
[illegible]
Heating Pad
Hot Plate
House Numbers
[illegible]
Immersion Heaters
Ironing Machines
Irons
Massage Machines
Milk Warmer
Oyster Cooker and Server
Plate Warmer
Portable Lamps
Pumps
Radiant Heaters
Radiators
Ranges
Refrigerator
Sewing Machine
[illegible]
Ventilating Systems—Motor Driven
Vibrators
Waffle Iron
Warming Oven
Warming Pads
Water Heaters
Water Purification Filters

ECCO Dependable Insulated WIRE

THE ELECTRIC CABLE CO.

10 EAST 43rd STREET . . NEW YORK CITY

Makers of Ecco Wire for every purpose where rubber-covered wire is used

(Continued from Page 102)

He had, besides, a flash light under his pillow and an ax handy for hewing his way through the horses outside his room. That way lay his danger. He ran a good chance of being smothered in horses if the ship should take a sudden list to port. The bodies of those animals would then be flung against the iron wall of his room—even now they slimed it with bruised lips—leaving him no resource except to squirm among their legs, or slide over their backs, with all his gear, for a space of forty feet. He had singled out this ax, thinking that he would surely have to hack his way through.

"Tough on the horses!" he reflected.

They would have to take their chances too. He heard their hoofs, like a roll of cavalry going over a bridgehead, followed by the jar of their sterns bringing up against the back of the stalls. The ship was rolling again. How pleasant to lie here, all snug, warm and dry, on the verge of slumber! . . .

He never rounded out this thought. The ship was struck a splintering blow on the beam; and in that same instant he heard the crash of his door falling in, and felt the cold breath and disheartening slobber of sea water in his room. A very sockdolager! It had ground two doors and one stall to bits, leaped over a coaming, and pushed half a ton of manure into the delicate interior of the room where he lay fancifully dreaming—all in a second.

"She must be tripped!" was his first thought.

The room had assumed and now maintained a monstrous angle. Two of those short seas must have hit her in swift succession, the second before she could recover from the blow dealt her by the first. He was into his sea boots in a flash. The decks were seething with water; and she was coming back very slowly, shudderingly, with a doubtful and equivocating motion, as if she were testing herself out as a man after a heavy fall feels himself all over to see whether there are broken bones.

"She's a madhouse!" he muttered; this was the usual formula.

The night had every hall mark of a ring-tailed snorter. Leaving the room to its fate—he could scarcely do otherwise, inasmuch as there were not even hinges left to the door—he stepped through the doorway to the companionway itself, a worse ruin yet, and found himself tugged at by a current of rushing water. A lagoon formed and was held by an outer reef of manure, which prevented the water from draining away through the scuppers. Horses were plunging, snorting and laughing in the dark there. He waded among them, feeling their legs, twitching a silken ear here and stroking a nose there in the dark. Some of the great heads were lowered to him confidingly. These had been pet horses. Others reared and bit viciously.

"Hey, Blackie!" he murmured. "It's a bad night, old fellow; but the wind is coming round. You'll get a new kind of motion by morning. Not as solid ground as Oklahoma—what? Not scarcely."

Satisfied of their safety, he was on the point of going back to bail out his room when his eye was caught by a sort of shadow within shadow stationed just beyond this block of horse stalls. What was that fellow doing there? He didn't move; didn't speak. Was it, after all, a human shape?

"Who is there?" Mr. Williams called sternly.

A harsh voice made answer:

"Is that you, sir? Here is a barrel of storm oil out of its lashings. Haven't you any eyes in your head? Have I got to do all the sailorizing on this sweet-scented daughter of joy? Don't you think when you see a barrel of oil adrift it would be a pretty good plagued notion to make it fast? Don't you?"

Ah, so there was somebody there! He felt as if the Old Man had looked through him in the dark and spied out all his secret thoughts. Prowling round, of course; with his mouth open, looking for splinters of light and echoes of treason.

"I didn't see it, sir," he said, conscious at the same time that he was making a lame reply, and wondering what it was that made the skipper of the ship have the whip hand of a man at all times and in all weathers.

"Didn't see it! Don't tell me you didn't see it. You didn't want to see it—that's what's the matter with Hannah, sir! You are too cussed lazy to try to step off your shadow."

Full of bitterness, but silent, Mr. Williams lashed the barrel to the rail. Presently he said:

"This lashing feels as if it was cut, sir. I can feel it. Do you know, I think we have got some damned German in our midst!"

"How's that, sir."

"There's a spy aboard, sir."

"I've got a shipful of old women!" shrieked the captain raucously. "How can there be a spy aboard, sir? Tell me that! How can there be? I get this fiddle-faddle about spies every way I turn lately. I've had enough of it. Hereafter don't you pop a spy up in my face every time I catch you in some of your slackness. Don't you, sir! I don't want to hear the name of spy here the rest of this trip. Do you understand that, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, then. Abide by it. How are these horses?"

"That lipper wetted them down pretty much, but they are all whole. I can't feel any broken legs. None of them are down, sir."

"There's a hole in the back of this stall I notice."

"It goes clear through to my room, sir," said Mr. Williams bitterly. "I'm reamed right out."

"Ah! . . . Well, set the carpenter at work in the morning. Look down Hatch Number Five. The covers are off there. If she takes to shipping solid water we'll have to batten down all round whether we strangle 'em or not."

"Yes, sir."

He was glad to shift out of there. The Old Man's words could make darkness visible. On his way aft he stepped on the fiddley above the boilers for an instant, sniffing the pleasant smell of heat and listening to the ring and rasp of shovels. That was an old job of his. And perhaps he had been more his own master down there than now that he was navigating officer. He drank like a fish in those days; he had to fight for his food like a wolf with other wolves at his throat. But he was iron-hard and took no back talk, for the simple and sufficient reason that he needed no diplomacy to hold his job. They had to use diplomacy to hold him, rather. But, now that he had got ambitious, he must truckle, he must swallow bitter insult, put discretion before valor, say nothing and saw wood.

He called to mind what fierce joy he had had in those early firing watches, leaning, dripping, into the fire boxes, plunging his slice under the fires, sweat running into his eyes, the hair on his arms crisping. And now he had lived to be called an old woman! He was a gentleman; his food hurt him, he wore a shining uniform ashore, he had knowledge, had become a proud figure, a skillful navigator, as his license said. He was a scientist, with knowledge of the heavens, the stars, cloud formations, winds, waters, sea bottoms. He was staggered to think how much he knew. He looked into the skies now as if he were looking into the back of a watch; a many-jeweled mechanism appointed by God for the proper navigation of ships. And with all this he had to submit to being called an old woman! It was unjust. The old days were the best, surely.

He lowered himself into Hatch Number Five. Ah, it was getting hot down there. He picked up the nozzle of the wind sail, a canvas ventilator, and readjusted it with a bit of hay wire. He looked at the thermometer lashed to a stanchion: Eighty degrees, Fahrenheit. A gust of pure air came out of the mouth of the ventilator; the horses roundabout raised their drooping heads and widened their nostrils. Their draggled flanks were wet. From time to time, out of the blue square of hatch opening, a rain of salt drops fell on them. Stars rained across this opening like comets when the ship reeled in her gait.

The 'tween-deck had the look of a mine tunnel timbered and shored up with square sets of yellow pine. Four or five horses were wedged together into a single stall; and along the front of the stalls breast boards, armored with tin, were held in place by wooden buttons.

Clucking encouragement, Mr. Williams descended to the orlop deck, the mules' steerage. Fumes of ammonia caught him by the throat and all but stopped his breathing. He gasped and pinched his nose together. This deck had leaked. The animals stood panting in a swirl of mud, now and again diversifying the night watch

The "STETSONIAN"

Representing the Notable Hats for Men, created by John B. Stetson Company

FOR FALL-WINTER 1918-'19

MORE than ever in these uncertain times, our duty to the wearer of fine hats is to make every Stetson worthy his confidence in the *Stetson Quality-Mark*.

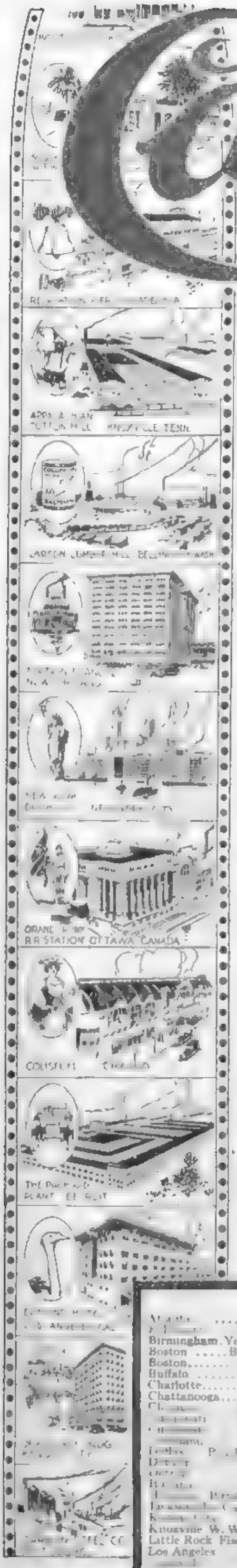
Quantity-production does not concern us. Neither does making hats to meet peace-time ideas of price.

Frankly, we cannot give you a Stetson now at last season's prices. On the other hand, your Stetson Hat will cost you less in proportion than most other articles of clothing.

The new Stetsons are being shown by leading hatters everywhere. They should interest especially the man who is critical of *quality* and *values*, and sensitive to niceties of *style*.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

STETSON HATS



Carey ROOFINGS

Everywhere

IN ANY photographic review of the continent certain distinguishing sights are peculiar to the individual localities—but Carey Roofings are a *common sight in every section.*

They are found on factories, schools, mills, stores, docks, stations, hotels, residences and farm buildings. Produced in the form of shingles, ready roll roofing or built up roofing, there is a Carey Roof suited to every sort of structure in every community.

The success with which Carey Roofings have met weather conditions in all latitudes and altitudes, during forty years of growing popularity, is the strongest assurance you could possibly have that they will meet all your requirements.

The Carey Roofing distributors listed below can also supply you with the right protection for walls and foundations and the insulation for pipes which will effect the maximum saving of coal.

Carey Building Materials

Carried in stock by distributors listed below

Asbestos Built-Up Roofs	Asphalt Built-Up Roofs
Fiberock Asbestos Felts	Feltex Asphalt Felts
Asfaltslate Shingles	Manco Asphalt
Insulating Papers	Damp-Proofing Compounds
Rubber Roofings	Fibre Coating for Roofs
Wallboard	Roofing Paints
Asbestos Materials	Elastite Expansion Joint

85% Magnesia Pipe and Boiler Coverings

Carey Flexible Cement Roofing

THE PHILIP CAREY CO.

LOCKLAND

CINCINNATI, OHIO

DISTRIBUTORS

[illegible] R. O. Campbell Co.	Memphis Fischer Lime & Cm't Co.
[illegible] The Philip Carey Co.	Montreal Wm. Rutherford & Sons Co.
Birmingham Young & Vann Sup. Co.	Nashville T. L. Herbert & Sons
Boston Brockway-Smith Corp.	New Orleans Woodward Wight & Co.
Boston The Philip Carey Co.	New York Robert A. Keasbey Co.
Buffalo The Carey Co.	New York Export The Philip Carey Co.
Charlotte Charlotte Supply Co.	New York The Philip Carey Co.
Chattanooga James Supply Co.	Oklahoma City A. M. DeBord
Cl[illegible] The Philip Carey Co.	Omaha Standard Mach. & Supply Co.
[illegible] The Boyer Ross Co.	Philadelphia Asher Insulator Co.
[illegible] R. E. Kenney & Co.	Philadelphia The Philip Carey Co.
[illegible] The Carey Co.	Pittsburgh Asher Insulator Co.
Dallas Panhandle Plate Glass Co.	Pittsburgh The Philip Carey Co.
Denver The Philip Carey Co.	St. Louis The Philip Carey Co.
[illegible] The Carey Co.	San Francisco Pacific Coast Asbestos Co.
Detroit The Kenwood Co.	San Francisco Pacific Coast Gypsum Co.
Jacksonville Cummer & Barkley Co.	San Francisco Western Asbestos Mfg. Co.
Kansas City The Philip Carey Co.	Seattle Seattle Supply Co.
Knoxville W. W. Woodruff Hdwe Co.	Spokane Nott Agency Co.
Little Rock Fischer Lime & Cm't Co.	Toronto Standard Supply Co.
Los Angeles Warren & Baker Co.	Tampa Cummer & Barkley Co.
[illegible] R. B. Taber Co.	Toronto The Philip Carey Co.
Minneapolis W. S. Nott Co.	Washington Asbestos Covering Co.
[illegible] The Philip Carey Co.	Winnipeg The Philip Carey Co.
[illegible] Canadian Limited	

by chewing each other's ears and eating the wooden buttons off the breast boards. Swaying back and forth, they were in danger of wearing their sterns away completely. Few there were that would ever again show hair at the root of the tail. These tails hung dead or moved only enough to testify to the angle of the ship's heel.

In the darkest corner, where least air was, stood the old Thinker, a worn-out bellows supported on four quivering legs. He was in sorry case, his flank torn, his neck bleeding from impact with the breast board. He swung his head slowly, majestically, at sight of Mr. Williams and went on thinking.

"This is how you humiliate one of the lords of creation," he said to the second mate.

"It's tough!" said Mr. Williams.

Without replying, the mule put forth his ears in a right angle, one ear up and one out, a signal or semaphore betokening the end.

At this moment the ship heeled. . . . The long line of heads on the port side of the aisle swayed out, the Thinker's among them; were thrust out rigidly like necks of turtles. The heads on the starboard receded at an equal pace. Bowing and scraping, they appeared to be taking the steps in an absurd minuet. The motion of the ship in her righting moment being as easy as the action of a pair of lungs, there was nothing to notify those bewitched animals that she had reached the limit of her angle of heel and was on the return until a subtle alteration in the pitch of the deck caused them to reverse all their motions. The heads that had receded were thrust out, lending themselves to the vagaries of this madhouse; with perfectly concerted action, those that had been thrust out swayed back.

In the pause ensuing the Thinker, turning his disillusioned head toward Mr. Williams, said voicelessly, as those *in extremis* can:

"You see for yourself I am being made a fool of."

"Not for long. Your funeral will be tomorrow," thought the second mate.

The ship rolled again to a steeper angle. Thousands of hoofs pounded at the wooden cleats with which the stall floors were provided. The mules began to ramp and squeal, maddened to find themselves acting in a manner contrary to their intentions. As if in harness, they must first throw themselves against the slant of an unstable hill and next instant sit on their haunches to check their descent into a valley equally calamitous. They were busy counteracting this teasing and sapping play of forces every minute, everything at a strain, from the coffin bones of their feet to the tips of their forward-pointing ears. From time to time they indulged in irritated horselaughs and shook all over to persuade themselves that this was not a mule's dream of hell. And, indeed, a more cleverly constructed hell for balky animals it would be hard to hit upon; a fact the force of which the Thinker appreciated to the full.

"Something told me that this would be the end of it," he said.

"What you have got to do is pray for a southwest wind," the second mate murmured confidentially.

"I will never say die; I know that," muttered the Thinker. "But I have brought disaster upon my tribe and it is just that I should suffer."

"These are tough bottoms, right enough."

"They are fantastic bottoms for the pampered offspring of invincible Oklahoma flats," said the Thinker. "Pardon me; it is against my better nature, but I am sure I shall bear up better if I take a bite at that devilish long ear on my near side. Attend!"

"*Morituri te salutamus!*" said all the orlop passengers together.

As he was coming out of the orlop Mr. Williams spied the second engineer looking anxiously through the water-tight door in the forward bulkhead.

"Have you seen anybody snooping about here?" he inquired in a whisper.

"I have been snooping here myself."

"It must have been you, then. But I could have sworn —— The fact is, I dreamed of fire last night and I have been nervous all day."

"Don't you mention that to the Old Man," said Mr. Williams bitterly. "Don't speak of dreams to him."

"Has he been on the ramp again? I just want him to come at me once with some of that guff—that's all. Just once!"

"I wish I had a little of your courage," said the second mate, with sardonic wistfulness. "You would probably settle his hash in three or four well-chosen words. What are they, I wonder?"

He leaped out of the hatch, unwilling to talk further with a man who had suffered no diminution of his own self-respect that night, and was consequently another and more powerful order of being. On deck again, he thrust his arm out in the dark, crying sharply to the horses:

"Heads up! Heads up! Coming through."

Proceeding in this fashion, in a moment or two he laid the palm of his hand on the hinge of an iron door. He drew back his arm sharply. The hinge was hot—blistering hot to the touch.

"Holy mackerel!" he whispered.

In moments of stress or amazement it was customary with him to fall back on that consecrated fish. He bent forward, sank to his knees, fingering the ironwork in the vicinity of the door. Suddenly a malignant red crack glowed in the invisible wall opposite; a crack perpendicular to the deck. A smell of burning paint filled his nostrils. This was the door to one of the engine-room lockers. The ship was on fire. His first thought was:

"This will please the Old Man."

One of the juniors just then came through the alley shouting "Heads up!" in stentorian tones. He stopped at once on hearing Slim Williams say:

"Go tell the captain the ship is on fire. Wake the mate. Wake the boson. Wake the crew. Tell the boson to break out the new extinguishers. Get a move on! Look at that door!"

Within three minutes of that time the alley was jammed by a heaving crowd of fire fighters, yelling:

"Bring a light! . . . Bring a hose here! . . . Bring the key to the door!"

The ship swarmed with self-appointed executives. Someone cried out in a sharp tone of authority: "Don't open that door!"

They sagged back. This was the sea lawyer. Did they want to spread the fire all over the ship? he inquired. Sit tight; stuff oakum in the cracks perhaps; stifle it!—was his advice. Don't get excited!

"Clear a space!" cried Slim Williams. Catching sight of the top sergeant of the soldiers, he shouted: "Get your men and lead these horses forward, sergeant."

There was, however, a very limited space not already occupied by horses. They were packed in like animals in a Noah's Ark, even to the extent of being winged out on either side of the captain's door. Everywhere horse and reminders of horse. To lead the after horses forward would be to crowd the forward horses into the sea. Thus, when they had thrown down all the separation boards between the stalls, and led as many horses forward as they could, a mass of them were still ranged along the deck in front of the glowing door. Soldiers clung to them, pinching their nostrils and holding them to the deck. In their life preservers the soldiers looked like fat knights cased in spongy armor.

"Where are the fire extinguishers?"

The chief officer had appeared among them, a black watch cap jammed on his head and a cold pipe clinched in his teeth.

"Here, sir!"

The boson, a twice-torpedoed man, held the glittering patent in his arms tenderly.

"Turn it bottom up," said Mr. Williams.

The boson turned it bottom up without result.

"Hell's flames! Not charged!" cried the chief officer.

"I think they must be charged," said the boson in the resolute crisp tones to be expected of a twice-torpedoed man. He seemed to be saying to them: "Keep cool! What's a little fire. I don't think any more of this than of turning out for breakfast."

"Not charged, I say! Unscrew the top."

"That patent isn't worth the powder to blow it to hell," said a strong voice in their midst—the voice of the sea lawyer.

He was everywhere and nowhere, a hail of bitter words melting into ineffectual mist, evaporating at a hint that action was to be taken. He stood with his arms crossed, like an almost-man-of-genius disappointed with the constitution of the world about him. He exhorted them to keep calm, to take time to think, do nothing they would be sorry for later—count one hundred, in short.

Suddenly the steward, a pudgy man in a cap glittering with gold braid, appeared among them with an extra key to the door.

(Continued on Page 109)

Who's Your Tailor?

REGISTERED IN U. S. PAT. OFF. 1906 BY ED. V. PRICE & CO.

You say you believe in *Economy?*

ASSUREDLY, there has been with you—as with all of us—a change in your mode of living, especially in what you eat and wear. But, in your commendable desire to *Save*, do not overlook Quality. For Quality means *Service* and Service is the Order of the Day.

Tailoring is a Saving

when you get Woolens and Workmanship like ours. We pledge you *Maximum Service* and Style Individuality. *Economize* by having our dealer measure you —TODAY.

WE MANUFACTURE NO READY-MADE CLOTHING

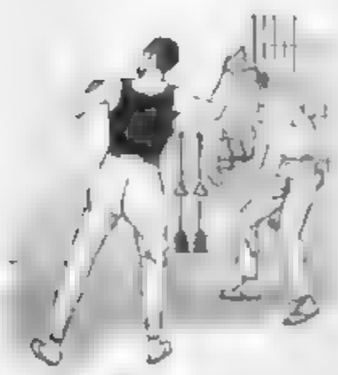
E. V. Price & Co.

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

PRICE BUILDING—CHICAGO—U.S.A.

If you don't know who our dealer is, write us for his name and address

Fastest, Lightest, Strongest Basket Ball and Athletic Shoe



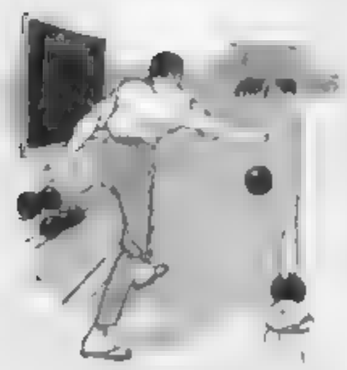
HAND BALL

NO other part of an athlete's equipment is as vital to success as his shoes. That is why the greatest basketball teams of the country wear "Grip-Sure" shoes—why leading tennis and handball players swear by them—why they are worn for bowling, golf, mountain climbing and every sport where sure-footedness counts.

These shoes possess a remarkable patented suction-cupped red rubber sole. It prevents slipping and sliding, even on the smoothest floors and courts. It is full of life and spring and speed.

Grip-Sures permit snug lacing and give great support to the ankle muscles. They are light but very strong. They fit well, and a loose canvas lining and leather insole make them extremely comfortable.

TENNIS



BOWLING

TRADE MARK

"GRIP-SURE"

BEACON FALLS TOP NOTCH

The famous Chicago Athletic Club Basketball Team, national amateur champions for three successive years, and the great team of the Olympic Athletic Club of San Francisco, Pacific Coast and national champions, wore Grip-Sure shoes. The Bronx Church House Invincibles of New York City, for years undefeated champions of the East, wear Grip-Sures.

Grip-Sures are made in two styles (regular and athletic cut) by the manufacturers of the famous Top Notch rubber footwear. They are a Top Notch product through and through—made of a very superior, strong white duck and the best of rubber. They are the lightest, strongest, most durable basketball and athletic shoes on the market today.

In almost every town and city there is a reliable Top Notch dealer who sells Grip-Sure shoes, as well as Top Notch rubbers, boots and arctics. Write for the name of the dealer in your town and our illustrated booklet of athletic shoes.

GOLF and HIKING

Grip-Sure—Athletic Style

THE BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO., Beacon Falls, Conn.

New York
Minneapolis
Boston
San Francisco
Chicago
Kansas City

TOP NOTCH

Top Notch Trade Mark

TOP NOTCH RUBBER FOOTWEAR

(Continued from Page 106)

"Stand away!" he cried, and inserted the key.

The mechanism of the lock, expanded by heat, resisted him for a second; but a huge grimy fist closed over his and the door flew open. A roll of black smoke gave place to a strong orange glare in the shape of a long rectangle. This light played on a curious motley of faces: in the front rank the chief officer, his storm cap now clear over his ears, his thick legs planted well apart; at his elbow the veterinary, he who had so short a time before demanded a safe ship, his cavernous face full of woe, a life preserver dangling at his elbow. Next behind him the curly-headed butcher had let a whole beef slide from his shoulders and stood with his mouth open.

The bodies of the soldiers were snapping about under the heels of frantic horses, while dodging in and out were sundry members of the crew and the gun crew; these last cowled like monks, their boyish faces glowing from the recesses of cavernous gray hoods.

The fire glowed unchecked. A roll of the ship pitched out through the open door half a dozen blazing stinkpots. The gun crew pounced on these and hurled them through an opening in the back of the stalls. A black imp with a crowbar suddenly danced into the very midst of the inferno, it seemed, and began to spin out its contents on the deck.

The chief officer, as if acting in the rôle of an authoritative or privileged spectator, said to Mr. Williams:

"What are you doing now?"

"I'm having a hose led forward from that after plug."

"That's right. Go ahead! That's the right thing."

But for some reason the hose did not come forward. Choosing his time, Slim Williams plunged through the bank of horses, squirming like a sea otter. Coming out aft, he looked about him for the men he had sent to attach the hose to the plug. They were nowhere to be seen. They had dispersed and gone forward again, in point of fact. The sea lawyer had advised this course. They should never in God's world be able to run the hose through those horses. They were not paid to do it, ought not to be asked to do it, and in any event couldn't do it. The men had believed him.

Slim Williams felt about in the darkness for the plug. He found it and screwed the hose to it. Next he took the nozzle out of the coil and began to drag it forward. The smoke came thicker and thicker; he could neither see nor breathe; and all at once he ran into the body of a man doing nothing.

"Take this forward!" he shrieked, pressing the brass nozzle into the man's hands. He himself ran back to pick up a new section of the hose. Now that it was seen to be in motion, other men appeared and laid hands on it, despite everything the sea lawyer had said. Slim Williams, stationed at the coil, reflected: "It must be there now."

A ringing yell came to him through the noise of battering horses. He reached up and screwed the valve off its seat. He felt the hose bulge under his foot. Ah, there was the water! He had barely time to give vent to a sigh of relief, however, when he was confronted by an apparition in the shape of the butcher, with a bleeding gash in his round cheek. The butcher cried at the top of his voice:

"Where do I shut off the water, mister?"

"You don't shut it off at all!" yelled Slim Williams in return. "I've just turned it on."

"Shut it off! You're strangling one of the bloody 'orses!" cried the butcher with a sympathetic moan.

Mr. Williams lost all patience with the bizarre situation.

"How in hell can I be strangling a horse?" he said, flinging his arms wide.

"The 'ose is 'ooked round its neck."

"Hooked? What do you mean—hooked? Let it strangle, then."

Bending low, he followed the hose into the very thick of the horses. There the top sergeant took him by the arm and shrieked in his ear:

"Have you got the water shut off? . . . That horse will be dead."

There was deep pathos in the man's solicitude for his horse at a time when, for all they knew, the ship itself was doomed.

"Where is this horse?"

"There—right ahead."

No need to ask. Even the second mate felt his grip of the situation slip at sight of a maddened horse, uprearing in his path, a soldier on either flank; a bight of hose led round its foreleg and wound tight in one fold about the belly, in another about the neck, in the mysterious and all but insoluble fashion of knots that tie themselves. A Laocoön among horses, the animal was being strangled to death by the force of the water in the hose and the direction in which its struggles had led it.

Mr. Williams felt his brain reel. Who had been that man, standing motionless in dense clouds of smoke, to whom he had intrusted the nozzle of the hose? He had seen him in outline only—the outline, as it now seemed to his recollection, of a fearful and unfamiliar figure. This tangle had been deliberately brought about. Impossible at such a time to attribute it to a man's impulse to play a prank. Could it have come about by chance?

There was little time for speculation. The animal blocked his path, fantastic and mythological; more like a fire-breathing dragon than a horse. He could not have been more mistrustful of it if it had sprouted wings.

Leering under its belly, the chief officer shouted to him:

"What do you propose to do?"—giving back at the same time.

"Propose?" cried Mr. Williams. "Propose?"

Words failed him. The Old Man was standing directly behind the chief officer. He was revolving his palms together; his jaw had sagged and his every feature expressed biting contempt.

"Where's your knitting needles?" he roared. "What are you trying to do to that horse? Tell me that! Ain't you got nothing better to do than try to strangle a horse at a time like this? By the Merciful, ain't there an officer on this ship? You must have paid money for your licenses, every one of you. Don't try to tell me nothing, because I don't want to hear nothing. Get that hose untangled. Get water here lively."

The horse had now succeeded in kinking the hose in such a fashion as to shut the water off altogether. A powerful voice made itself heard from the midst of the struggling soldiery:

"You'll never get that hose untangled in God's world!"

"Who is that man who just spoke?" yelled the Old Man in a terrible voice. "Point him out to me. I'll show him what can be done and what can't be done on my ship. Corporal, put a bullet into the next man that opens his yap. What is that man doing now?"

He might well ask. Maddened by the sting of these sneering words, for which he had no reply unless he was to thrust the word spy into the teeth of that outrageous Old Man again, a thing he had been expressly forbidden to do, Slim Williams had flung himself under the neck of the infuriated horse and attempted to lift off the hose, as if it had been a collar of some sort.

"Look out there!" cried the chief officer. "He's going to gaffle you."

The warning came too late. The horse took him by the left breast and shoulder in a jaw grip that nothing could shake loose.

"He's going to bite the heart out of me!" thought Slim Williams.

IV

HE BLINKED. The horse's head had taken on a likeness to the sunken features of the second engineer. Mr. Roberts' face was like that of a horse in one particular—namely, that it was long enough to reach to the bottom of a sugar barrel. He seemed to be in consultation with the ship's surgeon, who sat on a stool near the desk.

And now Mr. Williams woke to recognition of the fact that he was lying in his own bunk.

"I must have had that engineer's dream of fire," was his first thought.

This illusion was dispelled by hearing the surgeon say cheerily:

"Ah, you've come back to us! Lie still a bit. You're probably sore in places."

Mr. Roberts, going about quietly assembling the makings of a cigarette, paused to say:

"I pried you loose with a crowbar. That may account for any little soreness."

"It was the knock on the back of the head that put you out," said the surgeon. "Otherwise you're all right. You got jammed up against one of those pine posts, you know."

"The fire must be out, then."

Allies

GEM

DAMASKEENE

RAZOR

Khaki Service Outfit

Under every allied flag, in every clime, in every branch of the service, the popular **GEM Khaki Service Outfit** has proved itself the staunch, dependable friend of fighting men. Strong, light, compact; designed especially for military and naval use. Affords a luxurious, quick, easy shave in camp, in the trenches, on shipboard—anywhere, under any condition.

The seven blades included are in dust-and-rust-proof, wax-paper wrapped package, sealed.

Separate set Gem Blades, 7 for 50c.

More than twenty-five years old—
Millions of Gems in use today.

$1.00 without Trench mirror

Gem Military Outfit includes razor complete with seven **Gem Damaskeene Blades** and Stropping Handle.

$1.35 with Trench mirror

Ask for the GEM at your dealer, or the Post Exchange, Camp Canteens, or Quartermaster's Depot.

Gem Cutlery Company, Inc., New York

Canadian Branch, 591 St Catherine St., W., Montreal

Notice the smooth, seamless and even feet and toes and the extra reinforcing where the hard wear comes.

Fewer stockings to darn —fewer new pairs to buy

Durable-DURHAM Hosiery is built for wear and economy—as well as for good looks.

Honest materials, combined with expert, conscientious workmanship, keep it out of the darning-basket, save you time and trouble and cut down the family stocking bill.

DURABLE
DURHAM HOSIERY
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
Made Strongest Where the Wear is Hardest

MISS NANCY
A light-weight gauze lisle stocking with an extra fine silk finish. It has a wide elastic top, double sole and high spliced heel. Black, brown, gray and white.
Price 35c pair

RED RIDING HOOD
A good play and school stocking for children. Medium weight. Soft lisle finish yarn. Strongly double reinforced heels and toes. Feet and toes smooth, seamless and even. Black.
Price 35c pair

1700 G. S.
A splendid durable and long-wearing sock for dress or work. Light weight, silk mercerized, strongly reinforced heels, soles and toes. Feet and toes smooth, seamless and even. Black, brown, gray, Palm-Beach and white.
Price 50c pair

The yarn is of extra good quality, the knitting and finishing done with the utmost care. Every pair is *strongly* reinforced at points of hardest wear. Legs are full length; tops are wide and elastic; sizes are correctly marked; colors will not fade; soles and toes are smooth, seamless and even.

Ask your dealer to show you the different styles of Durable-DURHAM Hosiery. Look for the Durable-DURHAM ticket attached to each pair. The prices are 25 cents, 35 cents, 40 cents and 50 cents.

Write to sales Dept., 88 Leonard Street, New York City, for free catalog showing all styles.

DURHAM HOSIERY MILLS
Durham, N. C.

Mr. Roberts, running out his tongue to lick the paper, muttered:

"This one—yes. By the way, had you noticed the luck is out of your horseshoe?"

Slim's eyes wandered to it. A jar of the ship had, in fact, let one of its horns down. He felt a dismal contraction of the walls of his heart. What was the use of struggling any longer with the fate which had evidently been preparing for that old madhouse since the beginning of time?

"That fire was set," he said distinctly.

"No I think."

"Madman!" whispered Mr. Williams, struggling to his elbow. "He won't listen to the word spy. He won't hear to it."

"Let him go his own gait, then."

"Let him go the bottom, for all me!"

Mr. Roberts continued murmurously, as if the walls had ears:

"There's a spy here, between you and me and the sidewalks of New York. But how are you going to find him on a dark ship when you are not allowed to show a light? I've had the sensation of being within a foot of him half a dozen times." He picked up a photograph of Slim's girl—the one who had gilded the horseshoe for him—and added gloomily: "It's like the cholera bug. I got one into me once when knocking about in the Yellow Sea. I bit the end off a banana, you understand, and the thing was in it. It got down into my alimentary canal; it paralyzed me, I can tell you. They shoved the needles into me, trying to head it off, and finally stopped it, of course, or I wouldn't be here describing it now. But it was a case of working in the dark. . . . There's a cholera bug in human form somewhere in this ship's vitals. You mark my words!"

"What did the Old Man say?"

"He said a good few words over your dead body."

"Yes, no doubt. . . . But did he have a theory of how this fire started?"

"Sure! They told him a box of matches had been stowed near a steam pipe."

Slim Williams groaned and turned his face to the wall.

In two watches he came on deck. The ship was light-tight now if never before. The hawk-eye of the commander of the armed guard was everywhere. . . . Hideous rumors circulated as to the penalty attached to showing a light. Such an offender would be shot on sight, hung up by the heels, thrown to the fishes, loaded with chains, thrust into the powder magazine for safe-keeping.

"This Old Man is a bundle of nerves," Mr. Williams said confidentially to the junior on watch. "One of these soldiers just jarred a bale of hay out on deck and he came up all standing. 'What was that?' he says. I wanted to tell him it was a scout torpedo with a soft nose. 'Soldiers, sir,' I said. 'God!' he says. 'They make more noise than a couple of skeletons wrassling on a tin roof.'"

"It's a big responsibility," the junior sighed. "I shouldn't want to have it on my shoulders."

"I wouldn't take it the way he does if it was on mine. Do you know what I hear?"

"What?"

"I hear he wanted to run for the Bermudas as soon as we lost the convoy. He called the mate in to get him to agree, and the mate told him to shove a thermometer down in his shoes."

"Did the mate say that?"

"Says that he said that."

"Then he did, of course!"

"Well, in any case I can testify to one thing: There's a line drawn to the Bermudas on the chart. Probably he was just amusing himself with the parallel rules."

"You don't say!" The junior whistled.

"The time may come when he will wish he could rub that out without leaving a trace. But he can't do it. There it stands against him until he loses the chart outright. If I were he I would let it blow out through the chart-room door."

When Mr. Williams went on the bridge to stand his first watch after the fire the Old Man came up to him and said sarcastically:

"Don't lose your head again. This time you would probably throw yourself overboard."

The second mate was glaring into the standard binnacle at the time, and he continued to glare for some time with no sight in his eyes. When he was sure the captain had left the bridge he strode up to the junior and ground out:

"I'm not easy on this ship a minute. This Old Man is a madman. Do you realize that? What he would do with us in a pinch I'm sure I don't know."

"I think he's a good seaman," said the junior.

"Seaman? That may be. There's no seamanship on a steamer. Four years in sail is worth a century in steam. The point is, he doesn't take any stock in anybody's ideas except his own. I can talk to him until I am black in the face and I might just as well be talking to a brass monkey. . . . I might just as well drill him in the beam as say spy to him, for example."

Despite warnings from his captain, Mr. Williams had not stopped thinking about spies. A black ship stimulates fancy. Yet how to cope with this system of ominous shadows? He stationed himself for long hours in blackness, hoping to surprise the traitor by his chance outline against the stars. Much of this time he spent in dialogue with the local inspector, whose accusing brows were bent on him wherever he went, calling on him to justify his actions. And this phantom inspector he was always able to beat to his knees with a few well-chosen words.

His favorite haunt was the darkness of the great quadrant room, aft. Alone there, he listened to the whine of the relieving tackle, the grumble of the huge arms of the quadrant thrust out from the rudder post. A nerve of extreme delicacy ran through the body of the ship, such that the least turn of the wheel forward was answered by a ponderous motion here of a steering contrivance weighing tons. A child could steer such a ship.

It had been different in windjamming days, when he had clung to the spokes of a six-foot wheel like a man to the neck of a runaway horse. There was no such thing as the wheel going wild now. It was merely a throttle to set the steam steering gear in motion.

He formed a habit of putting his head into the cowls of ventilators. What could he make out of that liquid rustling of foreign syllables? Nothing. It was a babel of tongues—squareheads, Scandinavians for a crew, English cooks, Scotch engineers, Spanish firemen, Greek and Russian quartermasters. They had everything but Abyssinians on board. How easy, then, for spies to flourish! There was no questioning these men and no understanding them. They could affect an ignorance of the tongue you were using whether such ignorance actually dwelt in them or not.

One night he had an especially strong conviction that he was being shadowed. The canvas drop in front of the horses had for a second taken on an unnatural bulge. He stopped short; strained his eyes; moved his flexible ears, as if they had been tentacles sensitive to the least indications of the vile treason that stalked like a specter in their midst.

He heard something like the rasp of an elbow against canvas—not three feet away from him. What was the reason for this man's sinister silence? On impulse he put out his hand. His fingers closed over a damp wrist that was in the act of advancing toward him. At the uncanny touch of flesh his grip tightened and the man confronting him uttered a faint cry.

He dropped the wrist at once. He had recognized the voice as that of the veterinary.

"What's the matter?" he inquired in a weird whisper: the sort of whisper in which a new ghost would inquire of another one whether they were really dead.

"Nothing. I can't sleep," whispered the veterinary in turn. "I couldn't tell you from a block of wood. I thought something crooked was going on."

"Nonsense!" said Slim Williams more heartily.

"There are too many fingers in the pie; I know that. What is the Old Man prowling round here for if there isn't something in the wind?"

"The Old Man?"

"Prowling—prowling! I run across him a dozen times a night. He doesn't sleep any more than I do. He had his head in a ventilator forward."

"That's his lay, then," reflected the second mate. "He knows something and he won't take me into his confidence. He has treated me like a child from the beginning."

He remembered the answer the Old Man had given him when he had asked to look at the ship's articles: "There are things on this ship, young man, that you haven't risen high enough to see." Treason was

(Continued on Page 113)

—"Now compare this with my old machine"

JUST see how much more convenient this is; how much easier it will make your sewing.

The Western Electric Sewing Machine is portable. Take it to the place where you wish to do your sewing—on the porch, to your neighbors or the war relief workrooms. You can see how easy it is to carry about the house and, when packed away in its carrying case, it is no larger than the ordinary traveling bag.

It is electric. With it you'll find you'll actually get more sewing done in the same time, and with much less effort. For electricity does the hard work and does it well, whatever the character of the material.

It is economical. It will help you in the real war-time economy of making your own and your children's clothes. Costs only $39.50 ($41.50 West of the Rockies)—less than most well known makes of pedal-power machines: a cent's worth of electricity runs it three hours. Here is a full size, standard machine but without the cumbersome cabinet and iron framework you have been accustomed to in the old fashioned type.

If your electric shop or department store cannot show you this new kind of machine, write to our nearest house for Booklet No. 8-Q, "The New Way to Sew."

Use it on the porch where breezes blow

Western Electric

Portable Sewing Machine

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

DISTRIBUTING UNITS

New York, Syracuse, Newark, Boston, New Haven; Philadelphia, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Richmond; Atlanta, Savannah, Birmingham, Charlotte, New Orleans; Chicago, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Detroit; St. Louis, Memphis, Cincinnati, Cleveland; Kansas City, Oklahoma City, Omaha, Dallas, Houston; Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Denver, Salt Lake City; San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, Spokane

Put it away on the closet shelf

The Faithful Ally Of The War-Time Housewife

Multi-Motor Washer

ONLY a few of the Maytag Multi-Motor Washers were in service when the [illegible] began the [illegible] of war. Then the [illegible] Maytag Laundry Manual

The Maytag Laundry Manual [illegible]

It is gratifying to know that, in these trying days of war, American inventive genius has given to the housewife so resourceful an aid in her work-and-win-the-war program as the Maytag Washer. Scores and scores of voluntary testimonials come to us daily, and every one is a simple yet serious expression of how the Maytag is making each minute a working minute—how it is lessening the labor of the laundry and releasing domestic help for the intensive war activities, and why it stands today as a challenge to the tick of the clock in thousands of homes in all parts of the world.

CANADIAN BRANCHES—WINNIPEG, MAN.; COLLINGWOOD, ONT.

The Maytag Company Dept.260 Newton, Iowa

(Continued from Page 110)

evidently one of these things. He was afraid to trust the discretion of his own officers. How easily, then, deviltry could flourish! Everybody suspected everybody else. Watching that German-born sailor crawl into the rigging at four bells, to relieve the lookout, he had had a nightmarish sensation that treason had raised its head as high as the crow's nest, better than one hundred and ten feet above the water line.

Who knew? Perhaps the ship had been delivered bodily over to the enemy—enemies at the wheel, on lookout, in the engine room. A devilish octopus, reaching out in the dark an infinity of tiny tentacles, wrapping everything tight, throttling the enterprise at its very heart! What might not go on under cover of these foreign tongues, any one of which might be that of an enemy, for all he knew?

Enmeshed with these intimations of intrigue, no man trusted his neighbor; colleague stood apart from colleague, either afraid of being ridiculed for his bizarre suspicions or fearing the enemy might overhear. Very certainly it was time to train up men of our own and quit intrusting the operation of ships to friendly aliens.

"The engineer tells me that he has dreamed of fire two nights running," said the veterinary.

"Yes?"

"I suppose you know that to dream of fire is a sign of death?"

"You read that in Roberts' dream book?

"Yes."

"I may as well tell you he has had every dream in that book. Do you know that? It has got so he has to put symbols in the margin to keep the record straight."

"He put a cross inside a circle opposite that dream about fire," said the doleful vet.

"When he has it again he will put a second circle outside the first."

"Still, it's almighty queer, coming just as it does."

"That's the thing about dreams. They knock you into a heap, no matter which way you are heading."

It was true; the book in question was packed full of dreams, and Mr. Roberts had had all of them—some of them many times, as the symbols in the margin showed. And the disheartening feature of the book was that all the dreams portended evil, either at once or coming on the heels of illusory happiness.

This coincided with the indications of the golden horseshoe, still hanging by one horn over Mr. Williams' door.

V

MEANTIME the wind danced in front of the ship from north to east and back again like a demon intent on barring her way, blowing now a fresh gale, again a strong gale, and sometimes with hurricane force. Solid water poured into the well deck almost deep enough to float the horses there out of their stalls. The pounding seas whisked the hay out of that quarter before it could be well shaken down. They had to subsist on buckets of moist grain hooked to the breast boards.

The cause of this bad weather was never far to seek. In the horse decks the disconsolate soldiers, while shaking up hay, were whistling to keep their courage up; and this whistling, as any sailor knows, was what had fetched the wind round ahead of the ship. The contempt of the seafarers for the whistlers was measureless. They argued, but in vain. The sea lawyer said bitterly that he would rather put to sea in a blue ship than with a shipful of moonstruck whistling soldiers.

They could not rid themselves of this plague of whistling. The heavier the wind came, the worse the ship heeled, and by consequence the louder the unlucky soldiers whistled. And the louder they whistled, the heavier the wind came. The vicious circle was complete.

Only at one hour in the day was a stop put to this whistling. This was when the call to boats was sounded. Then, scrambling into "life disturbers," they boiled up through every deck opening, just as warrior ants, when the hill is crushed, swarm over the desert sands, going they know not whither but each carrying a white egg in its jaws.

The seas rose with the wind. Squall after squall moved across smoking seas of phenomenal height. Raindrops stung the eyeballs of the officers on the bridge like lancets; they stared ahead like men struck blind, crying out in exasperated voices: "How is a man going to look ahead into that?"

And at their backs the soldiers, blankly ignorant of cause and effect, whistled.

Between squalls the sun shone brilliantly on the bright work of the glittering ship, striking evanescent rainbows from the white crests of tipping waves of peacock blue. These waves were huge, wind-flecked, white-maned, pyramidal. Sheets of tawny spray whirled over deep chasms, pulsing with prismatic colors. The horizon was all but lost for purposes of navigation.

Watch by watch, the Poetess rose, a new Venus born on the crest of a wave, clanging and bellowing—only to put her fore shoulder down wearily. She was jaded, bruised, badgered by the wicked cross-chop, her decks strewn with bits of wreckage. She was loaded too deep; that was the long and short of it. The four-foot drag by the stern plucked her back too.

When, panting and dripping, she thrust her gaunt hammerhead out into space, revealing her flanks red-mottled with sprawling patches of rust, it was only to find a blue rift widening under her, a screaming dark abyss, beautifully damascened by tiny wind ripples. She toppled, twisted on her side, paused, and plunged again, resonant as a violin. And if there was a heartening and even aërial quality in the upward thrust of her quaking hull the fall was like the fall of a bird with clipped wings.

The whole floor of ocean rolled back, reeled, and stood tilted up against her in a twinkling, with serpentine smoothness. A blue wall, upspringing with strange quietness, wrinkled, ominous and massive, welling or brimming up steeper than it would be thought possible for so great a body of water to lie without crumbling into foam. Surely she must bury herself in the base of this ocean-going Cheops! Sink her nose into it she did, in truth, but only so far as the base of the gun platform.

Then, while the wave hung poised, ready to drop a thousand tons across her hatches, the Poetess gathered buoyancy, rose, leaped up, arching over the appalling barrier with catlike ease, and throwing off either bow an intense white puff of spray, as if she had fired a defiant salvo.

"She's a beautiful sea boat!" Mr. Williams muttered more than once, witnessing this performance. "Say what you want to about narrow ships, they make good weather. She's got the bow for it—if only she doesn't break in two."

At four the chief officer relieved him.

"She's yours, Mr. Hawley," the retiring officer said, speaking in the kindly accents of a parent delivering over a loved child into the keeping of a worthy suitor.

The chief officer grunted, retired into his collar like a turtle, and began to pad back and forth from one wing of the bridge to the other, without saying a word. Vestiges of his shattered afternoon nap still clung to his eyelids.

"He's a madman!" thought the second mate. His next thought was: "This job's too big for him. I could handle it though."

In a dream or reverie, wherein the face and figure of the local inspector loomed large, he let himself down step by step from the flying bridge to the lower bridge, oilskins in hand, swaying from side to side like an ape. He paused before entering the chart room to write up the log.

"What next?" he wondered.

A species of well-being flooded through him; a current of new life, warming his heart, clearing his brain and making his courage high; a feeling of exaltation, of invincibility even, known only to a bridge officer coming off watch, his vigil ended for the day. Did the seas rage? He could cope with them. Was the wind an irresistible force? He was an immovable body. He was equal to anything. He had delivered the ship intact into the hands of his successor and was free until midnight.

Opening the door to his room, he saw Mr. Roberts lolling on the divan and eating gingersnaps. At once that alarmist said under his breath:

"We've got just twelve gallons of cylinder oil left."

"And then what?"

"Soap—anything to keep the rods from whistling, I expect."

Whistling!

"Ah, so the rods are whistling now," observed Mr. Williams, thinking of the whistling soldiers.

"Not yet; but they are likely to. She's racing hard too—I had to throttle her down."

Raynster

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

That Label says VALUE

Raynster on the label is your identification mark of good money's worth. It is a message to you from the world's largest rubber manufacturers, telling you that these weather-proof coats are right.

The Raynster Label covers the largest line of weather-proof clothing made. All kinds of heavy, rubber-surfaced coats for outdoor workers. Single and double-texture slip-ons. Featherweight Silks. Cloth Raynsters of finest woolens, which are also perfect overcoats and ulsters.

There are Raynsters for every member of the family, men and women, boys and girls.

Get a Raynster today. Ask for it by name and look for the label. You'll find it in any good clothing store. We'll gladly send a Style Book if you'll write for it.

United States Rubber Company

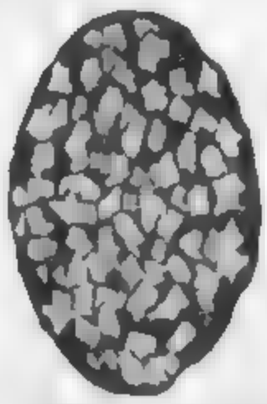
Clothing Division, New York and Boston

Look for this Label in your Raynster

Raynster US

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

There's a Way to Make Better Corn Meal



We grind just the hominy—the sweet, flinty part of the corn.

THERE is a Corn Meal made from hominy only—just the sweet, flinty part of the corn.

The coarse outer coat is omitted. The oily germ is removed, so this meal doesn't grow rancid.

We discard in this fine grade 40 per cent of the corn.

You know how white flour differs from whole-wheat flour. Quaker Corn Meal differs just as much from the old-style whole-corn meal.

The very sight is inviting. The Yellow is like grains of gold, the White like marble dust.

We urge you to learn how it betters your corn foods, which most homes now serve daily.

Your grocer has it in round, tight packages. Ask for Quaker Best Corn Meal.

Quaker Best Corn Meal

Yellow or White—15c Per Package

A Hominy Meal—The Best 60% of the Corn

For Hominy Dainties

To make hominy foods delightful use Quaker Hominy Grits. Learn what sweet, exquisite flavor it has as a breakfast cereal.

Try it in pancakes, in fritters. Cook with tomato sauce or bake with cheese—au gratin. Or simply serve with gravy, like potatoes. See recipes on the package.

Quaker Hominy Grits

Fancy White Hominy—15c

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

(1972)

"I thought once you had stopped."

"No; not altogether. . . . How much for the watch?"

"Sixteen miles."

"Hell's flames! The old wagon has stopped! There must be something wrong with the pitch of these screws."

At this point the draperies moved aside to let in the veterinary's worried head.

"How's everything? All right?" he inquired anxiously.

"All set for the night—yes. She's as comfortable as an old shoe."

"As an old shoe! Ah!"

Unconsoled, he fled away.

"Now I could give him something real to worry about," the engineer muttered.

The second mate darted a quick glance at him.

"Leaking again?" he inquired casually.

They hesitated to speak candidly of this matter, as people do when half convinced of the probable fatal illness of one they dearly love. But from time to time they unbosomed themselves—at least Mr. Roberts did; and Mr. Williams listened.

"Leaking, yes—like a sieve. And the worst of it is I don't know where; somewhere in the bunkers. It comes through the bunker doors at any rate. No more than the pumps can take care of, of course."

"Of course not."

Of course not! If she leaked beyond the capacity of the pumps she would be sinking; and Mr. Williams would never believe he had a sinking ship under him until he had to. The complacent sense of his invincibility and the invincibility of his ship still corrupted all his thinking on that point. Paper ships sank—newspaper ships, or even other ships possibly as real as this; but not this ship. He could no more imagine her death than his own. She had perhaps the immortality to which, as a sea divinity, she was entitled.

"Strained, of course," the engineer continued. "She's been moving over this head sea like an angleworm. There may be a loose rivet."

"Yes; one rivet will sink a ship, give it time enough."

"Exactly. . . . Trust her to give it time enough too. . . . It's the cursed steam. The firemen object to working up to their knees in water, and they've stopped flinging in the coal the way they should. Fools!" he cried in a burst of passion. "Can't they see that the ship is sinking?"

"Nonsense!" said the second mate quietly, with a look of distaste.

"Watch by watch, hour by hour! It's not so dramatic as it was once—that's all. We're not jumping up and down at the pumps; we go in to meals with our hair combed—but there's the water coming in. Can you explain that away? It's coming in; and I don't know where." He passed his hands over his eyes and muttered: "Somebody is tampering with the skin of the ship."

"He's not in the cargo holds."

"So you tell me. He's everywhere. I'm getting so I jump like a cat in this dark. I all but knocked the chief off the middle grating last night. I thought I had seen somebody staring down out of the gloom of the steering engine. I had too! I'm almost certain now that I did, as a matter of fact. There was no one there, of course, by the time I could get up."

Lowering his lids, he let smoke out of the corner of his mouth in a thin stream, while the second mate pushed back his mop of golden hair with one white hand.

"She's got to come through!" cried Slim Williams in a hot whisper. "She's my first ship operating under this license. How would I feel ——"

He stopped short. A vision of the local inspector was suddenly present to him. Ah, that fellow had never thought he would get through! Never from the first. That would explain the cross-grained treatment he had received at his hands. Technically he had proved his right to the license; he had worked the problems and answered the questions. Nevertheless, the inspector must have seen something like a shadow hanging over him and had tried to discourage him.

"There isn't any doubt in my mind that she'll pull through," he said in more normal tones.

"That's a good healthy view to take," the engineer replied.

At supper that night Slim Williams watched the captain out of a corner of his eye. The Old Man looked tired and disheveled; a heavy gray bang hung over his left temple and he kept revolving the palms of his lean hands one against the other.

"He wouldn't have to take it so hard if he'd only confide in me," reflected Mr. Williams.

After all, the ship had everything in her favor—almost. A sound hull—no more than a rivet or two loose, surely. Good engines—the faulty crank web was working thus far like a Trojan. Reliable officers, too, for that matter—at least a reliable second. The wind was blowing hard, of course; but that was nothing against the chances of so good a sea boat as this.

"When will the wind shift?" inquired one of the soldiers at the first table.

"The northeast and the southwest owe each other nothing," Mr. Williams said jovially, unfolding his napkin. That was an old saying of his father's. In the long run it blew equally hard and long out of those two quarters. "It won't surprise me to see it haul to the southwest before morning."

"Nothing surprises you," said the soldier.

Mr. Williams twinkled. He was complimented. They were beginning to see who was the navigator here.

VI

THE sea had, in fact, moderated when he took the bridge at midnight, though the wind was still in the northeast. The course was unchanged.

He held a low-voiced consultation with the third mate. That officer said that unless the sea moderated the mules in the orlop decks would die like flies. They had been forced to drop the wind sails and clap on the hatches in the well deck again to avoid drowning them; and now they were in a fair way to strangle them.

"Who would go mate of a horse ship?" said Mr. Williams. "I suppose we are in for another siege with those derricks." They had already held six public funerals. "I tell you frankly, Mr. Hodgdon, I never want to see another horse. I just got tangled up in that canvas drop in front of the starboard stalls. I thought a circus tent had got hit by a cyclone. A man can't make a move; there isn't a square inch of the perverted deck safe for a man to put his foot down on. The last thing I did was to bark my shins on the handle of a pitchfork. I must have stepped on the tines. It's hell!"

"Yes, 'tis," said the State o' Mainer. "This burlap is the last straw. Well, you've read the night orders?"

"Yes. Watch the steering—and call the Old Man if there's any change."

"Yes. And call him at the end of the watch. That steering compass swings like a whiffletree every time she hops over a thank-you-ma'am. Cheap affair. Must be weak needles in it."

"I've said so all along. And I haven't so much confidence in the standard as I wish I had. But you can't talk deviation to this Old Man. Bad steering, currents, leeway—anything but deviation. I tell you there's five degrees of it. We come out south of our line day after day."

"Well, that's this Old Man. Did ever you see a more unreasonable man to sail with?"

"Reason? He don't know the meaning of it. I got the worst bawling out of my young life yesterday."

"Is that so? We've all had our turn."

"He sent me down to get the screw revolutions for slow, half ahead and full ahead. Roberts gave me approximate figures. Do you think he would swallow that word when I came back? I don't think he knows the meaning of it. 'Approximate hell!' he says. 'I will show you just how much of an approximation this ship is before you are done with her, young man. When I send you after figures don't you bring me back words!' . . . It's hell!"

"Yes, 'tis," said the State o' Mainer.

"It's tough when a good man has to take orders from the like of him."

"Yes, 'tis. Are you going another trip?"

"Are you crazy, man? I will begin to pack my things three days out. I will tell them a few things about this Old Man, too, when I get ashore. I've got his number. He will find he can't monkey with a man like me."

"I thought I heard the captain say,
'It's time for us to leave her,'"

hummed the third mate. "Well, she's yours, Mr. Williams. She's yours."

(Continued on Page 117)

Economize this Fall
Acme Quality Paints and Finishes will put the New Touch to so many Home Things

Bring back that friendly old daddy-chair from "up-stairs"! Acme Quality Finish will make it like new! The much loved and battered crib, and the fierce rocking-horse prancing in the nursery corner will have fresh charms. The refrigerator will glisten with newness, inside and out; the cheery glow of the dining-room floor will repay every brush stroke!

More than ever this year to "do over" home things will mean great savings. You should realize the delight of staining the floor and re-finishing the furniture of your bed room, guest room, nursery, dining room and kitchen. The transformation will delight you!

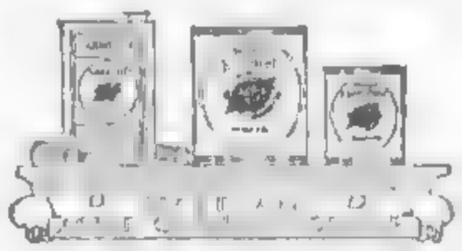
Do you realize that every bit of painting *you do yourself* about your home releases just that much labor toward winning the war? Put it right up to Acme Quality Paints and Finishes. No matter what sort of surface you have to cover, if it can be painted, enameled, stained, varnished or finished in any way, there's an Acme Quality Kind to fit the purpose.

First of all, write for those two helpful Acme books—"Acme Quality Painting Guide Book" which will instantly answer every paint or finish question you can ask, *and* "Home Decorating" which will give you clever suggestions for *sure results*. They are sent without cost. Both are of utmost value in home decorating.

Acme Quality Paints and Finishes are absolutely dependable, and by following the very simple instructions in our guide book your efforts will be richly rewarded.

Take an inventory of the new furnishings you planned buying this fall. Then consider *how new* the old ones could be made to look with Acme Quality Paints and Finishes! The "old things" made bright will become cleverly "new"! You'll be so interested in the work and in the finished "job" that Acme Quality Paints and Finishes will hereafter have their rightful place in your home equipment.

ACME QUALITY
PAINTS & FINISHES



Have an Acme Quality Shelf

You'll find it valuable to have handy at all times at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces; and, a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

ACME WHITE LEAD
AND COLOR WORKS
Dept. Q. Detroit, Michigan

Boston	Minneapolis	Pittsburgh
Cincinnati	Nashville	Fort Worth
Dallas	Lincoln	Portland
Chicago	St. Louis	Salt Lake City
Toledo	Birmingham	Los Angeles
Topeka		Spokane

When Company Comes

When company comes without a word of warning, and you're wondering what on earth there is in the house to eat, try a dish of appetizing Pennant Salted Peanuts—"a tasty, nourishing confection." Company will have a hard time to keep from asking for more.

Golden, whole Virginia Peanuts, selected for size, flavor and perfection. Fill a cut glass dish with them and see how delicious they look. Eat all you want. A pound of Pennant Peanuts is more nourishing than a pound of steak.

Sold by jobbers everywhere

Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts are sold only in this wax-paper bag, with red pennant on it.

The Planters Nut & Chocolate Co.,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Manufacturers of high grade nut confections and peanut butter.
Peanuts from Virginia plantations

Planters PENNANT
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
WHOLE SALTED PEANUTS

(Continued from Page 114)

His turn had come to make a present of her. He swung down the ladder gayly, continuing his song:

"She would neither steer nor stay, nor wear;
She shipped it green and she made us swear;
She would neither steer nor wear, nor stay;
Her running rigging carried away.
The winds were foul, the trip was long.
Before we go we'll sing a song;
We'll sing: 'Oh, may we never be
On a hungry ship the likes o' she!'"

The second mate again took up that tigerish tread of the flying bridge which served to drive the blood faster through his arteries and shook off the last vestiges of sleep, which tugged at him like a sulky mistress. Approaching the junior stealthily, he whispered:

"The mate got another bawling out this morning."

"Did he?"

"He was so ashamed he wouldn't come down to lunch. The man is starving himself. He's a bundle of nerves. Did you see where he cut his chin with the razor? By George, if I had the ticket he's got I wouldn't jump at the sound of this Old Man's voice the way he does. Not by a jugful! I would say to him: 'Look here, old-timer; I'm mate of this packet, and I mean to be mate too! If you don't like the way I carry on you can send me to my room; but, until you do—just look out for Old Trouble!'"

"That's the only way to talk," said the junior respectfully.

"Yes. . . . It's different with a third mate. You come on a ship where you feel that everyone is against you; and it's tough. You are ready to whirl round, with one hand to your ear, and yell 'What was that, sir?' every time the wheel creaks or somebody steps on a nutshell. When I was third I was rapping at the captain's door all hours of the night. I would see a queer light, or I would fancy there was a derelict ahead of me. My eyes were all over the ocean and I used to wear my legs out jumping from one wing of the bridge to the other. But after a year or so that wore off. A man gets to take some awful chances. Awful chances!" He walked thoughtfully to his own wing of the bridge.

The wind was shrieking in the stays again. Between squalls the stars blazed like torches. Glittering Orion was already wading knee-deep. In the upper crow's nest, ninety feet above the deck, the shaggy head of the sea lawyer, hatless and alert, rolled round the iron rim from port to starboard. Secure in that aerie, the disk of an inverted pendulum, he roved in a huge arc across the sky, sinking as low as the blue-blazing Dog Star on the port side, and on the roll to starboard fetching up at Jupiter.

The Greek quartermaster, upright at the wheel as a man of wood, looked from the wabbling compass to the stars, and from the stars to the compass, and from the compass to the stars again.

Mr. Williams, observing the limits of the swing of the foremast, fixed his own learned eye upon the Dog Star. He never tired of watching its blue fires; viewing it with a mariner's pride, as if he partly possessed it; experiencing a glow like that in a girl's heart as she watches the changing fires in a gem bestowed upon her by a constant lover.

Mr. Williams had indeed masterfully appropriated the stars and subdued them to his calling. He could look into the celestial mechanism poetically if he chose. Again, he knew the stars as a jeweler knows the contents of his vault—by the character of light, by the strength and brilliancy of fire, no less than by their relative positions. Let a star stand clear one instant between masses of rolling cloud, and he knew it, god or hero, by the light of its countenance. Where was any music like the music of the spheres?

From the stars his philosophic eye dropped to the seas again. The wind was hauling to the south, as he had prophesied, the sea following it like a dog its master, the wind shifting by inchmeal, and the waves by inchmeal altering the direction of their assault. They were not always so accommodating. In the last watch the wind had kicked up a northwest sea, died out, and then had sprung up with redoubled fury from the northeast, setting wave against wave, overthrowing its own legions in a spirit of wild malice, thereby generating a wicked cross-chop, entered in the log as a confused sea, which caused the Poetess to lurch and stagger like a drunken sailor.

Mr. Williams, his chin on the canvas dodger, reflected that the sea, like the character of man, is naturally calm, but whipped and tortured into fury at the instigation of invisible demons. Hence the strange bond of sympathy between man and the element that engulfs him.

Two bells.

"Lights are bright, sir," cried the sea lawyer sardonically from the crow's nest. The Poetess showed no lights to-night.

Mr. Williams gave out an indistinguishable crescendo growl in answer.

Almost at once, and with a different accent, the lookout cried:

"Light on the starboard beam!"

The navigating officer halted in the starboard wing of the bridge and raised his night glasses. He thought uneasily:

"This is a queer place for a light. Wonder whether it is a raider?"

Presently he spied the light himself—lost it—found it again. Ah! He had opened a red light.

"What do you make of that?" he said to the silent junior.

"Ship's port light, I should say."

Slim Williams walked away to the binnacle and swung its head to take a bearing of the approaching light. The presence of a light at sea was mysterious and vaguely disquieting. A ship in midocean has no relish for society.

He returned again and again to the starboard wing of the bridge, staring for long moments at the light, now visible on the crests, now lost in the hollows—a red spark, leering at him and disappearing; posing a problem without offering a solution—or not a certain solution.

"We may have picked up the convoy again," he said abruptly.

He decided to hold on in the dark and trust to outpacing his neighbor on the beam. But in the instant of making this decision he fancied he saw a tiny flicker of light at the base of the bridge, looking aft. Ah, it was about time for something like that! A chill went through him. The hatch there, being higher than that in the well deck, was open, and a wind sail swayed out of it, looking like the composite ghost given up by those harassed animals down there. Had the new danger come out of the hatch itself? Or was the dart of light only his fancy?

"Drop down there and see what you make out—there in the shadow of that winch," he whispered to the junior.

The junior glided from his side. He himself stood hesitant. Should he call the Old Man? For what? The light on the beam did not constitute a threat. And if this other phenomenon which the junior now was investigating was in truth a light, it could only be a light in the hands of an enemy, after the strict orders that had been issued. A spy! And the Old Man had forbidden him to speak the word! Ah, let him live to rue it!

He glared down. In that instant, which called for the greatest secrecy, all the blood in his body came to a halt at hearing the steamer's whistle blow a prolonged blast, a monotonous bellow, as if she were trumpeting a defiant challenge. He sprang for the whistle cord, feeling as if a light had been turned on them all; as if some treason altogether unforeseen had betrayed them. Could it be the signal for a mutiny on the part of those firemen, for example? They had been getting uglier day by day, strong on the song and weak on the shovel. Perhaps they were in collusion.

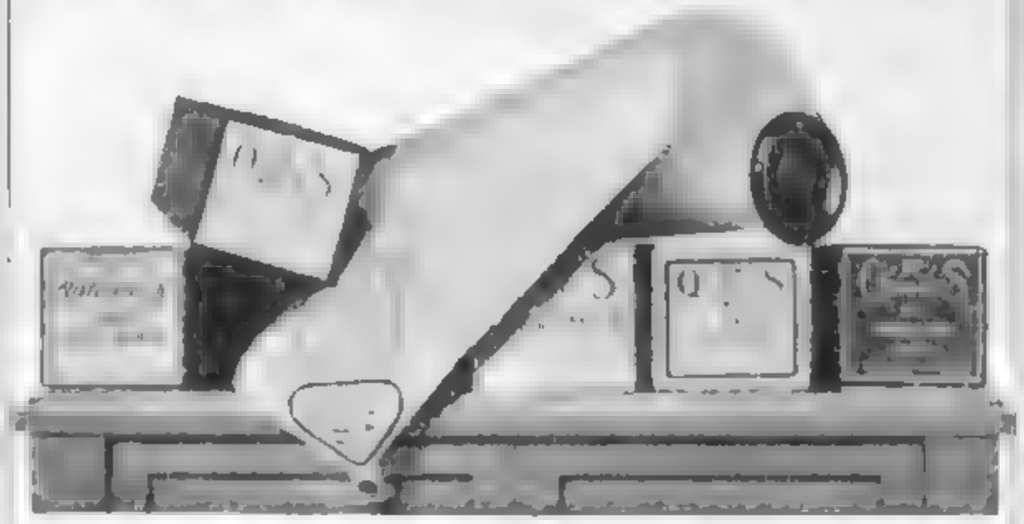
Absurd hypotheses chased each other through his startled brain until, laying hold of the whistle cord in the dark, he found it sagged out too far, so that its mere weight, combined with the force of the wind, had sufficed to lift the whistle valve from its seat.

He breathed again. Hearing a commotion behind him, he turned to find the soldiers struggling up to the boats. That blast had started them out like sweat on a man's brow. He dashed sweat from his own and smiled grimly. Then he reached for the whistle cord and gave them reassuring toots.

And now the business of the light on the starboard side drew him again. He felt guiltily that he had given too much time to that glance over his shoulder. A bridge officer should keep his eyes ahead. It was that glance back which had turned Lot's wife to salt and lost Orpheus his Eurydice—to say nothing of good ships that had come to grief over it. A second's scrutiny was enough to prove the justice of this reflection.

Q·R·S

PLAYER ROLLS



To Player Piano Dealers:

Suppose Q R S Player Rolls do cost us both a little more.

Suppose you could make a few extra pennies of profit selling other makes.

You know that the *customer* pays no more for Q R S Rolls than for ordinary rolls and that the player satisfaction that he receives from natural, artistic player music will eventually sell more rolls and more player pianos.

No one questions the superior musical quality of Q R S Player Rolls. The best proof of this is that in spite of the smaller profit, 80% of all music dealers in America cheerfully sell Q R S Player Rolls. They do this because they know that Q R S Rolls possess human interest and produce human music.

Some of the largest selling numbers of the last three or four years have been produced exclusively in Q R S Rolls. Take for example "The Little Birch Canoe" No. 511. The records of dealers show that eight out of every ten player owners who hear this roll, purchase it.

A Roll Test

Here is an infallible test that proves beyond question that player owners *do* prefer Q R S Player Rolls above all others after actual comparison.

Select several hard to please customers, send them ten compositions on Q R S Player Rolls, and the same selections on another make of rolls. Then tell your customers to pick out the ten rolls from the entire lot that suits them best. Looks as though we are mighty certain of the result of this test; otherwise we would hardly suggest it, would we?

Q R S COMPANY

CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO

That Good Old Carter Blue

WAR has played hob with all manufacturers using colors. Pre-war standards in most lines are mostly memories.

Carter's Writing Fluid, the kind that writes rich, bright blue and dries a permanent black, remains unchanged.

The beautiful, snappy blue that makes this member of the

Carter Inx

family so pleasant to write with and so easy on the eyes is obtained through a *special* dye.

We are protected (and so therefore are you) by large purchases and contracts on this special needed dye, so that we can insure that good old Carter blue for a long, long time.

At all stationery shops, where you will also find **CICO** the new liquid paste, as well as Carter typewriter ribbonz and carbonz.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
Boston Chicago New York Montreal

"Holy angel!" he muttered.

He heard the junior returning to his side and saying discreetly:

"There's nothing there, sir."

"Nothing? What are you saying? We'll run over her, man!"

A new danger had blotted the old one from his mind.

A light at sea may mean many things and is not to be dismissed too easily. Its presence can never be forgotten for an instant, for in that instant it may horribly encroach upon a ship's free way. It is not enough to sight it; it must then be deciphered. Which way is it going and at what speed? It grows in the eye, clings like a leech, stares like the foul fiend, pestiferous, inescapable, a traveling fate.

Again, the distance off is a question to introduce uneasiness into the breast of the careful navigator. A weak light close at hand and a powerful light at a safe distance are not easily distinguishable. Moreover, the lights of sailing vessels rarely show at the distance prescribed by law and frequently cannot be seen until close aboard.

This light had seemed to hover on the very rim of the horizon; but now, when he looked at it again, he was horrified at being able to make out a black object, the bulk of the ship itself, behind it; a rack of yards, with at least the foresail set. The light was even close enough to illuminate a swirl of waters as the ship rose and fell. She looked now not a handspike's breadth away from them. Could he possibly claw off?

His heart swung in his breast like a pendulum; then stopped as if a paralyzing finger had been thrust between his ribs.

"Port helm! Hard over!"

He spoke in his natural tones to the Greek quartermaster. The whir of the wheel followed, without the least change of expression on that swarthy face, dim lit from the binnacle. He trusted implicitly the discretion of the navigating officer.

Slim Williams could now see the whole body of a tiny ship swimming under his bows.

"Hard over, sir?"

Yes; hard over. Nothing to be done but wait. Should he reverse the starboard engine? No—not time. Besides, it might interfere with the action of the helm. . . . The Poetess must have dropped her rudder into the sea. Would she never respond? Not instantly, of course. He knew that she must range ahead nearly along the line of her original course, her momentum persisting and driving her along that line in spite of the turning force of the helm. This advance, or kick, was good for two or three ship lengths at least, and its invariable effect was to throw her stern to leeward, away from the side toward which he wanted to gain ground; for it is the stern of a ship, not the bow, that moves when the ship turns.

He switched on her side lights, his heart now beating thick in his throat. The red light stared through the blackness like an accusing eye, as baleful as the eye of a sea serpent, and altered its bearing not at all.

His brain swarmed with importunate alternatives. Should he have starboarded? Perhaps he could have got across her bows after all. Perhaps it was not even now too late. . . . Yes; too late. . . . The steam steering gear must have broken down.

All this was bound to be trying to the skipper of the oncoming ship too. There was no calculating on that man at all. What if, not seeing the Poetess begin to swing, he should put his helm up and go about on the other tack? As a sailing vessel, he had the right of way and might hold on; but there are times at sea when the mariner does not choose to exercise all his privileges. To hold on when to hold on invites disaster, ultimate and irretrievable, will curl the toes in any man's boots.

"He's on the port tack still," Mr. Williams muttered.

The hair crawled on his neck. He expected momentarily to go through that ship like a knife through cheese.

What had he been about? How could he twist such facts to make them palatable to a court of inquiry? How was it possible to show those grim gentry that such a misinterpretation could coexist with the exercise of reasonable care?

He must have been asleep on his feet; would lose his hard-earned license. . . . He found himself standing on the platform of the standard compass, gripping the cold iron of the hollow spheres, one on either side, which compensate for the magnetic effect exerted by the ship's iron. The situation was dreamlike in its unnatural advance from bad to worse.

He hung there, still clawing the iron with his finger nails, his left shoulder higher than the right, as if he could coax the ship's head to starboard by that minute shift in the center of gravity of his own body. In the old days, when he went quartermaster, the mates could tell which way he was off the course, on black nights, by this very trick he had of urging the ship off with his shoulders.

All was luckily a matter of seconds. With a wave of thankfulness, beyond anything that could be shadowed forth in words, he saw his own ship's head move to starboard, half a point, a point, two points. Ah! At last! Enough! Enough!

The little bark swept closer yet; was hurled under his crashing bows—only a wave's thickness for clearance surely—to reappear on the port side, a rushing phantom of dark yards and crumpled sails. He could have spat on her decks if his tongue had not been dried to a crisp against his palate. She fell astern without outcry or protest; swept out of reach, unspoken, like a chip on the tide. She might have been the Flying Dutchman for all evidence of substantiality she bore. Night and the dark seas swallowed her. The emergency vanished into the shades that had produced it.

Mr. Williams' heart resumed its function, but a strange lightness distributed itself all over his lean body; his knees waggled, and he was aware of an extensive skin prickling, as if he had seen a ghost. He muttered to himself: "That's tonic!"—putting his hand over his heart.

"Get back on your course," he said gruffly to the quartermaster.

The fellow's impassive face had the density of granite. He hadn't turned a hair; wasn't paid to turn a hair.

Glancing into those brooding eyes, Mr. Williams had a haunting half suspicion that his experience was indeed of the other world; that world of magnificent adventures where he was wont to meet the local inspector and with a proud flourish pass him by. But, no; this was real. And he was in no condition now to browbeat even that phantom inspector, whom he had so often summoned to his elbow in the night watches. The phantom came unbidden, however, and fixed him with a look that made the blood run cold through his heart.

"I thought so," said the phantom inspector, with a movement of his brows. "I thought so when I was writing out your license."

"There are extenuating circumstances," pleaded Mr. Williams. "I had treason at my back, as well."

"The Old Man told you not to meddle with that."

"The Old Man is a fool."

"You are a greater one."

"I thought she was about two miles off ——"

"Ah! About? So you are using that word to navigate with after all!"

These imaginary conversations were usually on another order. He was accustomed to bulldoze that phantom; beat it to its knees with crushing retorts, long meditated and skillfully led up to.

He paced faster and faster, hoping by speed to shake this phantom loose. Had he lost his courage as well as his judgment? Presently he wouldn't be able to look the sun and moon in the face. That blow on the head must have robbed him of his power to judge distance.

Well, well; this was something to dream about if all prospect of sleep for that night had not been utterly destroyed. The Poetess had bewitched him. Some traitorous influence had undermined his judgment, spotted his very seamanship. He had made an error within a hair of being fatal.

"It's a miracle of God she's living yet!" he whispered into the attentive ear of the junior, who, having no license to lose, took this near collision much more philosophically. He said placidly:

"I had no idea that ship had come so close."

Slim Williams looked at him hard, contemptuous of that calm bearing. Hadn't the man wit enough to observe that something unusual was in the wind?

"He was showing a weak light. Worse than submarines!" he said jerkily. He glided away, to return on the instant.

"Suppose I had knifed him. I wouldn't have had a leg to stand on. Mind you, he

(Continued on Page 121)

Folding makes cracks and pinholes in ordinary shade cloth—it can't in Brenlin smooth and unbroken

This test will save you window shade disappointment!

Don't wait until your shades are hung to discover they are of inferior quality. Test them before you buy. Avoid a disappointment like this!

The famous Brenlin test shows which shade is made to resist strains, which shade has superior wearing qualities! It proves to you that Brenlin will outwear two ordinary shades!

Why Brenlin wears and wears!

As you fold the ordinary shade material, its "filling" of chalk and clay drops out. You can see cracks and countless pinholes! The little strains of everyday use would cause just such disfiguring holes—once these shades were at your windows.

Now fold Brenlin! Not a crack, not a pinhole in it! It will hang smooth and straight at your windows. It will wear and wear long after an ordinary shade would be useless and discarded! Brenlin wears like this because it contains absolutely no "filling"! It is just a fine, closely woven material, especially treated, especially prepared to give you the most durable shade material it is possible to make.

Made by a special process

Perfectly finished, perfectly woven, Brenlin contains always exactly the same number of threads in every square inch! It is especially treated so that it will not sag, will not wrinkle. An extra fine, expensive color keeps Brenlin supple, and reveals its beautiful linen-like texture. Rain will not spot it, sun will not fade it.

See Brenlin at your dealer's

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town—see the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this wonderful wearing material. He can also show you Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

Make sure you are getting genuine Brenlin—try the famous Brenlin test in your dealer's shop. Look for the word "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy, and when your shades are hung.

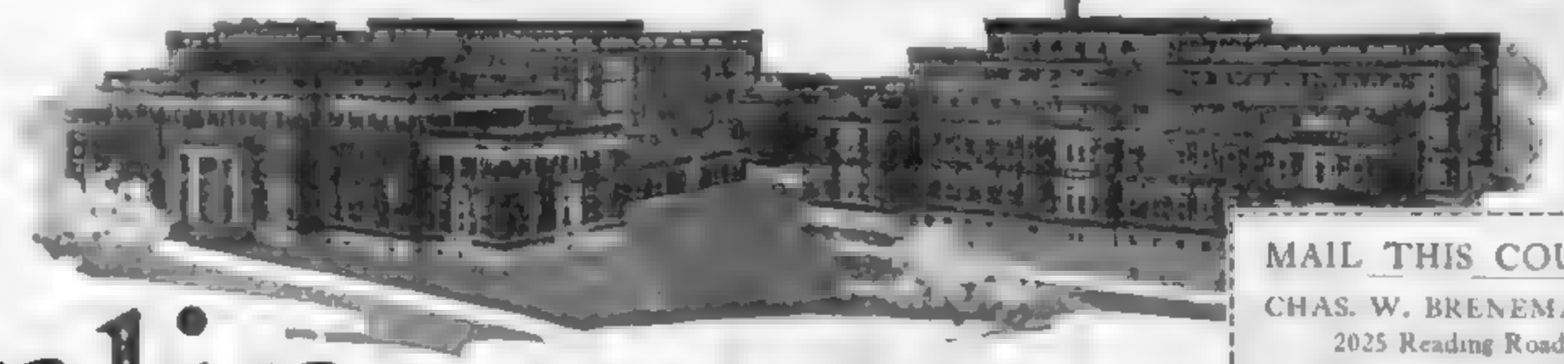
If you do not know where to find Brenlin, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

For windows of little importance Camargo or Empire shades give you the greatest value obtainable in filled shades.

Free book on how to shade windows

Send coupon for this attractive book today. It suggests delightful ways to use the many charming Brenlin colors. With it we will send actual samples of Brenlin window shade material in several different colors.

Chas. W. Breneman & Co., 2025 Reading Road, Cincinnati, O. "The Best Window Shade Cloth Made in America." Factories: Cincinnati, O., and Brooklyn, N. Y. Branches: New York City and Oakland, Cal. Owners of the good will and trade-marks of the Jay C. Wemple Co.



After scientific comparative tests the Cincinnati General Hospital ordered Brenlin window shade cloth for all windows of the new Psychopathic Unit and the Hamilton County Infirmary. Window Shade Adjuster Co., Cincinnati

Brenlin

the long-wearing window shade material

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

CHAS. W. BRENEMAN & CO.
2025 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me booklet, "How shall I shade and decorate my windows?"

*Name*____

Street

City *State*

"Baby at the Pedals"—the Gulbransen Trade Mark

The Gulbransen is a thoroughly American product made of materials produced by the U. S. and Allies, made by an all American organization—employees stockholders and directors. Mr. A. G. Gulbransen, founder and president of the company was born in Norway but came to America when a boy and has been engaged in piano, organ and player-piano manufacturing in the U. S. for 25 years. The name is pronounced with accent on the second syllable. Say it aloud so you will remember it—*Gul-BRAN-sen.*

A TINY year-old baby years ago played dad's Gulbransen just as you see in this picture—which is now our trade mark. This famous trade mark—which you have seen in piano store windows—tells a true story of the "Easy to Play" Gulbransen.

"Easy to Play" smiles the baby—and you, when you first try the Gulbransen, will smile and say it, too. Its sweet singing tones respond to the touch of your foot like Sousa's Band to the wave of his baton. Expression is so simple and natural, you find yourself playing your favorite music with as much confidence as you would hum or whistle.

Nationally Priced

Gulbransen Player-Pianos are sold by substantial dealers in nearly every county in the U. S. The price is the same to everybody, everywhere, marked on each instrument before it leaves the factory. Catalogue and nearest dealer's name sent on request. Four models:

White House Model	$575	Town House Model	$460
Country Seat Model	510	Suburban Model	425

Gulbransen-Dickinson Company
3232 West Chicago Avenue
Chicago

This is the
White House Model, $575

Easy to Play

The Gulbransen dealer displays this Gulbransen Baby trade mark in his store window. It is your invitation to come in and play the Gulbransen yourself. He has arranged a special Gulbransen demonstration for this and next week. He will be expecting you.

GULBRANSEN
Player-Piano

(Continued from Page 118)

was right to keep on his course—no question about that. Right! Entirely right. Up to me to keep clear. I had him on my starboard hand. . . . And that is no matter, either. Sailing vessels have the right of way. Always, unless they're coming up from behind. His nerve was good to hold on though."

He put his head down; looked over the dodger, into the binnacle, under the wheel at the spit kit; then abruptly over his shoulder into the hold, which had had such fatal fascination for him before; and with a long-drawn sigh of intense relief, as if he had just rolled a heavy weight off his weary shoulders, he advanced, in a breathless whisper:

"Suppose I had starboarded. I was in two minds. . . . We would never have come clear that way. Never! I was expecting him to put the helm up and tack ship, as it was, any minute. I tell you this is the sort of thing you talk about after you are dead."

"It's strange to me," said the junior, "how ships can come as close as that, with all the ocean to run in. Here we have not so much as seen a ship for days, and now to run right into one is strange enough. The world is a small place!"

It seemed to him as unlikely as a collision between whirling bodies in the star fields overhead.

"This is a dog's life," said Slim Williams hollowly. "A man sweats the life out of him in the holds, freezes stiff on the yards, starves, loses everything but his shadow—somebody always ready to jump down his throat as soon as he opens his mouth—and then, one false move and he is back where he began. Lost, all in one little second—less than that!—mistook a light—got to begin as a grocer's clerk ashore. Junked!

"If we had run that fellow through I might as well have lit my pipe with my license, for all the good it would have done me after that. I'll be talking about this fifty years from now. That's the closest I ever came. Yes, I can fairly say, the closest. I could have seen a louse on her capstan head."

He took off his cap to let the wind beat on his brow.

"What next, I wonder!" he muttered between set teeth.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Comment on the Week

The Nine Per Cent Dogma

THE Federal Trade Commission appears to have adopted the congressional view that profits in excess of nine per cent on the tangible capital are prima facie evidence of crime. It reports, with censure, a number of big businesses that earned decidedly more than nine per cent in the last three years.

There may have been no end of guilt in the conduct of those concerns, but stating a high rate of profit—especially in boom times—neither proves it nor necessarily implies it. If the disposition of these profits were traced out it would undoubtedly be found that much the greater part of them went back into the business for plant extension, and so on; and that is the way the industrial plant of the United States has been built up in the main—out of its own profits.

The tangible capital investment in a given set of packing houses or a given combination of steel mills is so many hundred million dollars. But the outside money that has been invested in the concern from its inception down to date is but a small fraction of the total. The remainder is an accretion of the concern's own profits. If industrial profits had been strictly limited to nine per cent on the tangible investment we should now be in the state of industrial development of about 1870. Henry Ford, for example, whose original investment may have been five thousand dollars, would now be making automobiles by hand in a shop about twenty feet by sixty—and purchasers of his product would be paying much more than the present price because the cost of production would be much higher.

And if profits are to be limited to nine per cent in the future the outlook for our future Henrys is very dubious. That young man with ideas, who is not made, but on the make, for whom President Wilson once expressed solicitude, may just as well throw up his hands if nine per cent on the actual money that he can command is all he may expect.

We do not know how guilty or innocent any or all of the concerns mentioned in the commission's report may be. But in the absence of monopoly, stating a high rate of profit has nothing to do with the question.

Under this nine per cent rule every industrial invention and improvement immediately becomes a crime; for its normal effect, by cheapening production or increasing output, is to raise profits above the ordinary. Its normal effect is also to lower the price to the consumer. But the immediate motive for adopting it is increased profit.

Society's standing offer to the inventor and innovator is: "Find out how to give us our shoes fifty cents a pair cheaper and double your profits."

The nine per cent dogma, on the other hand, puts it: "Introduce an improvement and be indicted."

German Food Control

LAST December the municipal administration of Neukolln, a manufacturing suburb of Berlin, drew up a long memorial to the Imperial War Food Bureau. The Department of Labor, at Washington, published a translation of it in its Monthly Review for May.

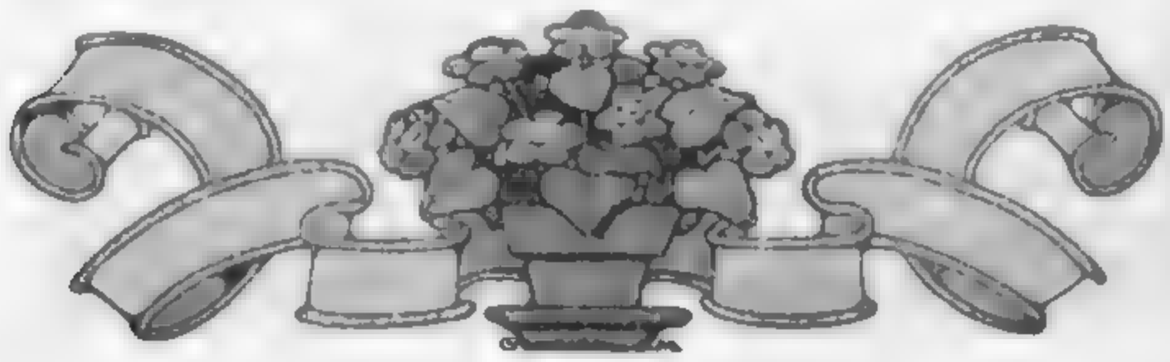
The memorial recites that the town contains thirteen hundred industries engaged on war work; but the largest of them, like the Krupp branch, have bought food and resold it to their employees in addition to the regular foodstuffs rations—apparently in order to hold their working forces. There was stiff competition for foodstuffs.

"We frequently," says the memorial, "receive from speculators offers of grain seeds to be used as food, without a seed voucher, the amount offered sometimes being as high as three thousand hundredweight and the price running up to forty-three dollars and eighteen cents a hundredweight. Seed peas and beans were offered, without a seed voucher, at from thirty to fifty-six dollars a hundredweight. When we declined them they were bought by another commune of Greater Berlin. . . .

"Since, in addition to vegetables secured by contract, others could be sold in open market, growers were tempted to deliver not to holders of their contracts but to the open market. Hence, of our total contracted quantity of two hundred and eighty-six thousand hundredweight of autumn vegetables we received only eleven thousand hundredweight, and were compelled to buy in open market against the competition of the big industrial firms at prices above the maximum. Even official bodies were unwilling to let us have vegetables at the fixed prices, but demanded additional allowances of all kinds, sometimes fifty per cent above the maximum."

So on through the whole memorial, which declares roundly that the imperial food administration has largely broken down, and that those who get food must scramble for it at speculators' prices. It shows a scarcity of food.

It also shows that even the iron-handed German Government finds there is a limit to price fixing.



The pen that taught the writing world a habit —

Waterman's Ideal FountainPen

Three Types:

for Soldier, Sailor, Father, Mother, Sister, Brother

All to keep the Home Letters coming and going

Self Filling, Safety and Regular

The Fountain Pen Habit took hold with the perfection of Waterman's Ideal. It developed with the general knowledge of the pen's success. Today it is a universal habit. With people who have used Waterman's Ideal there is no substitute. Quality, merit and usefulness have earned for it the right to be asked for and purchased by name—Waterman's Ideal.

For over thirty-five years this pen has made all writing and clerical work easier to accomplish, with a great saving of time and materials.

Waterman's Ideal today is the one little tool that is keeping the home and its absent ones in constant touch. It is helping to do the work that is falling upon the depleted home forces.

Select a Waterman's Ideal that is accurately suited to your hand and character of writing and it will serve you well for many years. The makers are interested in the success of every pen wherever it goes and as long as it lasts.

$2.50, $4.00, $5.00 and up

At Best Stores

L. E. Waterman Co., 191 Broadway, New York

[illegible] 115 So. Clark St., Chicago [illegible] Stockton St., San Francisco

[illegible] St. James St., W., Montreal [illegible] Kingsway, London, W.C. [illegible] Rue Montorgueil, Paris

"YANKEE" TOOLS

Multiply Man's Power

Here's one of those famous "YANKEE" tools that follows trouble into its hole; that goes right in after it and repairs it, where the ordinary tool could not be used. The "YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill will do anything that any drill of its size will do out in the open, and works perfectly in awkward corners where other drills will not work at all.

It has two speeds and five adjustments: (1) Plain Drill, (2) Left-hand Ratchet, (3) Right-hand Ratchet, (4) DOUBLE Ratchet, (5) Gears Locked.

Suppose you have work where you cannot make a full revolution with the crank. Tear down the job? Not at all! Use the Double Ratchet. The slightest movement of the crank in either direction gives the drill a continuous forward movement. No lost motion—no lost time! Efficiency worthy of a nation at war!

Speed and Ratchet Adjustments changed at a finger touch and without removing drill from work.

Speed Shifter at hub of crank; Ratchet Adjustment shown between bevel gears.

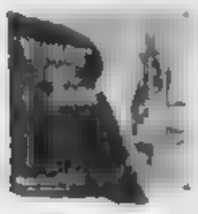
"YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill

Price, $8.35

Your Dealer can Supply You

No. 1555. Length 17 in. Three-jaw chuck for round shank drills up to ½" diameter.

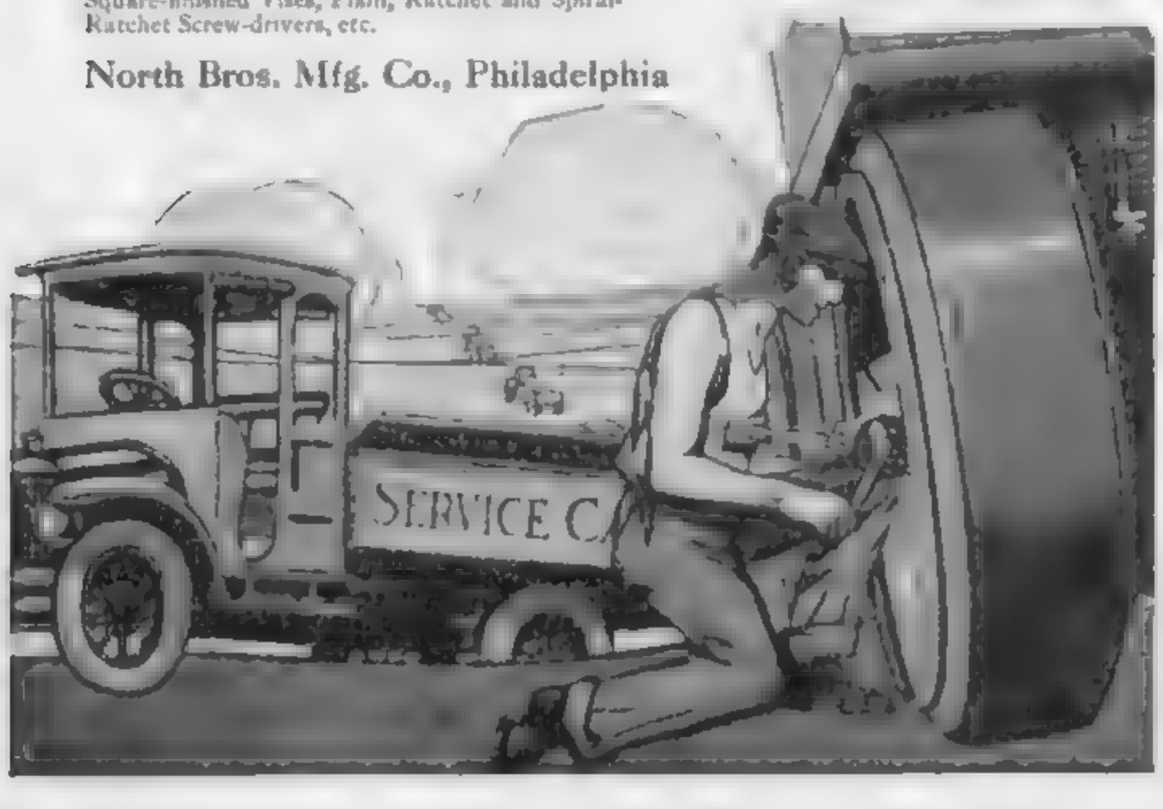
No. 555. Length 17½ in. Two-jaw chuck for holding both rounds and squares.



Write for free "YANKEE" Tool Book

illustrating tools that do work that common tools cannot do; Ratchet Breast and Hand Drills, Automatic-feed Bench and Chain Drills, Ratchet Tap Wrenches, Removable Square-finished Vises, Plain, Ratchet and Spiral-Ratchet Screw-drivers, etc.

North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia



OUR BOYS

(Continued from Page 26)

did not supply. They don't value the French money very highly; they say it reminds them of cigar coupons.

Boy after boy threw the soiled paper money on the counter saying: "Kill it; and if you can't kill it, cripple it as much as you can."

As I served them that morning, saying a few sentences to each one, I longed for a short cut to friendship, for I knew that, in spite of the sympathy that drew us together, we were still only acquaintances, and in the hinterland of my mind at least, and I think of theirs, too, was that sense of the imminence of movement, of change. To-morrow they might all be gone. Luck gave me the short cut, for the Germans began to shell us, and that experience plunged us into intimacy. All morning long we had heard the French battery shooting from up by the support lines. The boys told me the battery was about to move and was having a little farewell strafe.

"But don't you worry, the Germans won't do nothing to this village," one boy said. "You see, they hope to get this land here back and don't want to shell for fear of battering down the houses and maybe any stray friends they have."

He had scarcely spoken when we heard the whistle of a shell, and shrapnel fell on the roof.

"If it's only shrapnel it's all right," said Doctor S——, "but if a shell gets a direct hit on this shack—good-by! No use moving out, however; there aren't any cellars or dugouts round."

The boys crowded to the windows; some of them rushed into the street. The military police waved to them to get under cover, while I ran to the door and shrieked at them as if they had been five years old, and my boys, out, say, in a rainstorm.

"Gosh! That sounds like home," I heard someone say.

"Now, listen to the sounds and learn about shells," said one boy, pedagogically inclined. "It'll be an advantage to you to know if they're German or French, and which way they're coming, and whether they're gas or high explosive."

Shell Philosophy

Well, I suppose it would be if something didn't happen to me while I was learning. Though I have been under shell fire eight or ten times since that morning, in dugouts and woods and trenches, I never wait for any academic analysis of the shells. If I am in the open and there is a dugout or cellar handy I make for that; if there is not I make for the nearest ditch, and groan pretty nearly as much over the mud I shall have to brush off my clothes as over the possibility of what the shells may do to me. I've begun in a small way to accept the philosophy of the soldiers.

"If a shell hasn't got your name on it there's no use worrying, and if it has got your name you'll never know it in this world."

But in ditches and other safe places I have made the generalizations that some bombarding sounds like the elevated trains running over your head; that some shells sound as if they were sliding along wire; others whistle with a steadily rising and diminishing volume; still others have a sort of humming rhythm as they soar. Shells from our own or the French batteries sound to me as if they were somersaulting. When a shell explodes near me it sounds like a huge door slamming—unless it is close enough for me to feel the concussion or have dirt thrown on me. Then I haven't got mind enough to compare it to anything.

I always feel safer with a roof over me—if it's nothing but the roof of a Y car. I confess to a sneaking sympathy with Mickie, who heard a shell coming and stooping over made a little canopy above himself with his raincoat. After every shelling experience I feel a passionate admiration for the sheer physical courage of men who go forth to war. I can forgive such a one anything because of his bravery. Likewise, I have an increased pity for anyone with a yellow streak that he can neither overcome nor conceal. I only go into a shell area when it is a matter of duty that I should; and if we were not pioneering in this section I should never be allowed to interpret my own duty. I should have been snatched away, and some Y man would have been put in to do my work. That is what is sure to happen presently. Meanwhile I agree with the driver that a woman's life is no more precious than a man's, and rarer nowadays. But as to shelling, I feel about it as Irvin Cobb does about seasickness: I can't seem to get used to it.

Hot From the Guns

We sat and listened to the shells and told each other that the French battery was three-quarters of a mile away, and that the Germans ought to be able to hit somewhere near where they were aiming. But shrapnel falling on the roof punctured our prophecies, while outside we could hear the soldiers jesting and laughing. One humorist kept crying in falsetto "I want to go home!" I could hear fragments of excited narration:

"—— was frying some potatoes I panhandled off the cook when some shrapnel hit the corner of my billet. Good night, nurse! You should have seen me chuck away the potatoes."

"Gee, I did worse than that. I chucked away the blouse I was mending, with the needle in it, and it hit the top sergeant on the mouth."

When the bombardment was over we all ran out to see what damage had been done. Looking at the shell holes and digging up hot pieces of shrapnel and inquiring after possible casualties made us chatter together as if we had known each other always. All afternoon boys came in bringing me souvenirs of shrapnel until I had accumulated at least fifty pounds of it and had to hide it away under the counter. And boy after boy told me of his dramatic escape. It appeared that practically every man had been from one hundred feet to six feet from an exploding shell! I am able now to listen to any marvelous war tale with innocent, believing eyes, and I rather envy the next generation the thrills it is going to have hearing the tales of returned soldiers. If these beginners can do so well with a story a few minutes after a shell falls, what can they not do when they have a little time to embroider?

But it was one Billy, a runner, a blue-eyed boy from Wisconsin, who had the cream of the stories that day, for he had a proof somewhat better than a piece of warm shrapnel. He strolled in with a triumphant smile, a torn blouse, and a spoon, the handle of which had been twisted as if it had been in a vise.

"I was coming from the trenches to the post-commander's dugout with a message," he said, "when Boom! Boom! I heard it coming. I dug for the ditch, but a bit of shrapnel got my mess kit and sent it to—to—smashed it all up, and tore my clothes and scratched my hide—skin, I mean—and this spoon's all I have left to eat with."

"Well," said a voice, "that shell pretty near had your name on it, didn't it?"

"It did have my name," said Billy, "but it didn't have my address, so that's all right."

This experience made us all old friends, and what clinched the matter was the favorite trench joke which the boys worked off on me. Every new group now tries it and I always pretend to be taken in.

"Say, ma'am, did you notice that cut in Fred's chin? Maybe you wouldn't, it's pretty near healed; but get him to tell you how he did it."

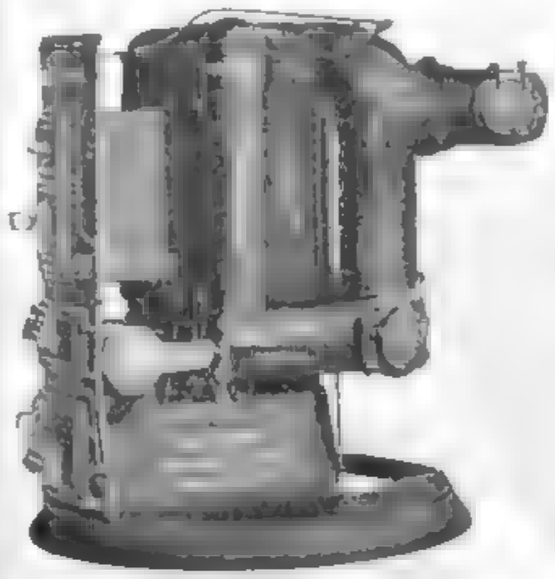
(Continued on Page 125)

National Round Oak Week
Sept. 7th – Sept. 14th

From Dawson to New Orleans—from New York to 'Frisco—all next week Round Oak dealers will demonstrate and feature Round Oak Specialties in their windows and on their sales floors. You will want to meet the Round Oak dealer in your city, village or hamlet. He is a good man to trade with—a better man to know. You will always find him to be a seller of Good Goods Only, rightly priced.

The originators of the Genuine Round Oak Stove have built only the highest grade specialties in the stove and heater world for more than two generations. That's one of the reasons why Round Oaks last longer and serve better. That's why there is only one Round Oak Specialty of each type.

If you are not personally familiar with this distinctively Quality line, send in coupon and check the book or books you want and we will forward, free and quite without obligation, the story that explains and illustrates Round Oak Super-Service.



For Health, Comfort and Fuel Economy

It would be wise to immediately investigate your present heating system and SEE that it circulates (not radiates) properly humidified, pure, warm, ever-changing air, free from dust, gas and smoke. If it does less than this, you continue to jeopardize the health and comfort of your family.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR. He will tell you that the proper percentage of moisture in the air is supremely essential to comfort and health. Also satisfy yourself with regard to the importance of the proper circulation of air. Both will be served AUTOMATICALLY by the correct installation of the

ROUND OAK
Moistair Heating System

The Only Heating System that Automatically Ventilates and Humidifies

This system, because of its Patented Humidifying Device and other exclusive improvements, positively safeguard *for more than a generation* the three important factors of Health, Comfort and Fuel Economy. It burns ALL fuels.

Investigate! It is possible for you, providing you act at once, to have one of these superior heating systems installed in your home this Fall. Send coupon today for FREE Book of Evidence and name of nearest dealer authorized to quote and install this system.

Five Star Points of Round Oak Supremacy

***Comfort** Circulates pure, warm, properly humidified air, free from dust, gas and smoke. Is it combined like Nature's way.

***Health** The one heating system that automatically ventilates and properly moistens the air you breathe.

***Economy** Longest fire travel (see cut) steals most heat from chimney. Perfect hot blast, extra deep fire pot and ash pit (see cut) overdraft guarantees complete combustion with all fuels. Absolute control.

***Convenience** Simple regulation of dampers. Automatic ash pit sprinkler guarantees removal of all ashes without making a particle of dust. Extra large ground feed doors burns all fuels.

***Durability** Materials used stand highest [illegible] All hinge pieces drilled and [illegible] No use for a bolt where a rivet will do! Tight [illegible] Records more than a generation of Supreme Service.

ROUND OAK
"Chief" Boiler Iron Range

"The Range with the $100,000 Patented Reservoir"

Because of our patented principle this range successfully heats water in the reservoir and *bakes at the same time*. Patented convex contact plate eliminates all reservoir troubles commonly found in other ranges.

Double amount of insulation in walls retains heat in the oven. Bakes crisp pie crust, tasty biscuits and juicy roast using either hard or soft coal, coke, wood or cobs.

Simple to operate and quick to respond to all fuels. Built of highest quality materials for a generation of satisfying service. Inspect the "Round Oak Chief." The only range with the $100,000 patented reservoir. ***Write for "Chief" Book.***

ROUND OAK
Three-Fuel Combination Range

—Cool in the Summer
—Warm in the Winter

Consider These 8 Star Points

*Has one large over-sized, thoroughly insulated oven for all fuels

*Burns at a saving coal, coke, wood or gas—separately or together.

*It is a full size gas range and a full size coal range all in one.

*The Range that produces in one oven uniform results.

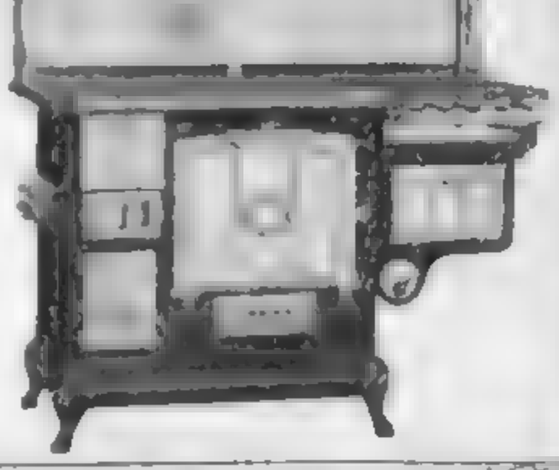
*Supremely effective, over-sized, improved, adjustable broiler.

*Simple to operate and absolutely safe in anyone's hands.

*Positively requires no blacking.

*Lasts a generation.

If you have Gas in your city investigate this specialty!



The Original ROUND OAK
Square Base Heater

To know in advance that the heating stove you are going to buy will hold the fire over night—every night—not only for this winter but for the next generation—to know that it will burn all fuels successfully and with positive economy—to know that it will burn the cheapest kind of fuel—will be your assurance in the purchase of this nationally known heater.

More Than 2,000,000 Satisfied Users

Write for the Round Oak Book

Safeguard Your Dollars by Demanding the Genuine!

O'Reilly originators of the "Oak" stove substantiated by *The* [illegible] *American* edition of 1904, vol. 15, under the heading of stoves which says "should be mentioned, as well as the [illegible] Made by T. D. Beckwith

The Beckwith Company

Manufacturers of the
Genuine Round Oak Moistair Heating System, Round Oak [illegible]
Boiler Iron Ranges and Combination Coal and Gas Ranges
186 Front Street DOWAGIAC, MICH.

Fill in the Coupon - mail now!

THE BECKWITH COMPANY
186 Front Street, Dowagiac, Michigan

Gentlemen: Without obligation, please send me the information checked below:

- ☐ Illustrated Book on Moistair Heating which explains clearly how to secure healthful and economical Home Heating.
- ☐ Information about the perfected Round Oak Three-Fuel Combination Coal and Gas Range.
- ☐ Information about Round Oak "Chief" Boiler Iron Range. (The range with the $100,000.00 reservoir.)
- ☐ Information about the Round Oak Square Base Heater—the Original—the Genuine.

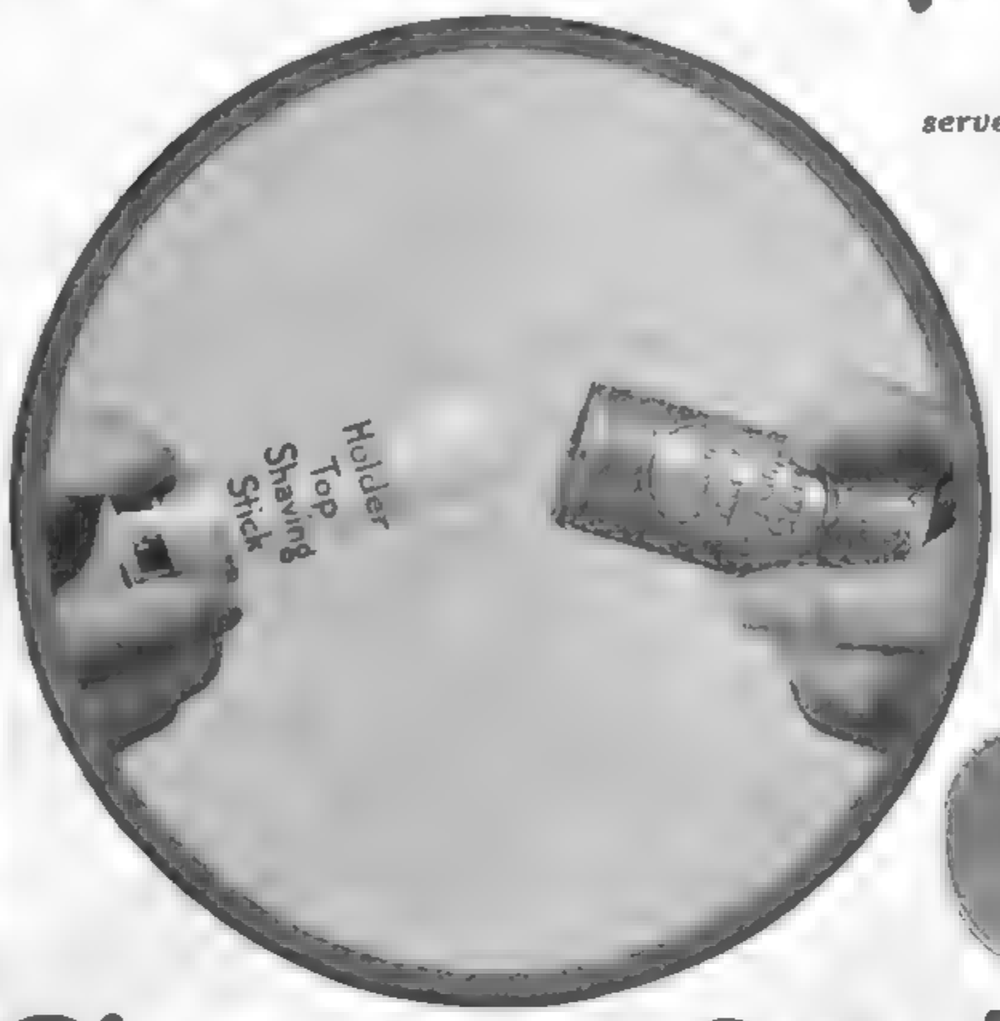
Name _____

Street No _____

City _____ State _____

Williams'

PATENTED Holder Top



The box top serves also as a holder for the stick

Shaving Stick

IN the early A. M. when minutes count, the quick-acting lather from a Williams' Holder Top Stick is a time-saver. Quick to come, quick to soften the beard; it shortens the shave by many needed minutes. No strong-arm work needed to bring the softening, soothing, lasting lather. No rough riding for the razor. A snappy, smooth job and an after-feel of radiant comfort.

Besides there's the Holder Top feature—a metal finger grip into which the Stick is firmly fastened, never becoming loose from the time the Stick is bought until the last available bit is used.

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Every morning in camp,

your soldier will be grateful to you for having sent him Williams'

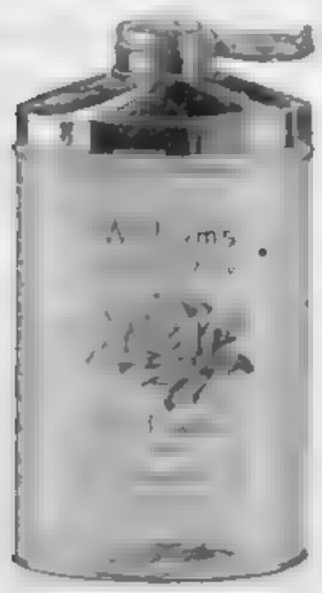
—the shaving soap that will assure his comfort—

the one real luxury he need not give up.

Send 20c. in stamps for trial sizes of the four forms shown here. Then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c. in stamps for any size.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

After the shave at the fount you will enjoy the comfort-[illegible]



(Continued from Page 122)

"Tell me how you did it, Fred."

"Well," drawled Fred, "I was leaning on our barrage and it was suddenly withdrawn and I fell over onto the German trench!"

As the boys have become individuals to me, so the significance of life among them has deepened. I am constantly impressed with the marvelous way our soldiers have adapted themselves to an absolutely new and strange environment, to new rules of conduct and obedience, a new country, an atmosphere of constant danger. They have taken their stay in this sector like a camping holiday; and, indeed, it is much like that in these summer months. As in camping, there are no women about; there is informal housekeeping, and there are outdoor duties. It struck me like that soon after I arrived, and though war has already taken toll of us I have seen no reason to change the impression. I remember the first long walk I took among the billets and fields. All our Y stores having been exhausted for that day I was free. I set down just what I saw. It was a glorious day with just the tang in the air that suggests gypsying.

Breakfast was cooking on the rolling kitchens. The boys who had puptents were rolling out on the grass. Only a few are lucky enough to be able to use these tents on account of the danger of shrapnel, either from German shells or from the French antiaircraft guns. The boys billeted in houses, barns and sheds were rough-and-tumbling. Singing, cursing, humorous personal abuse, shouts of "gangway!" sounds of splashing water, the clatter of the wooden shoes of the civilians on the street, the lowing of cows, the morning greeting of a mule, the rumble of a freight train coming in—all intermingled with a far-away boom of cannonading. Then came the line-up for mess—the soldiers, with the sunshine putting gold into their khaki, moved slowly up toward the kitchens, where one cook dished bacon and potatoes and gravy into the lower part of the oval mess kit while a second cook laid on the cover a piece of bread with or without butter or sirup. A third cook or a K. P.—kitchen police—ladled out coffee. "Seconds" were allowed if the boys cared to form in line again.

The dishes were cleaned in the following sketchy fashion—again reminiscent of camping days: The boys moved in line up to a huge pot of hot water, plunged in their mess kits, knife, fork and spoon, and paddled them about for a few seconds. Before the last soldier had taken his turn the water was almost cold and was about the color and consistency of soup. The more fastidious of the boys cleaned their kits further with grass and paper.

A Street in Our Town

All morning there was the mingling of work and leisure. There was black-haired Jimmy, who reminded me of Stevenson's Alan Breck with the dancing madness in his eye. Jimmy was sitting in front of his billet, which he called Hôtel de Barn, his towel tucked round his neck, while Billy—he of the shrapnel adventure—ran a hair-cutter over his friend's head, shaving him down to the very scalp. There was Micky, who hates rats, sitting in his billet, which he called Cootie Villa, watching a rat hole, with his lieutenant's pistol ready to fire. There was a boy in front of a barn writing a letter home. There was another group under a camouflage playing cards. There were knots of two and three before every billet looking over their equipment.

Details passed up and down the street. Here was half a platoon with picks and shovels going out to dig trenches, which some of them were persuaded would have some deep significance in a forthcoming military action, and which others thought were the outcome of their officers' intention to keep them making motions. There was another detail getting ready to carry food to the trenches. There was a group carrying hay for the horses of the major and his mounted orderly. There was a half platoon making ready for a hike. There was a squad in the shed next to the Y loading strips for the machine guns. There was a squad standing by with mules and little wagons ready to take ammunition up to the machine guns, with which the woods are bristling. There were two worried-looking lieutenants on the search for billets for a company that was to come up in a day or so. We, as well established, grinned heartlessly at them, while someone said absently: "Say, there's nice cool quarters in that swamp old lady Schmidt calls a barn."

All up and down the streets I caught bits of conversation such as this

"What day is it, anyhow?" "Tuesday—no; Thursday—search me!" "I want the date, you crazy bird; if you can just tell me the date I can figure out the day, for I remember the day my mother's birthday came on last month."

"Say, when do you think there'll be another mail? I ain't seen a SATURDAY EVENING POST of a date later than May eleventh."

"Pete, got any notion when we're going to get paid?"

"Bill says he heard the lieut saying we were to go into the line to-night."

"When do you suppose the Frenchies will let us run this sector ourselves?"

"If anyone can tell me how much longer this war is going to last —— "

I heard these remarks with variations several times a day—and no one seemed to have any respect for the replies that were given

I constantly come across things that suggest schoolboy truancy. During this walk I ran into Fred, hurrying to take his place in the hike platoon and telling the world what he thought of the major that ordered him to take it with his blouse on. When I said commiseratingly that I wished his pack were not so large he winked impishly, and showed me how ingeniously it was stuffed with straw.

Cherries are Ripe

"My brother had the sense to join the cavalry so he wouldn't have to walk," Fred said. "I've got to make up somehow for not having had the brains to follow his example."

Not long afterward I came across stocky, dreamy-eyed Aleck in the grip of an M. P.

"Wherever have you been, Aleck?" I asked. "We've been wondering."

And Aleck replied with a far-away look in his eyes: "I don't know, ma'am. Somehow I got lost on that hike three days ago, and I wandered pretty nearly to Switzerland before an M. P. picked me up."

"Yes, you did get lost!" said the M. P. jeeringly. "Maybe you'll have the chance to tell your troubles in a court-martial."

"Ain't it natural to lose your way in a strange country?" mused Aleck. Then he whispered to me: "It's my first offense and I guess they'll only dock me a couple of months' pay. But hell, it was worth it to sleep in a real bed!"

Presently along came slim Jerry with a chip on his shoulder.

"Say, it ain't fair," he said; "you got them promises out of some of us fellows, and a whole lot of others got off scot-free."

"Just show them to me, Jerry, and I'll play fair."

I had been making all the boys I could promise not to climb the cherry trees in No Man's Land as Jimmy had. And I had been extracting promises from boys going to the trenches for the first time not to put their heads above the parapet to look for snipers—because they might find them; and above all, not to sit on the parapet. These boys after about the first day in the front line have to be held out of danger. By some perverse psychology their impatience to get from under French domination adds to their recklessness.

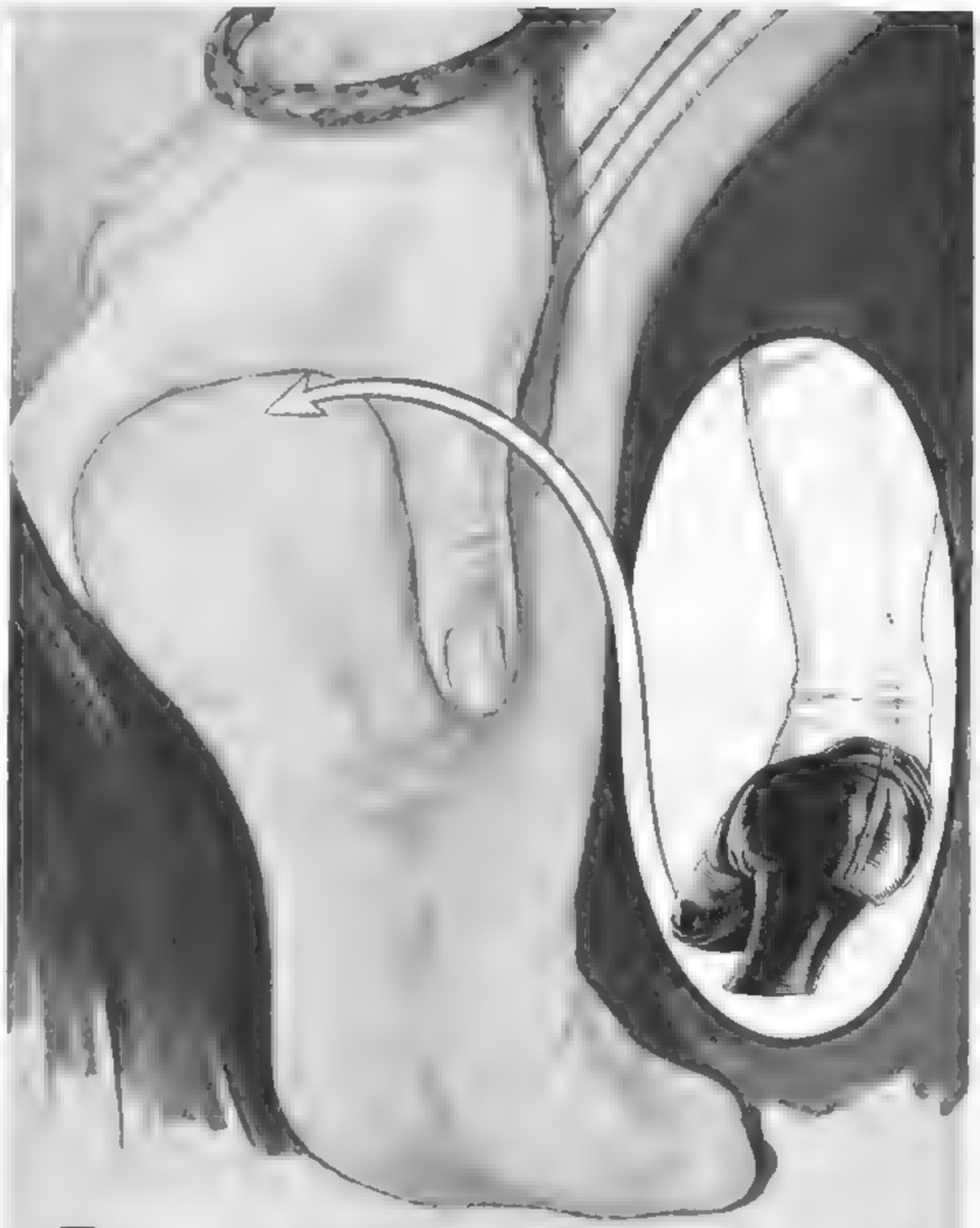
As Jerry and I were talking we heard the sharp drone of aëroplanes. We knew by the sound that they were both French and German, and we lifted our heads, while at the same moment the antiaircraft guns close by began to fire. A little crowd gathered, and a top sergeant made us get under cover for fear of shrapnel. Four planes were fighting, two French and two German. We watched the battle, thrilled by the skill of the combatants. Half an hour it lasted, and then the German planes dashed toward their own lines, one of them evidently crippled. That was a cheering sight to us, for so far in this quarter the Germans have the supremacy in the air.

"Gee, my muscles are tired," Jerry said; "they always get cramped when I'm watching this way, for I'm doing all the fighting myself."

As the group separated we saw a lad in khaki, a newcomer, his rifle and bayonet over his shoulder, coming down from the trenches in the wake of a Frenchman, who kept looking nervously over his shoulder.

"What's up, you guy?" asked Jerry. "Your friend must love your face the way he rubbers at you."

"Why," replied the other, "this here Frenchman he told me to follow him, and



Prevent run-over heels.

Run-over heel is not a shoe trouble, but a *foot* trouble that should be attended to.

It indicates a misalignment of the heel and ankle bones, which causes aching feet and often pains in the hip and back. Wizard Heel Leveler corrects this condition and prevents more serious foot trouble. It also enables the shoe to wear straight.

Wizard
Adjustable Foot Appliances

correct the most prevalent foot troubles by supporting the misplaced bones in normal position. This simple and *comfortable* method relieves the pressure or strain and the trouble disappears. They are soft, featherlight, all-leather supports, to be worn in the shoe—out of sight and out of mind.

Wizard Callous Remover.

To instantly relieve a callous, put a rubber insert in the pocket beneath the sole, so that when in the shoe, it will come just back of the callous. This slightly raises the bone, takes off the pressure, and stops the pain. Eventually, the callous disappears

Wizard Arch Builder.

Builds up fallen arches gently, gradually and comfortably. The over-lapping pockets, with soft inserts make it easy to build a support of *any* desired height or shape, changing as the condition of the arch improves. Arches can thus be restored to normal without any discomfort. Wizards contain no metal, and require no breaking-in.

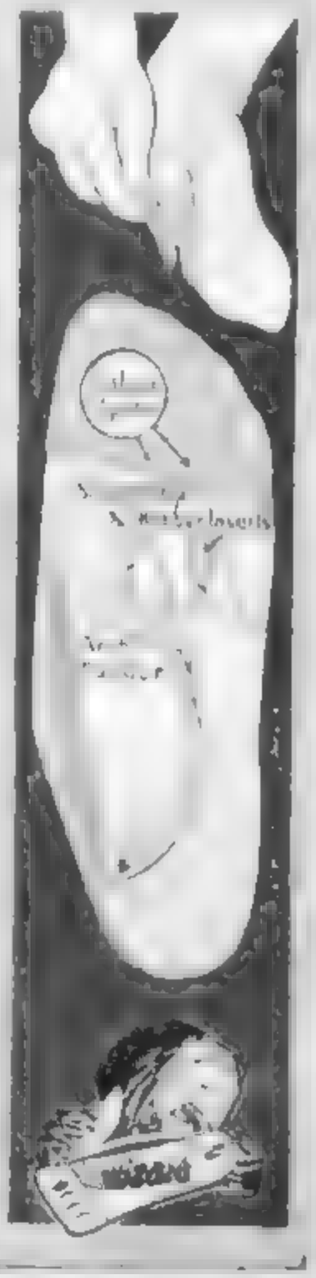
Good dealers sell Wizards.

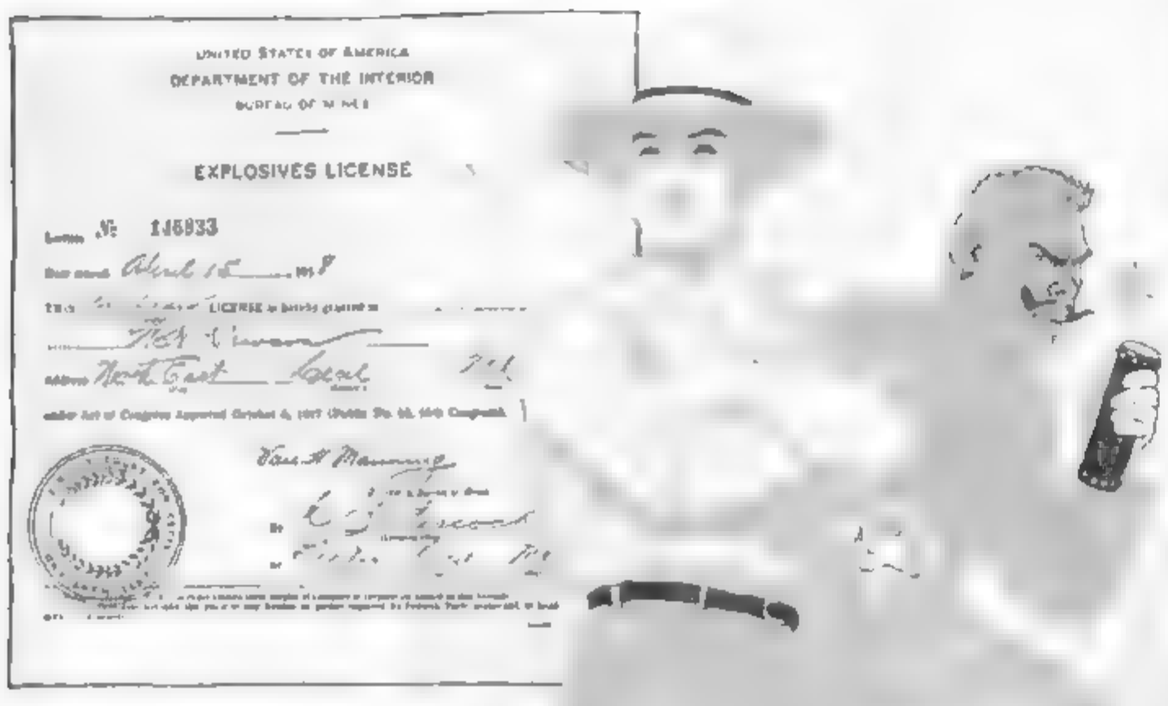
Stores where Wizards are sold usually have an expert who has studied the Wizard System of relieving foot trouble and can fit you with the proper Wizard device to give you instant relief. He is also an expert in fitting shoes It will pay you to patronize such a store. If you can't locate a Wizard dealer near you, write us

Orthopraxy of the Foot—*FREE.*

This complete little book on foot troubles will help you to foot relief. Write for free copy today.

Wizard Foot Appliance Co., 1642 Locust St., St. Louis





To protect—not to hinder

The sole object of the explosives licensing law is to keep explosives out of the hands of plotters or alien enemies.

It is not desired to restrict the use of Farm Powder by loyal Americans, or to hinder its purchase for legitimate purposes.

The main thing to note is that a license must be obtained, which authorizes you to use explosives or issue them to your help.

A license costs 25 cents. It will be issued by your county clerk or local licensing agents.

When you need ATLAS Farm Powder to increase production or offset labor shortage, secure a license and simply order from your dealer as usual.

Write us for further information if desired, and ask for our big free book, "Better Farming." Check the subjects in which you are interested:

☐ Stump Blasting ☐ Subsoil Blasting ☐ Road Making
☐ Boulder Blasting ☐ Ditch Digging ☐ Tree Planting

This book is free. Write for it today.

ATLAS POWDER COMPANY
Wilmington, Delaware

Atlas Farm Powder
THE SAFEST EXPLOSIVE
The Original Farm Powder

Sell Us Your Spare Time

We will buy it and pay you a good price for it.
Wouldn't you like $50.00 extra in September?

Scores of spare-time representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* will earn more than $50.00 this month.

Why not you too? You need not invest a single penny to learn all about our plan. Experience is unnecessary. Profits begin at once. Just clip the coupon and mail it today.

The Curtis Publishing Company
409 Independence Square Philadelphia, Penna.

Gentlemen:—Tell me all about your spare-time money making plan. I am interested.

Name

Address

City State

"BATHASWEET"

A Perfumed Luxury for the Bath. Softens Hard Water Instantly

Make your bath a luxury. Don't bathe in hard water; it roughens and irritates the skin. A spoonful of BATHASWEET in your bath brings the exotic [illegible] of a thousand flowers. A [illegible]

Small size 35c, large size 75c at all Drug and Department Stores, or by mail to Dept. L.

C. S. WELCH COMPANY, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

to carry my bayonet fixed, and a few bullets kept pinging round, and it made me nervous, I guess. Anyhow, I stumbled over on him and jabbed him, and he changed his rule."

Every day the boys are occupied and interested and diverted. This war, indeed, is a great school for them. They have come together from all sorts of occupations, having practically nothing in common but youth, and on the part of nearly all an intention to do their duty. Now they are fused into a disciplined whole, meeting hardships with patience and cheerfulness. They have something to complain of, but they never complain to anyone whom they consider an outsider. Some bad ones there are, naturally, who occasionally make a convert to their evil group. But the vast majority of them have begun to see that this war is an acid test of character. They want to come out clean. They often tell me their thoughts about what this war is to mean to them.

"This war," said Jimmy, "will make of us fellows either men or bums."

What he went on to say has been said to me with variations by at least three score boys. I set it down as more or less typical, for I believe it represents the thinking of the best sort of young American.

"It's all in the way you take it," Jimmy continued; "now I have a good home, and what is more I've always known it. I am the only son, and when I told my mother I wanted to enlist because this fight was for the United States, and I said it was up to her to let me go or not, she said she was glad I felt that way, and she wouldn't hold me back from my duty. All the same, I noticed that she felt just as bad as anyone else when I was leaving.

"Of course, there's lots of things that come hard to a fellow that's been used, as I have, to hoeing his own row without asking leave. I like a soft bed, too, as well as anyone else. But any fellow can stand a hard bed and food coarser than he gets at home if he makes up his mind. What makes me tired is to hear other fellows kick when it's just as hard on the rest of us as it is on them. I always suspect a fellow when he knocks a lot about the food; I think it's maybe the best he ever had.

"It's to be taken for granted that we all want to get this war over and go home. But the way I look at it is we've got a job cut out for us and it'll be a whole lot easier if we smile. It's our job to see this thing through, and there's lots in it that's interesting and good for us too. I'll tell the world, as far as I'm concerned, that I'm glad I came."

Understanding the French

Sometimes a boy of twenty surprises me with his plucky, sane philosophy of life, and his grasp on what the war means; and perhaps a few minutes later I talk to some lad who does not really know what he is here for.

"What do you think of France, Harold?" I asked one soldier, a slow-moving, slow-thinking boy of foreign extraction.

"Well, it's a nice enough country, but I can't see it's worth fighting for."

"You don't suppose you've come over here to fight for France, Harold?"

"Why, yes, I do. People at home have been saying it was a shame the way these French soldiers had to hold off the Germans ——"

I explained that we were not fighting for France; that if it were France we were rescuing we should have come over here soon after August, 1914. I told Harold, as well as I could, how the liberty and democracy of the world were threatened by the ideals of Germany, but I do not know how far I convinced him.

Often I find the soldiers far from understanding France. Among the mounting obligations of the Y worker is the duty of helping the Entente by interpreting France to our soldiers. It is not easy.

The way for a boy to see France, of course, is with a suitcase and a cane, and freedom to go where he will, not with a pack and a rifle and rigidly enforced cantonment limits. From the nature of their circumstances our soldiers see the least favorable side of France. Always there is the sanitation; our soldiers have the duty of cleaning dirty streets. They see that France, unlike the United States, has not made the most of her vast physical resources. They hear a language that they do not understand, and the charm and wit of which they cannot feel. They do know that the French are polite and obliging, attractive and cheerful, and the most wonderful of fighters. But even that much comprehension leaves them a good deal yet to understand.

One of our Y. M. C. A. lecturers under whom we sat when we were being educated for our work—much as officers go to school over here—has made the statement that while we consider the Frenchman frivolous he considers all Anglo-Saxons as hypocrites, and that he has reasons that would astonish us for thinking us hypocrites. The Frenchman asks us if we consider soul more important than body, and we reply that we do; then he listens to our talk, which never includes anything about art, and he decides that we are not interested in the soul but in material things.

The Frenchman is not particularly modest about his body; he would just as soon take a bath in the street as not. But he is modest about his soul. He despises the good mixer, the man who tells all his affairs, who has no reticences, no privacies. He considers that man's soul in the street; he is shocked at its nudity. The Frenchman has a place for his soul, a shrine, and that is his home. There is only one name for "home" in France—*foyer*, the hearth. He would never say as some of us do, "Let's go home to the hotel." For him home is never merely the last place where he has left his luggage, but the place where his people have lived for generations. Nor will he take you into his *foyer* until he knows you well. You will find, when you look at his home, the stables and kitchens and servants' quarters on the outside; the farther inside you go the nearer you come into the heart of the family—the living rooms; the garden. Too often we put our best nearest the street.

Getting Better Acquainted

All this is true, but it is the sort of thing that the well-educated person or the person past his first youth appreciates, not these boys of ours, fresh from machine shops or farms or colleges or from any one of a thousand occupations that have not fitted them to understand the intellectual and artistic phases of France. If only they could see Paris her beauty and charm might pave the way to a real understanding of France. But they have not seen Paris; they have been rushed from their port of landing to their base camp and their series of billets in these "40 men—8 horses" cars, and set down in barns with manure piles in front of them.

As I look back on the first part of my experience in France it divides itself into two phases—the routine duties of the day, which I never felt to be mechanical, and talking with the soldiers. But over all was an enveloping sense of the fighting to the west and north of us, and a nearer sense of the work our particular division was doing day by day, right here on our part of the sector. Compared to the work at Château-Thierry it was quiet, but it was vivid enough to us because it was close and it was ours. How breathlessly we waited every morning for news of casualties in our front line, and if there were none how we gloated over beginners' luck! How sure we were that our wounded men would recover, and how we vowed to make the Germans pay for the wounds just as soon as our French teachers left us to our own devices!

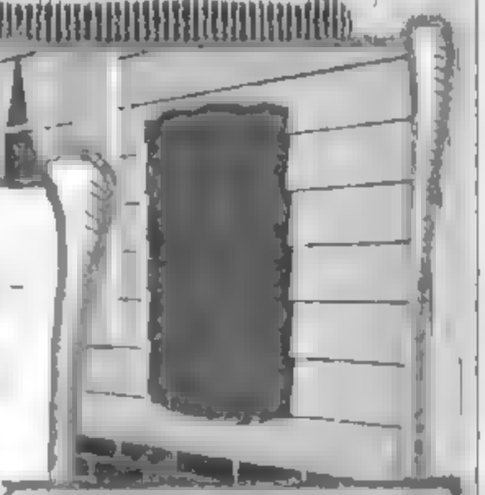
In general, the things we talked most about were four: Home; the spies; experiences in our first line; and what we were going to accomplish when the Frenchmen finally withdrew. In return for what the soldiers told me of their individual homes and affairs I answered their questions as to how far the United States had waked up to the war; how far things had progressed since those antediluvian days before the soldiers crossed the seas. As to spies—that was a very vital subject, and is. There are undoubtedly pro-Germans in this very village. And naturally; for when the Germans seized this region in 1871 they put in many of their own people to help Germanize the territory. Such people and their descendants are loyal to Germany. They are closely watched to keep them as far as possible from doing damage.

As for the people of Alsatian blood, whether France is first in their hearts or Alsace, they are all pro-French. Even the few who in the beginning were doubtful have been for many months for France, because they are angry at the Germans who took away the Alsatians, many of them youths of seventeen and graybeards, hurried them off to the Marne and other places,

(Continued on Page 129)

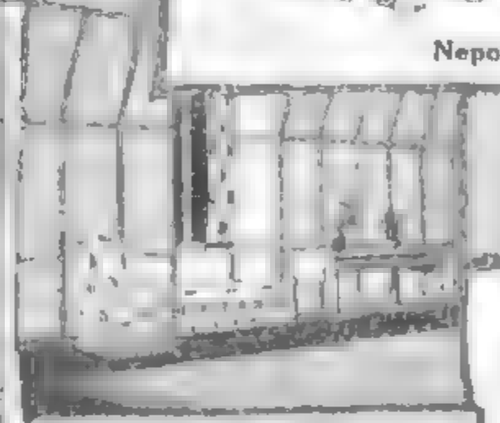
Neponset Twin Shingles

Neponset Paroid Roofing



Neponset Building Paper
Neponset Building Paper saves coal, under cupboards it acts like a warm blanket.

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS



Neponset Wall Board
Neponset Wall Board makes attractive interiors without lath, plaster, or wall paper

"A War Time Idea In Roofing"

FOR twenty years NEPONSET roofings have been the lowest cost roofings, year in and year out, that a man could buy.

Now during war time they are proving their adaptability by meeting the requirements of thousands of house-owners in a new way.

The new NEPONSET war time method is simply this: If you have an old shingle roof that leaks or looks badly, you can lay Neponset Paroid Roll Roofing (red or green slate surfaced) right on top of it. This saves the expense of tearing off the old shingles, gives you a double roof that is beautiful, fire-safe, and that keeps your house cooler in Summer and warmer in Winter. It does this for less than half the cost of putting on a new wood shingle roof. There is a NEPONSET Roofing for every purpose and purse.

Neponset Paroid Roofing is used on residences, laid over old shingles, and used by many railroads and by large industrial plants for large buildings; by big farms for barns, poultry houses, tool houses, stables, pens, cribs. Paroid keeps out all weather. It is water proof and fire-safe, same materials as Neponset Shingles. Colors red, green, gray. Before doing any roofing work investigate Neponset Paroid.

Neponset Twin Shingles Neponset Twin Shingles are used on distinctive homes because of their soft, restful colors, red and green; their crushed slate surface defies wear. They are tough, strong, pliable. Two shingles in one and self-spacing. The only twin shingles. Impregnated with time-defying asphalt, they are fire-safe, weather proof. Easily, quickly handled by one man. Less nails and nail-holes required.

Neponset Wall Board Neponset Wall Board makes unfinished rooms or attics really attractive. Needs no decorating. Takes the place of lath and plaster in new work, for covering old cracked walls in repairing.

Neponset Building Paper If you are going to build or repair a building for any purpose, use the greatest of care in selecting the building paper. Neponset Building Paper makes sure of a first-rate job. Neponset saves coal because it keeps out cold and makes your building weather-tight. It keeps out heat in Summer. Ordinary building paper won't do these things.

Neponset Roofs Save You Real Money

If you are interested, write us today and we will give you explicit instructions how to apply this money-saving, war time, thrift method of roofing.

BIRD & SON, Inc., Established 1795 **273 Neponset St., East Walpole, Massachusetts**

New York — Chicago, 1472 West 76th St. — Washington — Canadian Office and Plant: Hamilton, Ontario

NEPONSET ROOFS

W.S.S.
WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
ISSUED BY THE
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

EVERY housewife knows that the closet bowl *must* be cleaned frequently and thoroughly.

This duty need no longer be dreaded or neglected, for its disagreeable, troublesome features can be entirely avoided by the use of

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Retailers
Make a *Sani-Flush* window display and get the maximum benefit from our magazine advertising. Ask about our window display offer.

Sani-Flush is made to do just this one thing, which it does thoroughly and well—without scouring, without scrubbing—without tiring work.

The use of *Sani-Flush* is simplicity itself.

Just sprinkle a little of the patented white powder into the closet bowl, follow directions—then flush.

That's all there is to do.

Stains, odors, and incrustations disappear, leaving the bowl and the *hidden trap* a glistening white.

Sani-Flush cleans so perfectly that the use of disinfectants or deodorants is unnecessary.

Don't try to clean your closet bowl again the old way. Use *Sani-Flush.*

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
911 Walnut Ave., Canton, Ohio

Canadian Agents
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Ltd., Toronto

Ask your dealer at once for Sani-Flush. If he is unable to supply you immediately, send us 25c (stamps or coin) for a full-size can postpaid.

(Continued from Page 126)

and have never sent back news of them. Hundreds of these captured Alsatian soldiers deserted to the French Army, and doubtless hundreds more are awaiting the opportunity.

But it is true that however loyal they are to France many of the Alsatian peasants in reconquered Alsace are waiting to see what happens and are prepared to submit to either government—or to independence! The Alsatians who showed their joy when the French troops swept forward at the beginning of the war were hanged when the Germans retook part of Alsace. So even the keenest loyalists are saving their shouting till the close of the war.

Their point of view is easy to appreciate. They have their little homes and fields, and nothing else; they do not want their houses shelled into dust and their fields turned into a morass of shell pits and barbed-wire coils. The German rule in the border country was always lighter than in such cities as Strasburg and Metz. It was easy to get passes to enter France. Whatever real Alsatians may have felt toward the Germans put in to help Germanize them, at least they are used to them. But there is no doubt that when the war is over and they are freed from German rule the rejoicings of the Alsatians will rise high.

But many of the boys had and have little tolerance for this civilian attitude of watchful waiting, and still less for anything that looks like sympathy with the German side.

"Can you beat it?" remarked Aleck of the wandering foot. "People actually talking German here on French soil, and looking like Germans! They say that until we got here the French and Germans used to wash their clothes in the same canal—the French on Tuesdays and the Germans on Thursdays. And they say the French and German farmers used to sneak out to No Man's Land and set in shell holes and talk about the crops and play cards and such."

"Well, you can't always tell," Billy the runner replied. "The other day I strolled into that dinky little white cottage with the roses on it, just back of the church, to chin with the old bird that sits on the bench in front of it—fellow with his left shoulder bent and a Father Christmas beard. I sprang my few words of French on him and he asked me if I could speak German.

"'I can but I won't,' I says; 'and I won't sit here to listen to you talk it.' So he laughed and told me to hold on a minute, and he went into the house. He came out with an old photograph of himself taken in French uniform in 1870. So then I knew he was all right. He said he learned German because it was more neighborly and better for business."

Beginners' Luck

"Say, did you hear what one of these civilians said to our top serg, who has a solid German name?" asked Aleck. "He told him that if the Americans behaved themselves and did not fire on the Germans he'd lead such of us as wanted to go through the German trenches, and let us go to Sunday services in a church in the town over yonder. It reminds me of 'Ducky, ducky, come and be killed.'"

"The betwixt and between ones get my goat," said Billy. "There's an awfully nice old lady that washes my clothes and won't take a centime for it. She's German and she says she likes Germany, but you ought to hear her curse the Kaiser. You see he took her twin boys, all she had, just eighteen they were, and shoved them round to Mons, where they were both killed. She'd like to have a republic in Germany, same as at home, and then leave all the other German ways just as they are."

From the beginning the soldiers here were ordered not to speak to the civilians of military matters, and in general to talk as little as possible with them. This rule is necessary. Sometimes when I walk past the bridge and look into the wine shop, which has a German name on one side of it and a French name on the other, I can see the reason for this rule. Once I saw the German-faced woman who owns the shop plying one of our boys with wine. I lingered and I heard her ask him how many American soldiers were over here now. He may have been "under the influence," but he had not quite lost his head, for he told her about three millions.

It always interested the soldiers when they stumbled on anything that looked like spying. Aleck brought into the Y hut one afternoon what he said was the crowning proof of it. Once more it was a day when we had been shelled. There was a load of high explosives and gas shells on a freight train which had been standing on the track for several hours. At the same time, in the next village to us, the people were having, for the first time since 1871, a Catholic service in their church and a priest of their own to minister to them, in honor of which they had decorated their houses and streets. So the Germans shelled both villages from the same battery. Our peasants were not expecting it, for they were out working in their fields. After the shelling, when the boys went out to investigate the casualties, Aleck came in with the manner these boys always have when they are narrating their personal war experiences—a nervous jerky speech that strives for assurance and aims to conceal its eagerness and sense of importance.

"Talk of beginners' luck," said Aleck, "if we ain't got it good! Only three hurt and all of them pro-German civilians—a man and two ladies, mother and daughter. All along I have kind of suspected these two ladies. What made me suspect them was what the younger lady said. She didn't like it that we were billeted in their barn, and she called us American pigs and said if we didn't get out her uncle would come and cut our throats while we slept. Our billeting officer spoke of it to the French major of cantonments and asked him if it would help the *entente* if we were moved; he told us to stay right where we were. Anyhow, I notice none of us ain't got our throats cut yet, but her talking that way kind of made me think she wasn't friendly."

Through the Wire

"Well, these two ladies were hurt, and they said the Kaiser would make us pay for this, and they wouldn't hardly let our doctor touch them. As to the old man, le'me tell you what he was hollering: 'I know it was my frau's brother that fired that shell at me; I know he did because he's with the German battery just opposite here.' What do you know about that? Some spying, eh? I bet they've got telephone connections in half a dozen places in this town."

How eager they were to get from underneath the Frenchmen's wing, those boys! How keen they were to fight hard! How many times I watched the procession of them going up and down to the trenches side by side with the Frenchmen! How many times I have heard them say after their first baptism of fire that they prefer the front lines to the support lines because they are shelled less in the front lines. How many times I have heard them say what they did and how they felt when they first went in! I give the words of Jimmy, whose wild eyes danced as he spoke. He is typical:

"Gee, I felt queer the first time I stood on a real firing step, with nothing between me and the Germans but air, and with a Frenchy beside me nursing me along! There I stood staring out over No Man's Land with my heart thumping overtime. It was so blamed dark! It was going down there after nightfall and not really knowing what was ahead of me, and learning the trench almost by touch, and knowing that No Man's Land might be full of boches—it was all that that made me feel funny. Every ten minutes I was sure I saw a German and was about to shoot, and my Frog would grab my arm and whisper:

"'Don't shoot! Don't shoot! No boche!'

"Gee, they're afraid of breaking the rest of those Germans! 'Long about one o'clock I know I saw something moving, and I shot, anyhow, in spite of the Frenchy, and the fellows shot all along the line, the French cursing like mad at us and telling us it was only rats and bushes, not Germans. Well, maybe it was, but we felt better for shooting, and more confident. I guess every platoon wastes an awful lot of ammunition the first night they're out.

"Next night I felt at home out there; the third night, when the lieut asked for volunteers for a reconnaissance party and I stepped forward my old heart worked overtime again, you bet you! And after we had snaked through our barbed wire and were out in the grass in front I expected every minute to bang into a boche. But we just crawled out and nothing happened and we crawled back. And the next night, when the lieut picked out a patrol party I felt real natural when I went along. There was a guy ahead of me that worked his legs and arms like a snake and I got so interested watching him crawl that I pretty near forgot we were bound for the German wire.

Champion "Minute" Spark Plug Cleaner

It Certainly Is A Great Convenience!

It costs only seventy-five cents (a dollar in Canada) and it robs the job of cleaning spark plugs of all its terrors.

Little steel needles in the glass tube of the cleaner pick the carbon off and clean the plug more thoroughly than you could do it in the old laborious way—and in a jiffy.

You half fill the tube with gasoline, screw the spark plug in the socket at the open end of the tube—and shake.

In a moment your spark plug is clean as new.

Any garage man or auto supply dealer will sell you this little convenience and it comes in a neat wooden box and fits nicely into your tool case.

Get one and see what a quick, easy, clean job it makes of an otherwise long, mean one.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

Extra Money in Spare Time!

Earn $50.00 a Month More!

MISS LUCY FISHER

NO matter what your income, you always seem to be needing more and more money. Don't you?

Let us pay you as much as you want!

Miss Lucy Fisher wants an education. Our plan is furnishing the cash.

Others want extra money for living expenses, for fall clothing or thrift stamps or Liberty Bonds. They earn all they want—simply, easily, pleasantly. They represent *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, securing new and renewal subscriptions in their spare time.

What do you want? Let us pay you the money to get it—
$10.00, $20.00, even $50.00 a month *for your spare time.*

You need no experience to begin. You need no capital. All you need is the desire to earn, an hour or two of time each day, and three cents (for a stamp) to mail us the coupon today

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 471 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

Please send me full details of your spare time money making offer to the address enclosed. I want more money and I have some spare time.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

1852
W.L.DOUGLAS WAS PUT TO WORK PEGGING SHOES AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE
"SO, BOSS," YOUNG DOUGLAS COULD BE HEARD CALLING BEFORE DAYBREAK COLD WINTER MORNINGS
W. L. DOUGLAS BEGAN THE DAY MILKING THE COW AND ENDED IT WITH CARRYING WOOD FOR THE FIRES
W.L.DOUGLAS $5.00 SHOE

BEGAN MANUFACTURING JULY 6 1876

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

$3.50 $4.00 $4.50 $5.00 $6.00 $7.00 & $8.00

BOYS SHOES Best in the World $3.00 $3.50

You'll never need to ask "What is the price?" when the shoe salesman is showing you W. L. Douglas shoes because the actual value is determined and the retail price fixed at the factory before W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. W. L. Douglas name on shoes is his pledge that they are the best in materials, workmanship and style possible to produce at the price. Into every pair go the results of sixty-six years experience in making shoes, dating back to the time when W. L. Douglas was a lad of seven, pegging shoes.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

CAUTION—Before you buy be sure W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom and the inside top facing. If the stamped price has been mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

For sale by 106 W. L. Douglas stores and over 9000 W. L. Douglas dealers, or can be ordered direct from W. L. Douglas by mail. Send for book telling how to order shoes through the mail, postage free.

W L Douglas

President W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE COMPANY 155 SPARK STREET BROCKTON - MASS.

This young man earned $350.00 last summer in his spare time

Raise Your Own Salary

There is no reason why you shouldn't. But don't try to lift yourself with your own bootstraps. Get hold of something outside.

If your present position doesn't pay you all the money you want, you can sell your *spare* time at a very good price.

He Sells His Spare Hours

Hatcher Patterson, from North Carolina, sells us only part of his time, yet his summer profits with the Curtis publications last year exceeded $350.00!

We need a spare-time representative in your neighborhood. You need some extra money. Let's talk business. Write today to The Curtis Publishing Company, 470 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

"Well, I guess old Bill saved some of our lives too. He got lost, and while we waited for him to crawl up our eyes got more accustomed to the place, or the night got lighter or something, for what did we see but a nice little ambuscade of Heinie. Yes, sir, right ahead, angling off in two lines to surround us. So the lieut whispers an order that passes down the line for us to throw ourselves on the ground and fire, which we did, and we got a boche or two. We could tell by their groans. They fired, and then we could see them making off. Then the lieut gave us orders to get off home, which we did, edging off sideways and hoping to heaven some of the new guys standing guard in the trenches for the first time wouldn't get nervous and take us for Germans. You can't always trust the nerves of them birds that have just come down to the line. The lieut sent a good loud whisper that it was us—password, names, addresses—there was nothing he left out, I tell you! Well, me for the front line! The Germans are too dead scared of us to rush us face to face. They like to sneak behind their artillery and paste us in the supports."

I could always tell at sight a soldier who had been in the front line and had taken part in ambuscades and raids and patrols. He had an air of maturity—sometimes of swagger—which the boys who had been no farther than the support lines sincerely envied.

Joan of Arc's System

Sometimes the longing of these boys to fight fully and fiercely is very hard to bear. Just here all men—except perhaps very demonstrative fathers—are invited to skip this paragraph. The editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST once told me that he aimed the magazine at men because women read what men like. But though I try to live up to this standard, nevertheless I address this to women. Most women would feel about these eager soldiers as we do about our little boys anxious to grow up. "Wait a while," we tell them; "childhood is the best time. You'll be men soon enough." What we mean by that is that we want to keep them babies because then they are nearer to us. There is a five-year-old boy who is one of my main reasons for living. When he was three and I gave him the adventure of going downtown on the street cars he sat on my lap; when he was four he sat beside me, but he kept his hand on my knee to be sure he was safe; now at five he kneels on the seat looking out of the window, and only clings to me when we have to cross the street in front of automobiles. All women will know what I mean. And so when these soldiers were so anxious to get into the most active sectors I wanted to hold them back and say: "Don't be in a hurry to go there; it will come soon enough."

And yet if it were in our real power we would not hold them back any more than we would hold back the baby from being a man. Because we believe, we must believe, that this initiation into violent warfare is what we have reared them for. We would not have chosen this naturally; but through what these boys of ours are doing and will do no other woman in the future, please God, will have to give her sons to war.

Some of the boys are very docile under French tutelage, understanding that they need this kind of practice on a relatively quiet sector before undertaking the heavier task. But all the men and most of the officers honestly believe that an American soldier, even in a quiet sector, is a match for two Germans; some say for four. That was the belief with which the English met the Germans in 1914; and they found that the Germans knew how to fight. Our boys here believe that the Germans can fight well in mass, but that even so they will fall back before the Americans; especially will they fall back in "Injun fighting."

By the way, the story of Joan of Arc seems to be the favorite French story of the American soldier. They had all heard of her; but most of them, I gather, had taken her story as a kind of myth. It was a revelation to them that this girl of seventeen was a great general who had actually released the hold of the English upon France; and that she was ignorant, as the world counts knowledge, unschooled in anything but goodness, instinct and, if you will, inspiration. Many of the boys have discussed her with me. It was Jimmy, however, who put his idea of her in the most picturesque form, with the approval of his whole squad, who felt that he had somehow related her to France and to our problem on this sector.

"That little girl had the right idea," he said. "She got sick and tired of seeing folks setting round and doing nothing and taking whatever the enemy did to them. So she makes up her mind to jolt the English and get Orleans, which was, I suppose, about what Paris would be to the Germans, if they could take it, and what Berlin will be to us when we take it. So she puts the thing up to the war council she had that was attached to her for the purpose of gumming the game. 'Listen,' she says, 'we're going to take Orleans and show the English where to get off.' 'All right,' they says; 'get the provisions ready!' For them birds was ready to sit down and besiege the people that were besieging Orleans. That was their idea of fighting; fire a few stones out of old-fashioned cannons, spear a sentry or two, and cook bullocks for mess in a good wide safe circle outside Orleans, talk politics and read the latest detective story.

"But that didn't suit little Joan of Arc. 'Listen here, fellows,' she says; 'what's the matter with attacking the English, sailing right up and pasting them one when they aren't expecting it?' And she just wore down all their back talk and arguments, and dragged them with her; and what damage her men didn't do, the English fear of them did do. And that's the way it'll be with the Germans and us if ever we're let at 'em."

There are times in life when we look back and say "At that moment I stopped being an apprentice." Or "Just then I ceased to be an amateur and became a professional." For some weeks after I came to France this last time I was so very busy looking and asking questions and learning that I still felt like an outsider. I remember well the day it dawned on me that I really had a right to consider myself part of the division. I had been talking to various officers and had not felt the need to get very much information from them. I had been able to tell an eminent judge over here to lecture to the boys how he could distinguish by the sound between a boche plane and a French plane.

It was after I left him and strolled down the main road that I realized how thoroughly this life had got into my blood, how deeply I felt that I belonged to it. And just when I was thrilling to this thought I heard a sound of subdued cheering at my left. I turned to see what was happening. Jimmy, forgetful of rank, was patting the commanding lieutenant of his platoon on the back; a smiling circle of boys clustered about them.

Our Boys Graduate

"Say, listen here," cried Jimmy; "it's true! the lieut says it's the honest-to-Gawd truth! The last Frenchman is leaving; he's pulling out now—the sergeant! The other birds have gone! We're alone! We're on our own! And the lieut's going to take us out to-night on a raid—aren't you, sir? Forty of us; none of your little parties of nine, but forty. Count 'em—forty! And we won't do nothing at all to Fritz—Heinie! Oh, no!"

They joined hands and circled round the lieutenant and me, singing a song one of the soldiers from another division had composed:

"When are we going home, boys? When are we going home?"
That is the song we always hear wherever we may roam.
Oh joy, I've found the answer, so tack it upon your door:
After we lick the Kaiser; not a damned minute before.

"All right, boys," said the lieutenant, his laughter ceasing. "It's time we got ready. We want to be out there before dark."

They all sobered. The lieutenant began a series of directions. I only half heard what he said about gas masks at the *alerte;* about the number of chau-chaus and bombs and hand grenades; about trench knives and the flares he himself would carry. For I was looking at the faces of these soldiers. No longer could I think of them as a lot of little boys. If my initiation was over—far, far more was theirs. The faces I looked at were those of tense, earnest men who had far passed the state of pupilage. Nothing childlike left in these faces; they were masks of grim resolve. Not boys but keen fighters, going out to hew a bloody route to peace.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Copyright 1918
by R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.

Pull the monkey wrench out of your smokegears

with a tidy red tin of Prince Albert —*and*—get-down-pat the hang and the happiness of making every puff bring you smoke-joy, Sundays and holidays included!

For, P. A. will give you a heftier satisfaction-handout than your keenest hankering ever demanded; yes sir, it will biff-in that *quality* flavor and fragrance as fast as you can fire up, *without a chance* of tiring-your-taste or fussing-your-tongue! *Quality tobacco*, and our exclusive patented process (which cuts out bite and parch), certainly does take care of all that!

Elect yourself into the Prince Albert-eers — the biggest smoke-fraternity on earth — *then*, you'll be fit-as-a-fiddle to hand out smokesmiles whether the sun's up or down!

For, with P. A. for steady company you're equipped to get so much fun out of every fire-up you'll wish the days were two hours longer instead of one! You *just hate yourself for having to lay-to while you're asleep!*

Buy Prince Albert in toppy red bags, tidy red tins; handsome half pound and pound tin humidors—and—in that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Another idea that men once laughed at

FORTY years ago the job of transporting beef from the fertile plains of the West to the vast consuming market of the East was one of America's biggest meat supply problems.

In those days, Western cattle were shipped alive over the long haul East. They were frequently injured; many even died; they all shrunk in weight and the quality of the beef was impaired. Watering and feeding en route was expensive and uncertain.

It was the idea of a number of Chicago meat men that the Western steer should, and some day would, be shipped as *fresh dressed beef*. They were laughed at on every hand as visionaries, their idea branded as absurd.

Among these "visionaries" was Gustavus F. Swift, the founder of Swift & Company. He gave the idea real impetus by trying it.

The refrigerator car had not then been perfected, so he rigged up a crude affair after his own ideas, loaded it with dressed beef and shipped it eastward.

After overcoming many difficulties, he succeeded in getting regular shipments of fresh beef through to the East in perfect condition.

But here he struck a snag. The railroads came out strongly against his idea: it meant supplanting cattle cars, which they had, with refrigerator cars, which they didn't have. They flatly refused to build.

* * *

Mr. G. F. Swift finally saw that only by building refrigerator cars himself could he put his idea into operation. During the following year he built and put into service seventy cars.

Today those first seventy cars have grown to a fleet of nearly seven thousand.

Millions of people depend on this huge fleet to keep them regularly supplied with fresh meats. It delivers to them three billion pounds annually, traveling approximately one hundred and sixty millions of miles.

* * *

Thanks to the "idea that men once laughed at," no longer is the consumer dependent upon the uncertainties of open cattle car shipping and small local meat dressing methods.

Today the meat of the scientifically-bred Western steer—the finest beef-producing animal in the world—is regularly available at all times, in the qualities and quantities needed, *everywhere* in this country.

The distributing machinery of the packer, in which the refrigerator car plays so vital a part, operates—even in the present war emergency—with unfailing efficiency.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 22,000 stockholders

FOR · LITTLE · BABIES

FOR · SCHOOL · CHILDREN

"Luscious Orange Juice"

The Overwhelming Verdict of Physicians

WE wanted to know—so we could tell you—what physicians think of the healthfulness of fruits. We asked four questions of doctors, and these are the results:

111 physicians of the 118 mentioned oranges as one of the raw fruits most often prescribed for patients; 53 of the 111 mentioned no other fruit but oranges.

107 mentioned oranges as one of the most beneficial fruits for children under three years of age; 93 of these physicians *mentioned no other fruit but oranges.*

91 said oranges are one of the best fruits for children from three to fifteen years of age; 50 of this number specified oranges without referring to other fruits.

83 recommended oranges for adults, 31 mentioning no other fruit.

Some Notable Comments

"Oranges (juice) form a valuable article in the dietary of the infant and child and one that is with difficulty replaced by any other food," said one.

Another replied, "I know of no other fruit that is so excellent for the human being from infancy to old age."

"The orange is probably the best fruit we have for children and adults of not too robust digestion," a third physician writes.

Another investigation shows that convalescents in hospitals eat two and one-half times as many oranges as the usual consumer. Thus you see how this golden fruit is esteemed by men who know the body's needs.

Don't you think if oranges are good in both health and sickness that they'll be good to keep *you* well?

Quick, Convenient and Delicious

Oranges are served in a jiffy. And a more luscious salad, dessert, or breakfast dish never has been conceived.

Don't go a day without a fruit that brings so many benefits in such attractive form.

Send the coupon below for "Food Value of Oranges," a little booklet by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, head of the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium.

Serve as a salad with French dressing. This is a juicy, cooling dish for warm September days.

A fine breakfast dish—a delicious fruit that *needs no sugar.*

A luscious, *quick dessert* is prepared in a jiffy with Oranges cut up and sprinkled with Cocoanut. This dessert *can be made without sugar.*

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

Sweet, tender, juicy and practically seedless. Easiest sliced, and the sections separate easiest, so they are most convenient to eat whole. Order a dozen from your grocer now. They are *uniformly good.*

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 8,500 Growers
Los Angeles, Cal.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. E-43, Los Angeles, California

Please send me, without charge:

- ☐ "Food Value of Oranges," by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, head of the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium.
- ☐ "How to Live Long," What Elbert Hubbard said about oranges.
- ☐ "Sunkist New Day Drinks," by Alice Bradley.
- ☐ "Sunkist Recipes," by Alice Bradley.

Check the book you want. Check all if desired.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____

COLGATE'S

"Look for me in your dealer's window

And remember I brush my teeth with Colgate's every day because I like the taste. Mother likes it, too, and she says it cleans better than any other. And Father's a Doctor and he says *he* uses Colgate's because it's safe." Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is preferred by both profession and public—for what it does, and does well, and for what it does not do, and makes no claim to do. You, too, should use it.

COLGATE & CO. *Established 1806* New York